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DONALD TRUMP
RICHER THAN EVER AND BACK ON TOP
SAUL BELLOW
A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
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THOSE AMAZING MORRELL GIRLS
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PART TWO OF THE NEW
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MUSIC AND SUPERMODELS go together like spring breezes and cotton dresses. Take away the tunes, and runway shows are dry pantomime; take away a rocker's model lover, and he's just another sweaty guy. But together they're a pop explosion—and one of our most anticipated issues. Thanks to Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Associate Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** for supplying the model visuals: Cover girl Claudia is joined by Eighties icons Cindy and Naomi. Add some next-generation stars and a fresh-faced discovery, and it's the hottest-ever display of the supermodel firmament. On the down beat, Associate Editor **Barbara Nellis** sorts through Tupac's death, flat CD sales and Wal-Mart's wanker moves in *1997 Playboy Music*. In choosing the winners of our annual music poll, readers had No Doubt. Also, you oughta know that Alanis won for female rock vocalist and that Kiss concerts ruled. For a lighter shade of pumpkin, turn to our Q. and A. with **Billy Corgan** for his insights on staying sane in the music biz.

Saul Bellow is a literary colossus who isn't known for keeping his opinions to himself. Labeled a conservative in recent years, Bellow nevertheless transformed American letters with his novels *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Henderson the Rain King* and *Herzog*. He may be America's greatest living writer. On the eve of the release of his novella *The Actual*, Bellow met with **Lawrence Grobel** for a landmark *Playboy Interview*. Bellow heaps scorn on Truman Capote, reflects on Freud and Trotsky and has choice words about God, wives and judges.

In this month's fiction, James Bond returns in the second installment of *Zero Minus Ten* (Putnam) by **Raymond Benson.** Agent 007 heads to Guangzhou for a bloody showdown with the corrupt General Wong. The artwork is by **Kent Williams.** "I take great pleasure in continuing the tradition of serializing Bond that began with PLAYBOY and Ian Fleming in the Sixties," says Benson. The pleasure is ours.

Speaking of comebacks, the fall and rise of **Donald Trump** ranks as the mogul's biggest project to date. The Trumpster is once again playing the wheel of fortune—from his casinos in Atlantic City to his spa at Mar-a-Lago. **Mark Bowden** caught an earful from Trump for an outrageous *Playboy Profile*. (The illustration is by **David Levine.**)

John Gray is a brave man. First, he became a monk and was celibate for nine years. Then he reentered society and wrote a best-selling book about how men and women weren't created equal, *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*. In *When No Doesn't Mean No*, written by **David Sheff** and illustrated by **Kenny Scharf,** Gray says women owe it to their husbands to service them sexually. Read it and decide if he's a visionary or just a brother from another planet.

Xena, our favorite supervixen, sprang fully formed from the forehead of producer Sam Raimi. As star of *Xena: Warrior Princess* (think *Baywatch* meets *Bulfinch's Mythology*), New Zealand's **Lucy Lawless** is a drop-kicking sex symbol. In this month's *20 Questions*, conducted by **David Rensin,** the killer kiwi challenges the modern god Prozac, describes a bum bag and says Xena would enjoy a trip to Lesbos. Hmm. Springtime, and **Kevin Cook's** thoughts turn to baseball. In *Playboy's 1997 Baseball Preview*, he applauds the rebuilt winners and slams the diamond dogs. He also faces up to expansion and the globalization of the sport. Breaking down borders is OK with us. Playmate **Lynn Thomas** is a Vietnam war baby who grew up to be an Amerasian beauty. Then we quadruple your pleasure with PLAYBOY family values. **Stephen Wayda** photographed the Morrell sisters for a kaleidoscopic pictorial. It's the fab four reunion you've always dreamed of.

GROBEL

SUSKI, BEAUDET

BENSON

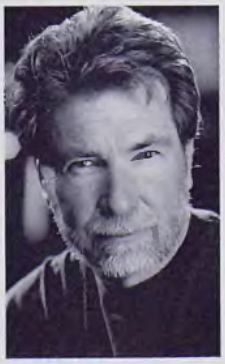
WILLIAMS

BOWDEN

LEVINE

SHEFF

SCHARF


WAYDA

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vol. 44, no. 5—may 1997

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COVER STORY

David Copperfield can attest to the fact that Claudia Schiffer's supermodel status is na illusion. Our cover girl this month is the real thing. As the curtain rises on PLAYBOY's second annual supermodel issue, we give you Cindy, Kate, Elle, Iman, Tyra, Eva and many more. Here's to the women who make fashion such fun for nonparticipants. Here's to the photographers. And thanks to Sygma's Dana Fineman for our super cover. Is our lucky Rabbit ever hair-brained.

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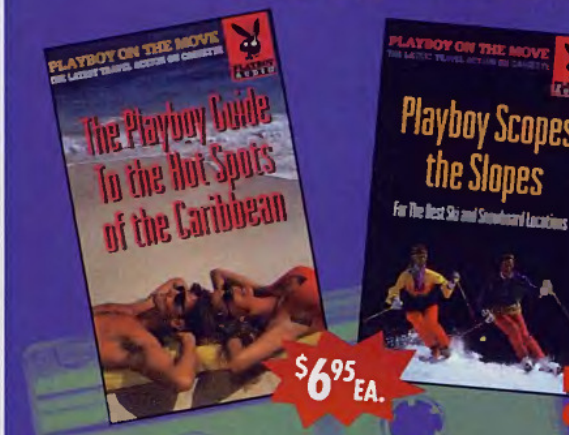
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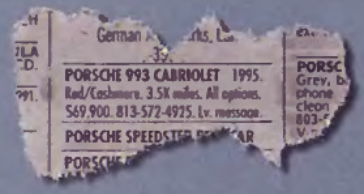
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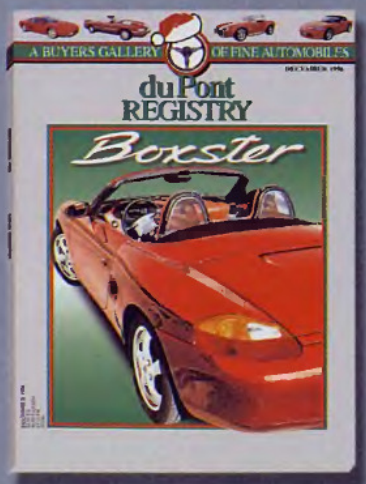

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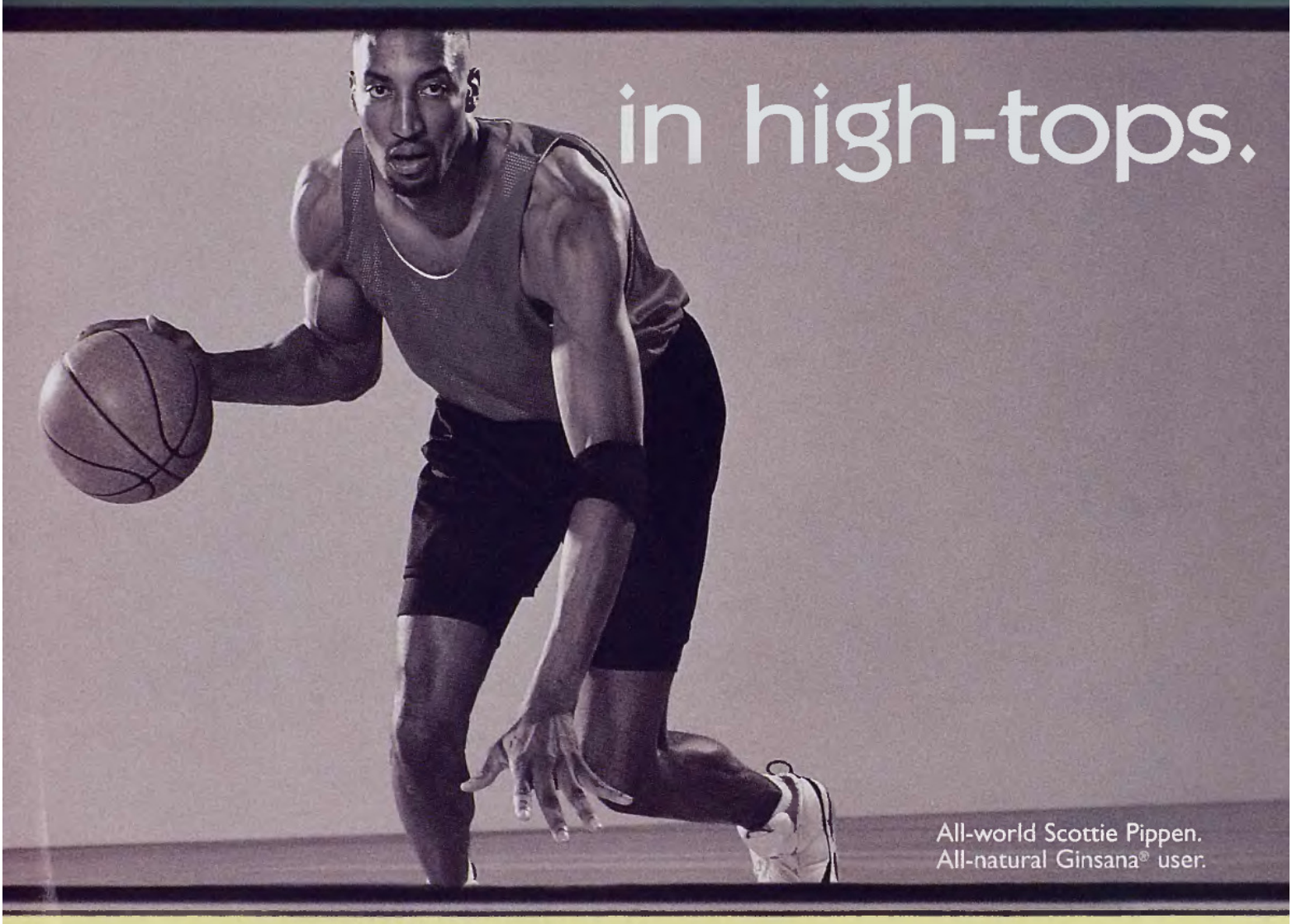

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SEX IN AMERICA

As Evelyn Nesbit's biographer, I read James R. Petersen's engaging installments of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* (December and February) with great interest. His account of the 20th century's first sex goddess and supermodel is accurate and unbiased. Nesbit's life, like the age of conspicuous consumption and Victorian hypocrisy she embodied, was fraught with contradictions. She was the American Eve who proved to be too much of a temptation on her red velvet swing. But in contrast to the men of enormous wealth and influence who pursued and consumed her, Nesbit's only currency of power was an ephemeral beauty that inspired fatal obsession.

Dr. Paula Uruburu
Hempstead, New York

The first two installments of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* have proved, once again, that PLAYBOY is a magazine of substance. As a graduate student of history with an emphasis on urban America, I found the articles to be informative and entertaining. They also reveal how gender attitudes have been shaped in this country. I eagerly await the next installment.

Nola Shingledecker
nshingle@lonestar.utsa.edu
San Antonio, Texas

My mother, Irene Castle, made a great impact in her day through more than just ballroom dancing with Vernon. Besides being a partner in one of the most famous dance couples, her unique contribution was the Castle bob. At a time when "nice" women wore their hair long, it was a scandal when she cut her hair short. She did it so she wouldn't lose her bobby pins while dancing. The Castle bob swept the country. Women were fired from their jobs and girls were sent home from school when they copied her. World War One may have prompted nurses and factory workers to cut their hair for practical reasons, but Irene established the trend several years earlier.

W.F. McLaughlin
Abbeville, South Carolina

NEW RULES

As Asa Baber reminds us in "The Rules for Men" (*Men*, February), it's a sad commentary on society that Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider's *The Rules* is a best-seller. A Nineties woman doesn't need rules to catch a man. Men are simply looking for a Ms. Right with morals.

Francie Sciandra
Houston, Texas

The Rules magnifies the traits men dislike most in women: manipulation and dishonesty. And it eliminates male suitors who have no patience for being manipulated. Women who use these rules will end up with men who have the qualities women dislike most: aggressiveness and insensitivity.

Stephen Heintz
Miami, Florida

Your February *Men* column was profoundly accurate. When I was 24 years old, living by the rules kept me from having fun. As an attractive woman determined to find Mr. Right, playing hard to get only made me unattainable to the men I dated. One guy in particular, who I defeated at a game of pool, asked me to take him home and "fuck his brains out." I laughed all the way to my apartment—where I slept alone. A week later, the same man was at a party I attended, and he played hard to get. The fact that he ignored me made my blood boil. Later that evening, I propositioned him. It was the best sex I'd ever had. I wouldn't be happily married today had my husband not taught me this valuable lesson eight years ago. The moral of the story is you have to give a little to get a little.

Melanie May Hoak
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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WOMEN

By George, we think Cynthia Heimel has finally got it ("Complicity, He Said," January). Congrats to her for finally winning the battle of the sexes by forging an alliance with the enemy.

Leonard and Ann Wilson
AMBWilson@aol.com
West Fork, Arkansas

UNCOVERED

Your February cover has all the sensual style and eroticism of an underwear page from the Sears catalog. Those poor pasty-faced gals need a good shampoo and a few finger-snaps to jolt them out of their zombified trance.

James Dawson
av578@lafn.org
Tarzana, California

Wow, four beautiful women on the February cover. I can't take my eyes off what I believe is PLAYBOY's best cover yet.

L.J. Borges
lborges@cisco.com
San Jose, California

GO WEST

I've always been baffled by readers who sing the praises of their favorite Playmates in *Dear Playboy*—that is, until now. Miss February, Kimber West, has moved me to put pen in hand and sing hallelujah.

Craig Goodwin
Riverside, California

FAMILY MATTERS

I adored my grandfather for many reasons, one of which was that he always treated the women in his life with great respect. He died four years ago and left me his subscription to PLAYBOY, a magazine he loved. I still subscribe, but now I have to fight with my father over who will read it first.

Kelly Hutchison
Sunrise Beach, Missouri

POLITICALLY CORRECT

Jim Dwyer's profile of John Kennedy (*John*, February) is compassionate. Having been raised in a political family, I can relate to the pitfalls of being watched and unfairly judged. Kennedy is one of the lucky ones—he has found the right path and he's following it. Good for him.

Lynn H. Halterman
ysales@vnii.net
Indianapolis, Indiana

O.J.'S BOSWELL

If Lawrence Schiller (*Playboy Interview*, February) believes O.J. Simpson is innocent, I have a bridge in Brooklyn that I'd like to sell him—and I'm from New York.

Richard Gajdusek
New York, New York

Schiller is the perfect example of a Nineties journalist. He can change his position, change his allegiance and befriend the most disgusting people just to get a story. In a strange way, I admire that he admits it.

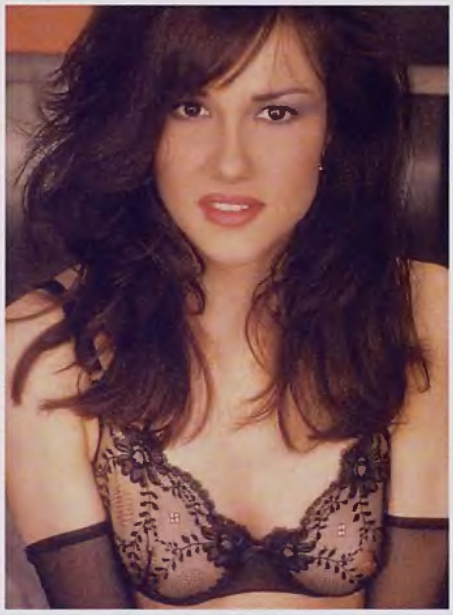
Barbara Mann
Chicago, Illinois

I don't understand how Schiller could say that if he'd been on the criminal trial's jury, he would have found O.J. not guilty. In the interview, Schiller keeps saying that the blood evidence is hard to explain away. If I learned anything from those DNA guys, it's that blood doesn't lie.

Jack Carol
Indianapolis, Indiana

TOP SECRET

Your Jayne Hayden pictorial (*CIA Operative*, February) is fabulous. If the U.S.



had more agents who look as good as Jayne, we'd rule the world.

Jon Chitwood
Okjhawk@eagle.cc.ukans.edu
Lawrence, Kansas

The CIA's loss is our gain.

Terry Smith
Billings, Montana

In every spy movie, there's a gorgeous operative who infiltrates the other side and gets the real dope. Now that I've seen Jayne Hayden, I know I'd reveal all my secrets.

Brian Johnson
Los Angeles, California

Jayne Hayden is truly a dish. How come the guys I've seen from the CIA (the ones who have been caught doing something wrong) all look so geeky? I wouldn't want to tell anything personal to that bunch.

Jill Evans
Las Vegas, Nevada

THE SUPER BOWL SHUFFLE

I enjoyed Kevin Cook's *Sex and the Super Bowl* (February), but I had to laugh. When you hold these games in places such as the Big Easy, of course there's going to be a lot of sex. If this game had been held in Green Bay, it would have been too cold to even think about hanky-panky. Congratulations to the Packers.

Ken James
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Cook's article states that Ford Motor Co. spent a million dollars entertaining at Super Bowl XIX in 1986. Shattered dreams flooded my memory as I recalled the Patriots' sacrificial offering to the greatest defense in history in January 1986. However, that was SB XX. Backtracking a few paragraphs, Cook noted Joe Montana's appearance in Super Bowl XIX. Imagine how dominant the Bears could have been with Smooth Joe at the helm.

Peter Huston
Sudbury, Massachusetts

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Your February *20 Questions* with Conan O'Brien reminds me of how much fun David Letterman was in the beginning. O'Brien is cheesy, breezy and no dummy.

Sandra Powell
New York, New York

SLINGS AND ARROWS

I am disappointed by Dick Lochte's conversation with Jamie Lee Curtis and John Cleese—two people I find very funny at the movies (*The Slings of Desire*, February). It's hard to make that kind of energy work on paper, but I wish he had.

Bob Dee
St. Louis, Missouri

PLAYMATE REVISITED

Carol Vitale, Miss July 1974, still looks good to me. I look forward to seeing her cable access show in San Francisco before too long. Please tell me again how I can reach her on the Web.

John Myers
San Francisco, California

Carol's Web page address is http://www.cvglam.com.

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

It's been a year now since PLAYBOY became legal in the Republic of Ireland. After all the brouhaha from both the church and feminists, I can't understand what the fuss was all about, seriously. The articles are well written and the photographs are tasteful. In fact, even if there were no women in it, the magazine would still stand out from the rest of the publications here on the newsstands.

Jeffrey Rudd
County Louth, Ireland

It's clear who's got the spice!
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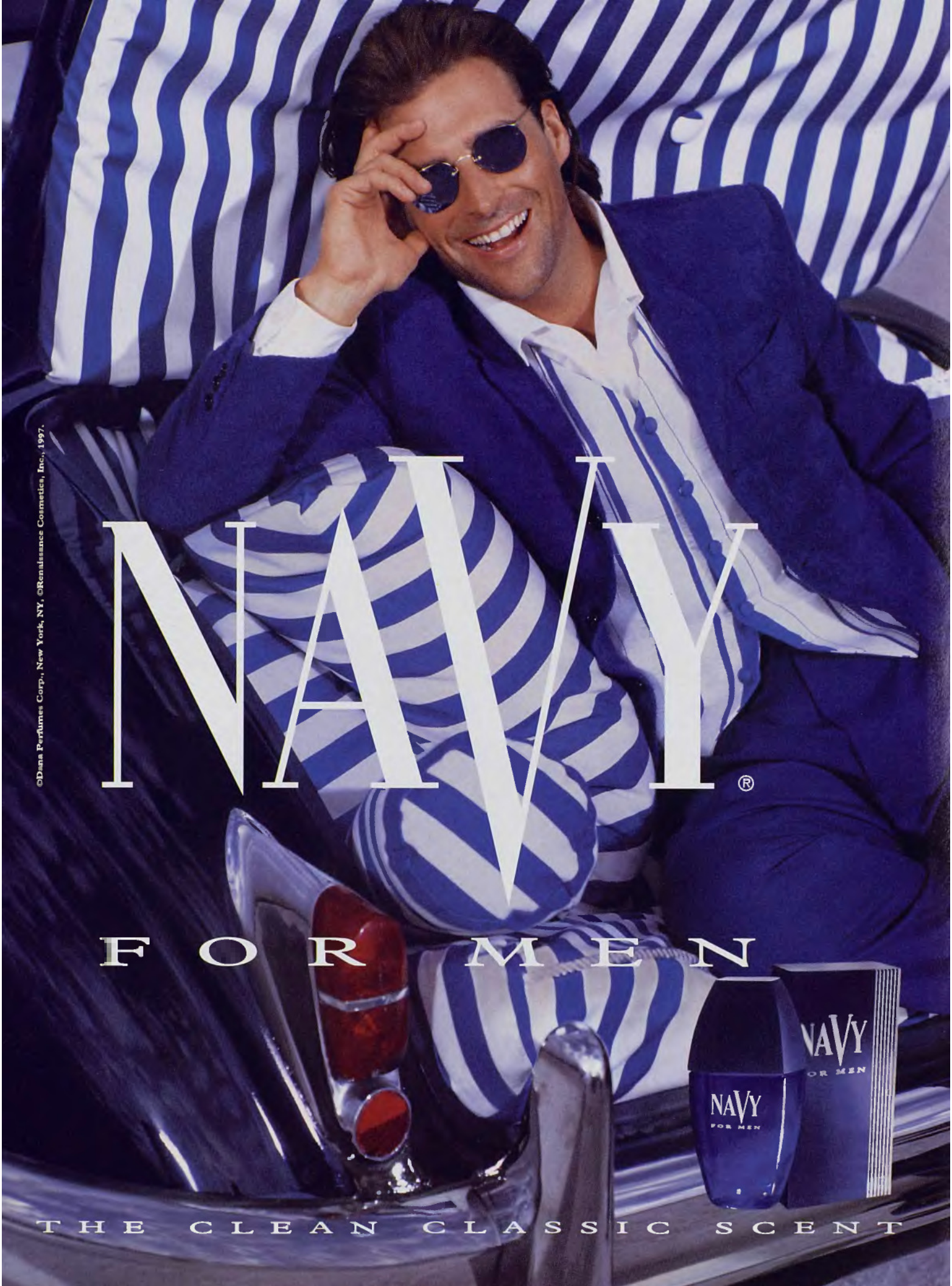

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

ODD DUCT

A man was found dead at the Toledo Tennis club in Ottawa Hills, Ohio. He was wearing women's clothes and was wrapped almost entirely in duct tape. The body was found next to a wall-mounted tape dispenser. In a brilliant display of deduction, police characterized the death as an autoerotic accident.

STEER CRAZY

There's a malady afflicting an estimated one third of Americans, and it's driving them crazy. California therapist Arnold Nerenberg says "road rage" is apparent when a driver reacts "with anger at another driver and the anger is expressed overtly and communicated to the other." Such things as flipping the bird, screaming, honking the horn, cutting off a car and waving a weapon are signs of the disorder. Nerenberg's book and video, *Overcoming Road Rage: The 10-Step Compassion Program*, offers this tip: "If you need to cut in front of someone, just catch the person's eye and point, requesting permission to cut in. People want to be courteous and generous if given the chance." Another suggests, "Leave for your destination a little earlier. Enjoy the ride." If neither the book nor the video soothes the beast of the blacktop in you, Nerenberg is available to ride along in the car, moderating your hostile emotions as you go. Sort of like a mother-in-law.

MICROBREWERY

The world's largest particle accelerator—a 17-mile-long ring in Geneva, Switzerland in which subatomic particles whirl about at velocities approaching the speed of light—was mysteriously inoperable for five days. Investigators combed the $1 billion facility for clues and found two empty beer bottles in one of its vacuum chambers.

BLUE DANUBE

We're aware that there are several musical condoms on the market. Some even play Mozart. But our hats go off to Hungarian housepainter Ferenc Kovacs, who invented a musical condom that plays an old Communist worker's ditty. Perhaps made for those who wax retro for the fall of the Evil Empire, the condom breaks into *Arise, Ye Worker* when unfurled.

BOURGEOIS VALUES

A retrospective exhibition of works by feminist sculptor Louise Bourgeois included depictions of huge testicles hanging singly, in pairs and in clusters. A piece titled *No Exit* featured two dangling testicles that block a stairway, bringing new meaning to the term well hung.

SPICE JARGON

Recently, the highbrow British magazine *The Spectator* ran an interview with bubblegum-pop sensation the Spice Girls. With the premise that the platform-booted, hot pants–wearing all-women ensemble is the only thing British youth listen to, *The Spectator* asked the five pouty temptresses about their political views. Regarding the concept of a united Europe, Gerri "Ginger Spice" said, "We travel throughout Europe. All those countries look the same. Only England looks different. That is why the Spice Girls are profoundly suspicious of Europe." Prime Minister John Major is described as a "boring pillock," while former prime minister Margaret Thatcher receives the thumbs-up: "Thatcher was the first Spice Girl, the pioneer of our ideology—Girl Power."

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

GROUND CONTROL TO MAJOR INVESTOR

David Bowie has a head for investments, and he wants to share it with others. He has packaged his future royalties into an asset-backed bond issue. He raised $55 million based on future record sales. Once that figure, plus 7.9 percent interest, is paid off, royalties would revert directly to Bowie. It's thought to be the first time an asset-backed bond offering has been based on intellectual property. Before we all run out and add it to our portfolio, consider that the Rolling Stones have also expressed an interest in a bond issue. As far as we're concerned, we'd rather wait for the Ramones' long bonds.

POLISHED OFF

In South Africa, doctors on a hospital ward for ventilator-dependent patients couldn't explain why those occupying one particular bed were found dead every Friday morning. Tests for viruses proved negative and the replacement of air filters did not solve the mystery. Finally, a housekeeper was observed pulling the plug next to the bed to free an outlet for an electric floor buffer, thereby polishing the floor and polishing off the patient at the same time. The conscientious but unwitting cleaner then fastidiously hooked up the life support system once he was finished.

REVENGE 101

A disgruntled Florida State University student hacked into the school's phone registration system and recorded a rude voice-mail message. Subsequent callers received the following words of wisdom:

RAW DATA

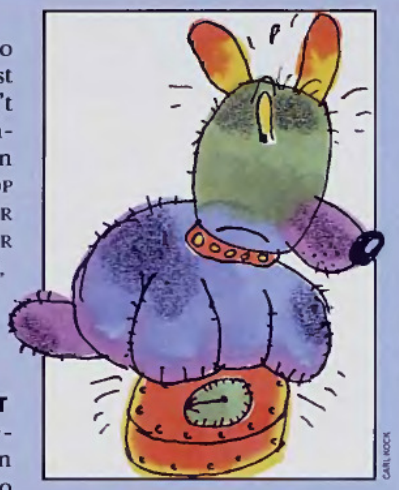
SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The people who like going online best are people who can't sustain a relationship for more than five minutes."—POP STAR AND SERIAL DATER MADONNA ON WHY HER DAUGHTER, LOURDES, WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO LOG ON TO THE INTERNET

A PROBING REPORT

Cost of Whitewater investigation during its first two years: $23 million. Cost of the Iran-contra investigation, which took seven years: $47 million.



CARL ROCK

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the American Animal Hospital Association, 60 percent of dogs in the U.S. are overweight or headed toward obesity.

FOREIGN TRAVAIL

Of the five most expensive cities for foreigners to live in, number that are in Asia: 5 (Tokyo, Osaka, Beijing, Shanghai, Hong Kong). New York City's rank: 38.

STRIKE ZONE

Number of no-hitters pitched for the Dodgers (the major league team with the most): 20. Number of no-hitters pitched for the Giants: 17; White Sox: 15; Reds: 12. Number of no-hitters pitched by Nolan Ryan alone: 7. Number pitched by Sandy Koufax: 4. Number pitched by the Mets: 0.

SETS UP

Of the 96 million American households with TV sets, percentage with three or more: 35. Percentage with three or more TVs in 1986: 22. Current percentage of households with four or more TVs: 16.

INK STAIN

According to the FBI, percentage of autographs on sports memorabilia that are not authentic: 70.

HIGH NOTES

Auction sale price of a handwritten score by Mozart for one of his arias: $134,000. Price of a handwritten lyric by Paul McCartney: $215,000.

BLOOD MONEY

Price of a 1968 Renault with 19,000 miles, formerly driven by the wife of Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceauşescu: $1700. Price of Nazi air marshal Hermann Goering's cigar box: $1170.

ROCK ON

Number of Notre Dame football games coached by Knute Rockne: 122. Number coached by Lou Holtz: 132.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Percentage increase in arrests of juvenile girls since 1989: 23. Rate of increase in arrests of boys: 11. Percentage of juvenile crime in the U.S. committed by girls in 1995: 25.

BULL MARKET

Number of certified financial planners in the U.S. in 1990: 20,300. Number of planners in 1996: 31,500.

GRASS CLIPPINGS

Annual amount spent to maintain grass turf on all the lawns (homes, corporate and public parks, golf courses) in the U.S.: $25 billion.

MAN BITES DOG

Number of Nathan's hot dogs eaten by Hirofumi Nakajima in the allotted 12 minutes to establish a new world record: 23½. Weight of Nakajima: 144 pounds. Weight of former hot dog–eating champion Ed "The Animal" Krachie: 320 pounds.

LABEL STATS

Percentage of American beer drinkers who peel the label from their beer bottles: 56. Percentage who prefer drinking beer from the bottle: 34. Cost of a $5 six-pack of beer before taxes: $2.85. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

"Registration fucking blows. My advice to you would be to transfer to another school."

HOLY SEE, HOLY DO

The Vatican recently issued a formal denunciation of certain trends in contemporary music lyrics. We've never suspected the Vatican of having a sense of humor, but its official spokesman on the matter was Cardinal Rapsong.

THE IRISH JIG (IS UP)

Retailers in Belfast, Northern Ireland may soon experience a plague of locusts. It seems two young men walked into an electronics store and put a cardboard box on the floor. From it they released hundreds of grasshoppers, which skittered about and caused commotion among the customers and employees. Meanwhile, the young men walked out of the store with a CD player. Grasshoppers, it turns out, are sold in pet stores as an inexpensive food for snakes and other reptiles. Evidence that this modus operandi may be repeated: One pet-store owner says he has been out of grasshoppers for weeks.

A FISH CALLED WANTON

Who could love anything called a sea louse? This member of the jellyfish family has a nasty sting and is expected to invade Florida seashores this summer. However, because the sea louse is attracted to swimwear, the U.S. Department of Health and Miami beach officials have issued a recommendation that beachgoers swim in the nude from March to August. The report notes, "Skinny-dipping might go a long way to reduce the occurrence of stings." Surf's up.

BEATING A DEAD HORSE

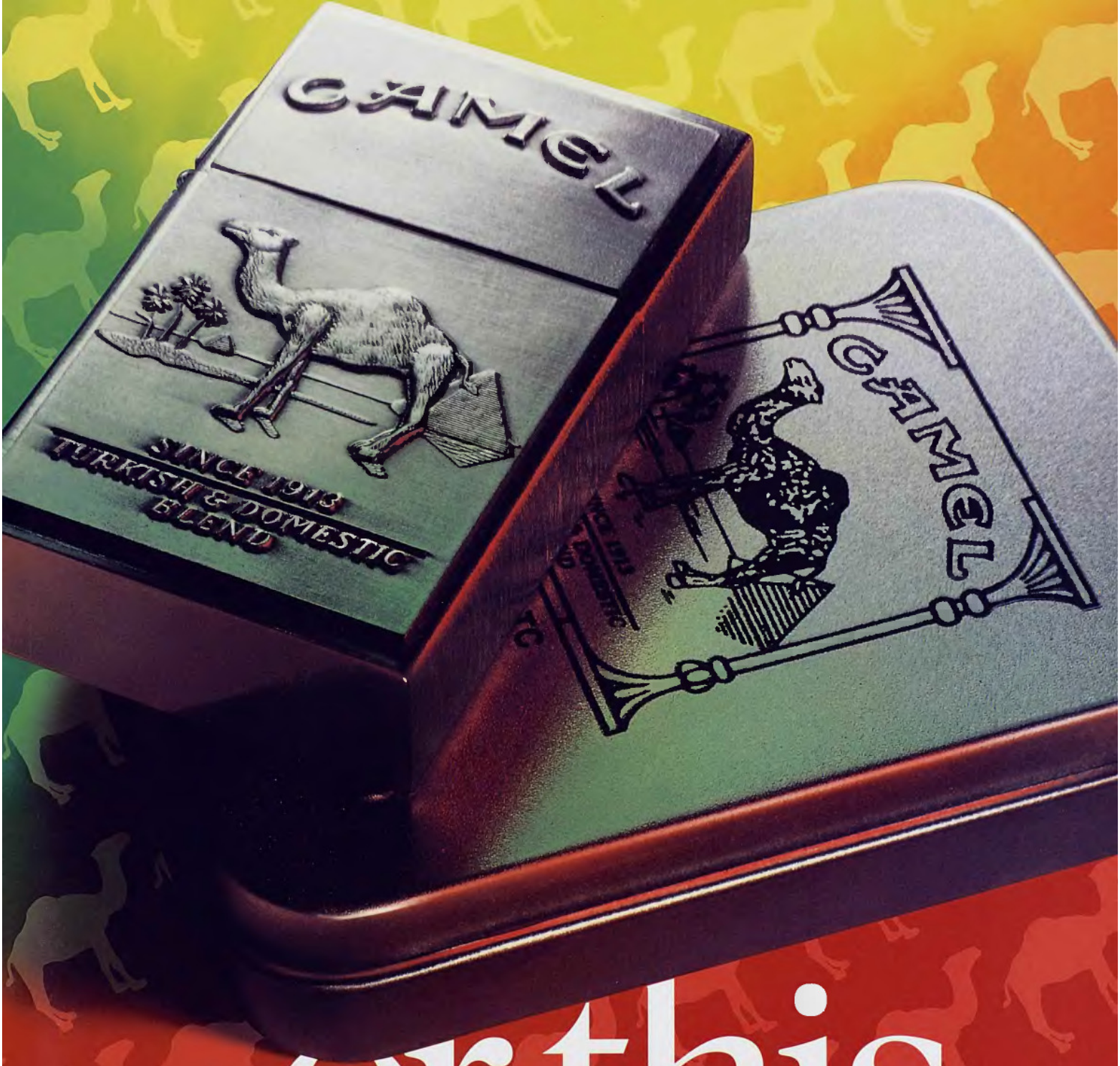
When Kathy Kerwin saw a dead horse in a pasture next to her house in Phoenix, she did what anyone would do: She tried to find someone to take it away. The Humane Society declined, saying that its limit on hauling dead weight is 175 pounds. The police were no help, either. She learned that neither the Arizona Department of Public Safety nor any other government agency she contacted has jurisdiction over or responsibility for dead horses. After four days, she was able to arrange cartage with Maricopa By-Products, Inc., which took the horse off her hands for $38. "It was a relief," she said. We're relieved not to know what four-day-old horseflesh is good for, anyway.

JERSEY SUCKS

We rarely feel compelled to praise elected officials, but the New Jersey Senate passed a bill not just permitting but advocating public breast-feeding. Do we hear a motion for mandatory?

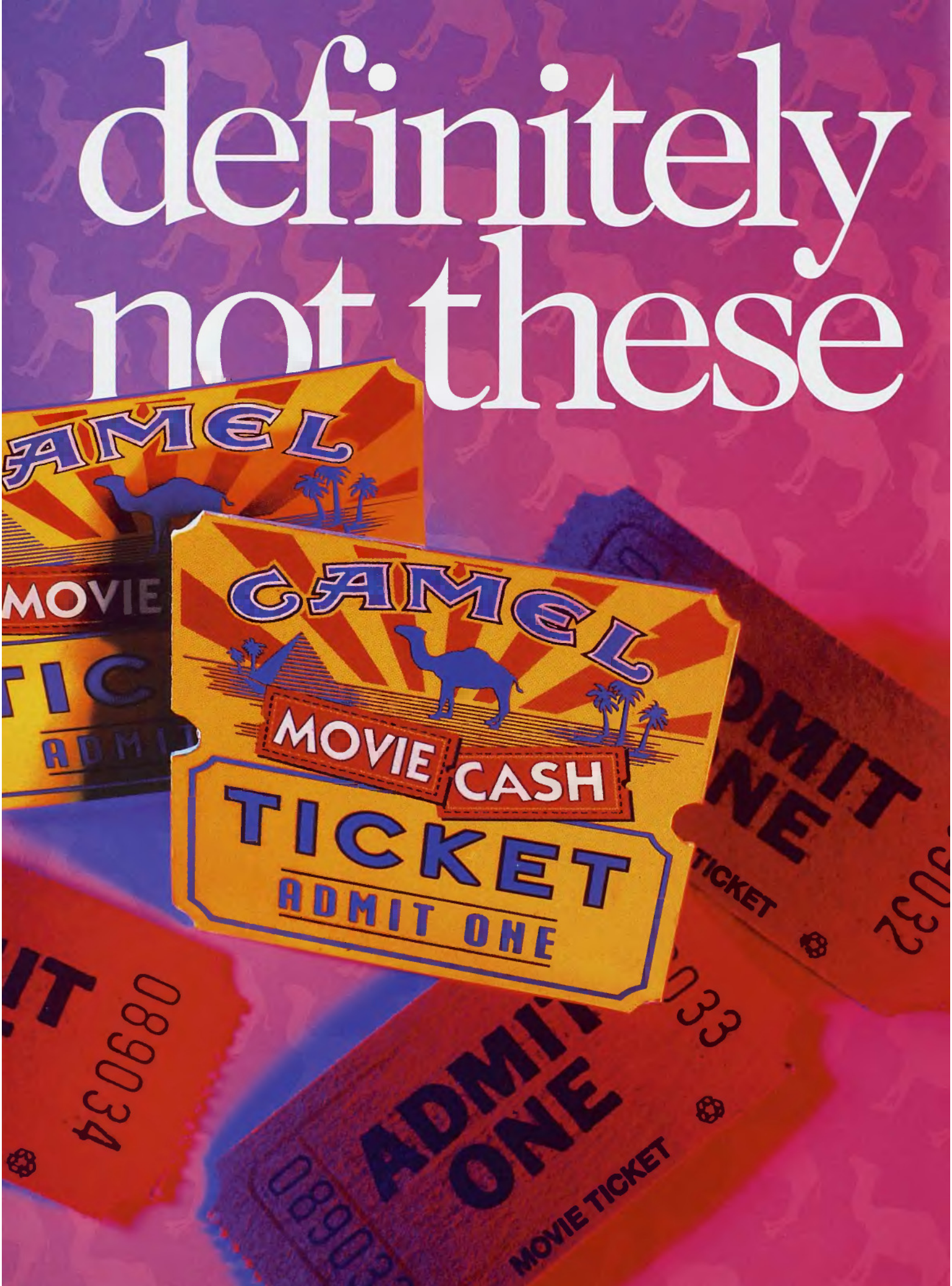
you can't get this

or this...



or this...

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.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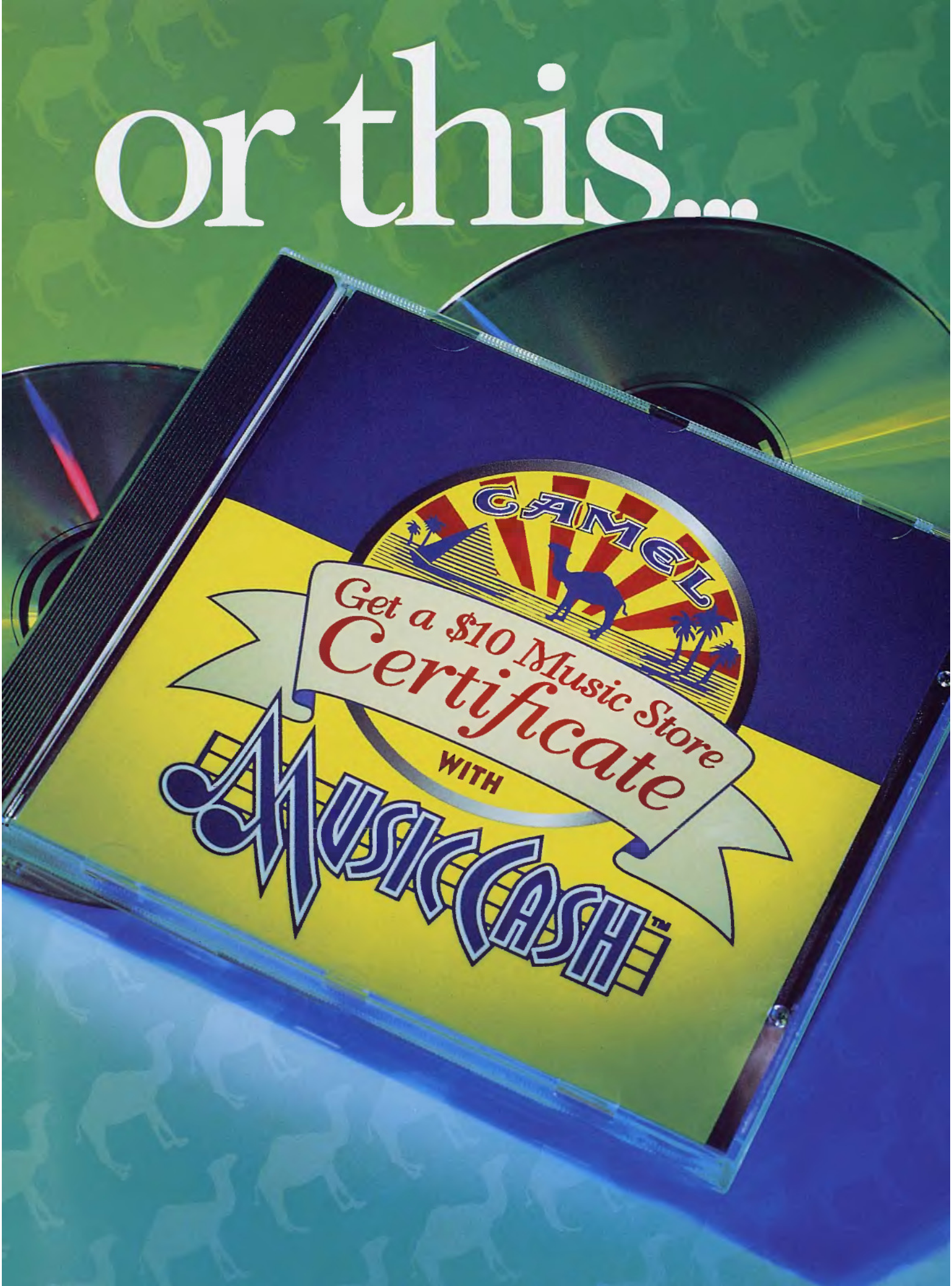
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*Offer valid only at participating music stores. Certificate is nontransferable, nonexchangeable and nonrefundable. For purchases less than $10, change will not be provided. **Offer valid only at participating movie theatres. Certificate is non-transferable, nonexchangeable and nonrefundable.

MUSIC

COUNTRY

THE WAY TO buy country artists is in the greatest-hits format, and the current prize is ***Mark Chesnutt's Greatest Hits*** (MCA). Chesnutt, a homely little powerhouse from east Texas, did well to survive Nashville's hunk boom with his cowboy hat intact. Much is made of his authenticity, but it shouldn't concern us if *Bubba Shot the Jukebox* actually reminds Chesnutt of his honky-tonk days. What matters is that it exploits the good-old-boy myth with grit and humor, just like *Goin' Through the Big D* ("and I don't mean Dallas") and *It Sure Is Monday* ("catching z's on lunch break").

Skip recent best-ofs by Clint Black, Vince Gill and Keith Whitley. Instead, try ***John Anderson's Greatest Hits*** (BNA). After a hell-raising youth, Anderson has come to specialize in warm, humorously observed songs of country and/or married life such as *Money in the Bank* and *I've Got It Made*. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Ralph Stanley's ***Short Life of Trouble: Songs of Grayson and Whitter*** (Rebel) is a brief (30 minutes) but exceptionally potent tribute from the greatest living bluegrass artist to a pair of the old-timey singers who most influenced him. *Train 45*, *Rose Conley* and *Nobody's Darling* are great songs. And Stanley's voice remains far stronger than could be expected of any man in his 70s. —DAVE MARSH

The passion and purity of traditional country make it a natural companion to gospel music. So what happens when young country artists tackle old-time gospel? That's the call of ***Peace in the Valley: A Country Music Journey Through Gospel*** (Arista/Nashville). The response is predictable, surprising and sometimes even inspiring. It's an in-house project featuring Arista artists such as Alan Jackson, BR5-49, Brooks & Dunn, Pam Tillis and Lee Roy Parnell. Parnell emerges as the centerpiece with a haunting version of Son House's *John the Revelator*. Parnell's singing and slinky guitar are framed by vocals from the Nashville-based Fairfield Four gospel group. Cat Stevens' *Morning Has Broken* is based on a traditional Welsh melody, and Pam Tillis reinterprets it as a Celtic gospel ballad. BR5-49 drops to its collective knees to celebrate the simplicity of Hank Williams' *A House of Gold*.

Texas-born singer Kinky Friedman once said the Lone Star State was so big, even small towns were large. That's also the case with overlooked Texas honky-tonkers such as Chris Wall, whose live 13-song recording ***Any Saturday Night in Texas*** (Cold Spring Records, Box 162822, Austin, TX 78716) could make a dead armadillo do flips. Wall and his five-piece Cowboy Nation band recorded this album at Gruene Hall, the oldest dance-hall in Texas. His songs shine—notably the lilting ballad *Big in the Heart* (about a "well-upholstered woman") and *I Feel Like Singin' Along*, a swing tune that begins with a guy holding a gun to his head in a cold Wyoming motel room.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

Chesnutt's *Greatest Hits*.

Mark Chesnutt's country grit, Pat Boone's metal mood and Young Cannibals' *Finest*.

ROCK

No documentary of early rock and roll can be complete without a vilification of Pat Boone for his white covers of Little Richard songs. Bereft of catharsis, ecstasy, rage, lust, defiance and everything else that rock excavated from the American subconscious, Boone crooned lead for the pop counterattack. Which makes ***In a Metal Mood—No More Mr. Nice Guy*** (Hip-O), Pat Boone's tribute to heavy metal, one of the best jokes in rock-and-roll history. Without fear of contradiction, I can say that Boone still lacks any hint of catharsis, ecstasy, rage, lust or defiance. Accompanied by a big band in various configurations, Boone covers some of the heaviest songs in the heavy metal canon—*Smoke on the Water*, *Enter Sandman*, *Paradise City* and the sacred *Stairway to Heaven*—and demolishes them all with blandness. You wouldn't listen to this every day, but the next time it's three A.M. and you need to clear the guests from your house after a party, Pat's your man.

With Oasis making such a splash as a bad-attitude Beatles imitation, it was only a matter of time before someone resurrected the Who. Dodgy, an English power trio that also owes something to the Police, actually does a terrific job on ***Free Peace Sweet*** (Mercury). With stirring chord progressions, an over-the-top rhythm section, dramatic choruses, sweet harmonies and introspective lyrics, Dodgy probably makes even Pete Townshend nostalgic.

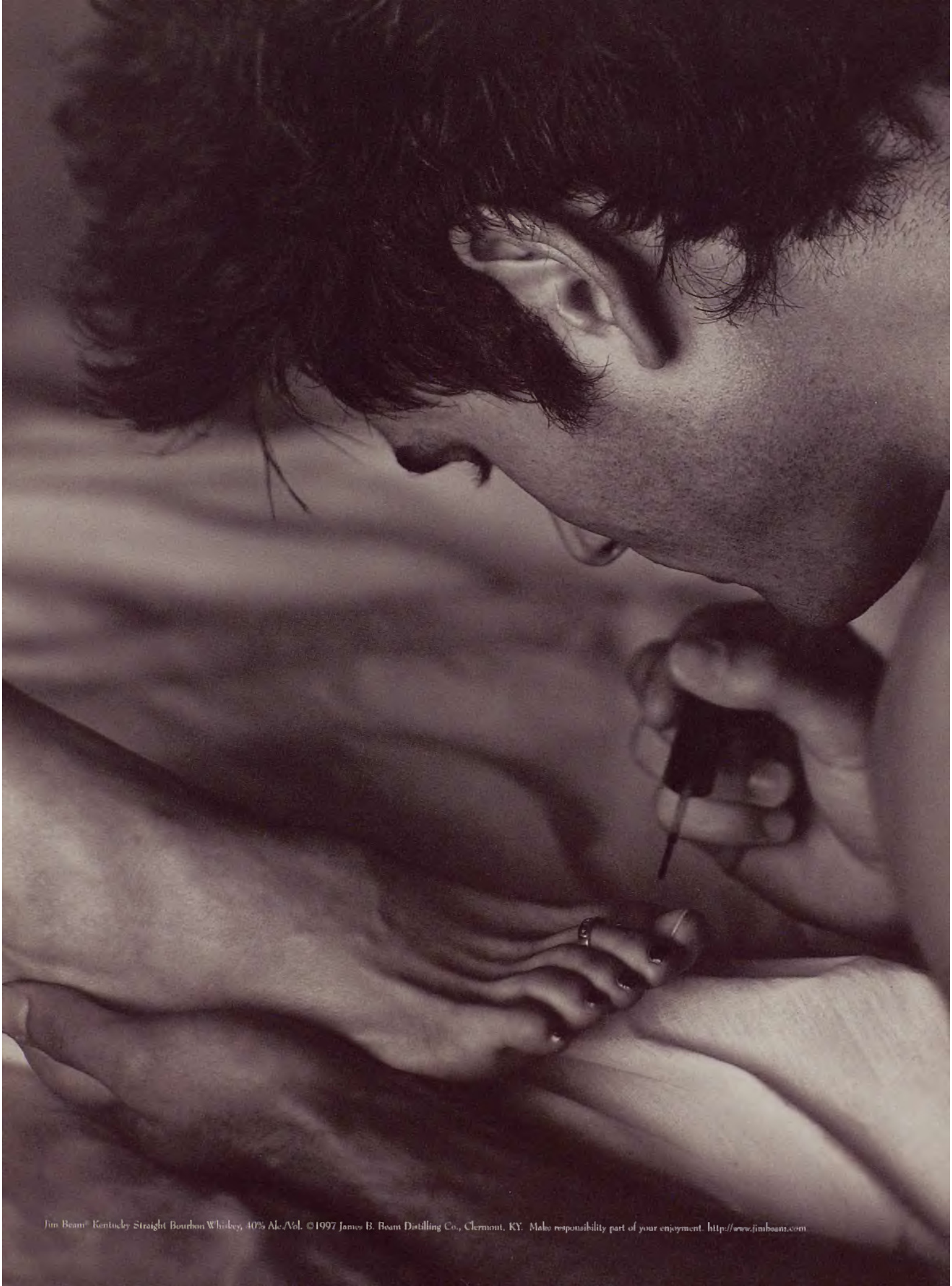
—CHARLES M. YOUNG

If it's true that alternative rock died in 1996, taking the record business into the tank with it, there's only one proper response: Laugh in its face, spit in its eye and kick out the jams, motherfuckers. Buick MacKane's ***The Pawn Shop Years*** (Rykodisc) does all three. A sort of punk supergroup led by the brilliant writer-singer Alejandro Escovedo, Buick MacKane eschews trendiness. The quartet has played together since 1989, and, in fact, recorded six of these ten tracks in 1993. The band's unusual self-assurance plays well with its roaring fusion of West Coast punk and protopunk. The six-minute rendition of the Stooges' *Loose* is so snarling it feels as if it lasts about eight seconds. Major credit goes to Escovedo, now in his mid-40s, who moves gracefully from the contemplative modes of his solo albums to the riotous exuberance shown here. Buick MacKane's best two songs, *The End* and *Falling Down Again*, appear in totally different guises on Escovedo's solo discs. That kind of range marks a major talent. *Pawn Shop Years* is our chance to hear him having the time of his life. —DAVE MARSH

Most Brit pop bands, including Oasis and Blur, are incredible stiffs in the rhythm department. In contrast, Brit trip-hop bands such as Tricky and Massive Attack are all beat and texture without much melody. Doesn't anybody over there have it all together? The Fine Young Cannibals did. Composed of refugees from the English Beat and fronted by the gifted soul stylist Roland Gift, the Cannibals made two Eighties albums that blended punk, Motown and reggae. ***The Finest*** (MCA) collects their hits, including *Johnny Come Home*, *She Drives Me Crazy* and *Good Thing*, plus three new tracks from an uncompleted album. The band dissolved at the turn of the decade. Roland, come home. We miss you. —VIC GARBARINI

R&B

Aaliyah had an explosive debut, *Age Ain't Nothing But a Number*, produced by R. Kelly. She dropped out of sight for a



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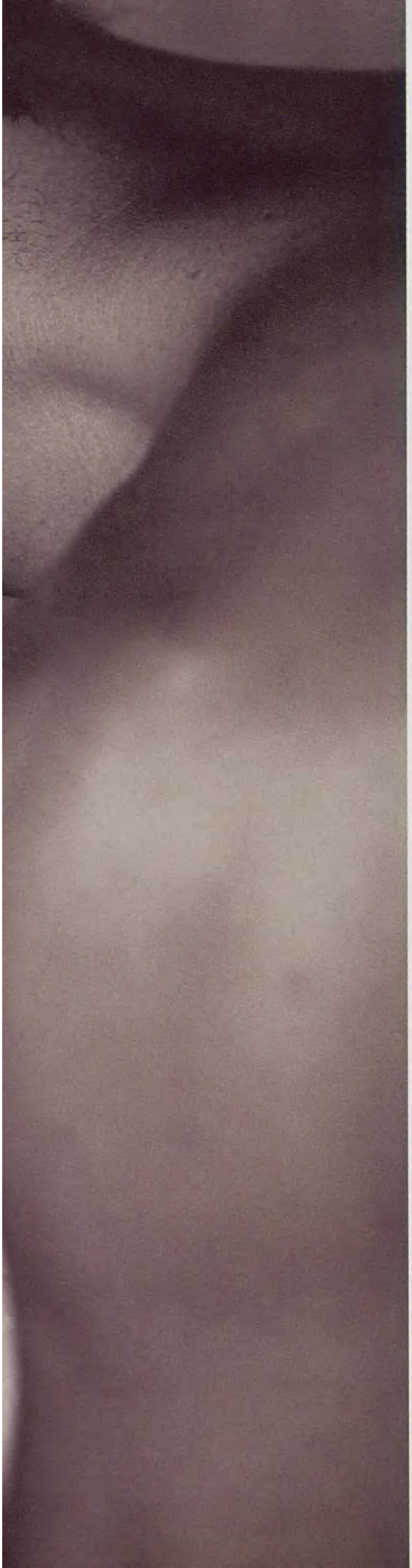


Get in touch with your masculine side.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Aaliyah *One in a Million*	6	5	8	8	7
Pat Boone *In a Metal Mood*	2	10	7	0	10
Mark Chesnutt *Greatest Hits*	8	6	6	5	7
Buick MacKane *The Pawn Shop Years*	5	7	6	8	7
Tarika *Son Egal*	7	10	8	7	9

REALLY DIFFERENT STROKES DEPARTMENT: **Todd Bridges,** star of the old TV series *Diff'rent Strokes* and more than one police lineup, recorded a punk version of the show's song for an album of theme songs performed by groups such as the **Dickies** and **Agent Orange.** Whatchoo talkin' about, Willis?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Debbie Harry,** who has been singing with the reunited **Blondie,** is making a new movie titled *Six Ways to Sunday.* You can also see her with **Robert De Niro** in *Copland.* . . . **Ice-T** is shooting an action-adventure movie called *Mean Guns.* . . . *Woodstock* was chosen by the Library of Congress to be included in the National Film Registry for its cultural and historical significance. . . . There is a good chance that **Kenny Aronoff** will play drums for **Melissa Etheridge** on the **Janis Joplin** movie-bio soundtrack.

NEWSBREAKS: **Neil Young** is working on a compilation CD of the best moments from his annual charity concert for the Bridge School. For ten years, Young has brought together the royalty of rock for these shows. . . . **Ray Davies** kicked off a six-week spring tour of the U.S. on April Fools' Day. . . . **Björk** is recording a new CD in Spain. . . . The **Beatles** were the only pop group to have a record go into the Recording Academy Hall of Fame in 1996. *Yesterday,* their 1965 recording, became the group's third entry over the 24-year history of the hall of fame. . . . *Oprah* has replaced *Saturday Night Live* as the TV show most likely to sell records. **Madonna, Kenny G, Michael Bolton, Clint Black** and **Rod Stewart** all boosted their album sales significantly after appearing on the show. . . . Both Rod Stewart and **Ron Wood** hope to put together a **Faces** reunion this year; **Bill Wyman** has offered to play bass for the ailing **Ronnie Lane.** . . . **En Vogue** is working with **Babyface** on its next album. . . . The **Eagles** may have a studio album out this year, so we guess hell didn't freeze over. . . . **Pearl Jam** plans to do only 35 to 40 shows this year. **Eddie Vedder** says he would rather spend his time making new music. . . . **Sir Paul McCartney** is working on a new pop album, as well as on a symphony to commemorate the 100th anniversary of EMI records. . . . At **Elvis'** birthday party at Graceland this past January, **Sam Phillips,** his original producer at Sun Records, was honored. The entertainment was provided by the **Jordanaires, Scotty Moore** and **D.J. Fontana,** the King's original back-up singers and bandmates. . . . NBC announced that Internet users can purchase CDs by artists whose music is played on *Homicide* directly from the show's Web site. The network established this feature in response to viewer requests. It will link the user to a companion page for the online music store CD World. That's a pretty neat idea that we suspect will be copied by others. But just go out and buy the new **Morphine** CD, *Like Swimming.* Don't even bother to call the cops. . . . Rhino Records, L.A. Cellular and Tower Records will offer the **Rhino Musical Aptitude Test,** the definitive music trivia contest, on April 27 at Tower locations in New York and Los Angeles (as well as live on the Internet). First prize is a musical history tour, a multicity, all-expenses-paid trip for two to notable music-history sites from London to Los Angeles. Sharpen your pencils. . . . Look for **Chris Rock's** latest comedy album this month. . . . We're going to report this as if it were a done deal: London's *Daily Telegraph* says the **Rolling Stones** will begin an eight-month tour this summer to coincide with the release of a new album. They are still about as much fun as you can have in public. —BARBARA NELLIS

while and then moved to a new label where she has recorded a very sexy record, ***One in a Million*** (Blackground/Atlantic). One of R&B's hottest young producers, Timbaland, handled the title track and *If Your Girl Only Knew.* This is R-rated stuff.

Ten years is an eternity in pop culture, but it still seems like yesterday when Uptown Records opened its doors. Founded by ex-rapper Andre Harrell, the label became identified with new jack swing, a hip-hop influenced version of R&B that revived a moribund style. ***Uptown's Block Party, Volumes 1 & 2*** (Universal) collect the best of Guy, Mary J. Blige, Jodeci, Heavy D and the other acts who made Uptown a brand name. —NELSON GEORGE

Though they were arguably the greatest of all West Coast doo-wop groups (meaning they were more rough and raucous than that term usually implies), the Jewels never had their own compilation. The 30 tracks on ***B-Bomb Baby*** (Gold Dust) include all the Jewels' important songs, highlighted by their immortal *Hearts of Stone.* —DAVE MARSH

WORLD

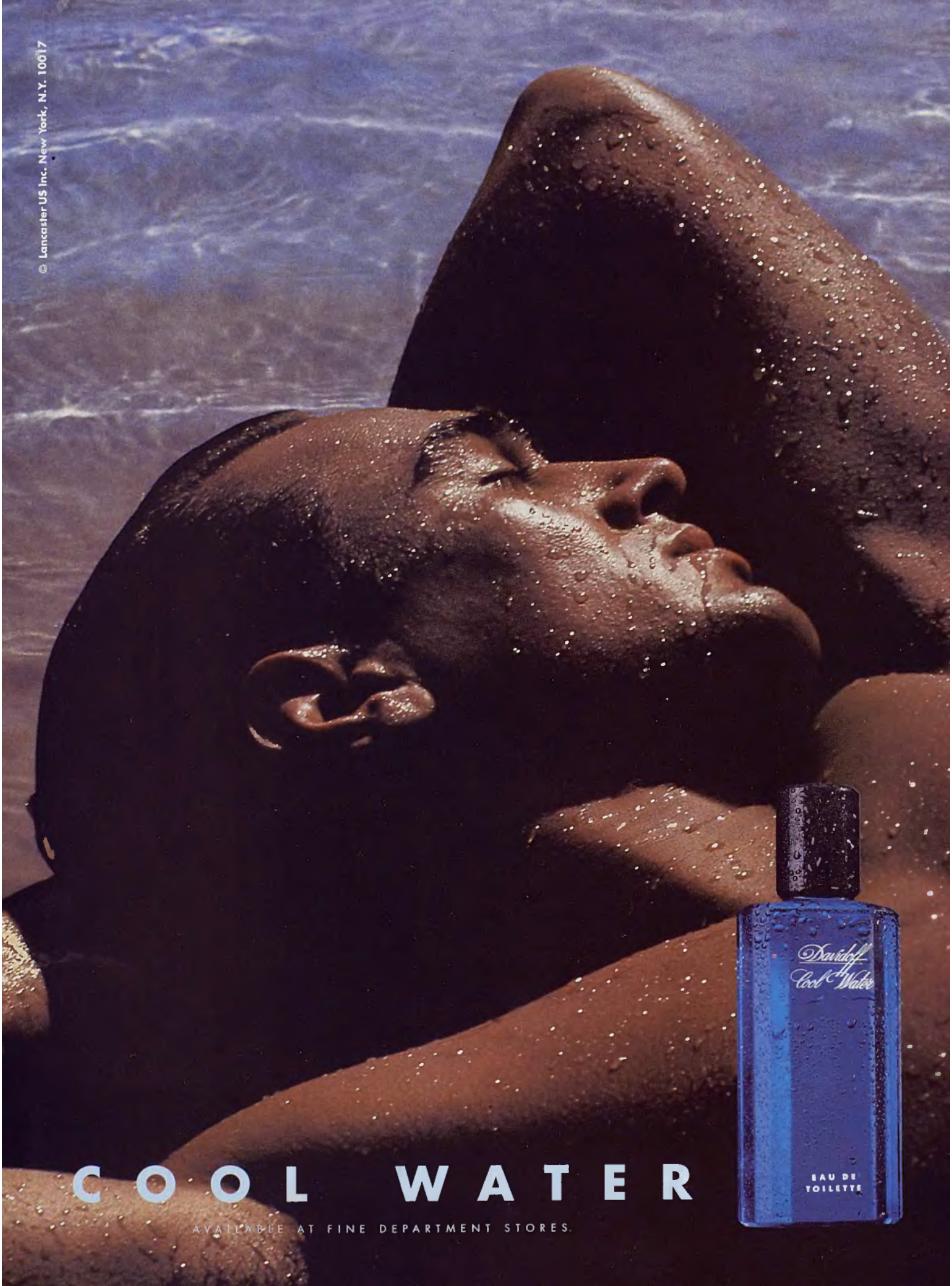
Tarika is a roots-pop band from Madagascar. On ***Son Egal*** (Xenophile), Tarika has melded African, Polynesian and Arab traditions into the most gorgeous album I've ever heard. The tart, bright harmonies recall Tahiti, while the buoyant rhythms remind you of *Graceland*'s Soweto beat. Tarika's celestial music even has a message. *Son Egal* deals with reconciling old ethnic wounds and protesting corruption, without any sacrifice to the music. Africa has finally produced its own *Graceland,* a miracle of radiant, danceable music. —VIC GARBARINI

JAZZ

For the past ten years, the Jazz Passengers have laced their infectious hyperbebop with wigged-out humor. The versatile sextet's breakthrough album, ***Individually Twisted*** (32 Records), stars the vocals of former Blondie Debbie Harry, a perfectly attuned addition to the band. It also features some guest spots by Elvis Costello. Edgy solos and delightfully strange lyrics distinguish the originals, while jazz and pop classics wake up with wild new wrinkles. —NEIL TESSER

BLUES

On ***Small Revelations*** (Hightone), gravel-voiced singer and songwriter Chris Smither hits a career peak thanks to fine songs both original and drawn from blues and folk tradition (*Dust My Broom, Sportin' Life*). The guitar picking is excellent. —DAVE MARSH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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE EROTIC and explicit sexuality of ***Bliss*** (Triumph Films) marks a new direction for mainstream movies. Writer-director Lance Young's highly concentrated drama about a young married couple's search for better sex is both original and daring, though clinical to a fault at times. Shorn of inhibition as Joseph and Maria, Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee perform as much on-camera lovemaking as the movie's R rating allows. Sessions with their shrink (Spalding Gray) don't quite work for the newlyweds. Instead, they make out according to the instructions of a sex therapist named Baltazar (Terence Stamp, scoring again in a role nearly as offbeat as his elegant transsexual in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*). The film largely concerns the sexual education of Joseph, who must learn to love himself in order to help his troubled bride overcome a history of frigidity and sexual abuse. Getting right to the point, Baltazar challenges Joseph: "Tell me what you think of your penis." To which the discomfited Joseph replies, "Well, I like it . . . it's large and powerful." That leads to much talk about tantric positions, tai chi, sex without orgasm and mutual masturbation, all part of Baltazar's eccentric master plan for achieving pure, monogamous ecstasy. Buy it or not, it's sophisticated voyeurism. ¥¥¥

•

The year is 1957, and a class war rages below the calm surface of family life in the small Illinois town where ***Inventing the Abbotts*** (Twentieth Century Fox) gets under way. Representing the have-nots are two teenage brothers (Billy Crudup and Joaquin Phoenix as Jacey and Doug) who are hooked on the three wealthy, beautiful Abbott sisters (Joanna Going, Jennifer Connelly and Liv Tyler). Over the years, Jacey tries with some success to woo all three Abbott girls, inspired, perhaps, by the mistaken belief that his parents were cheated out of a lucrative patent that made Lloyd Abbott (Will Patton) rich. "Keep your poor-boy dick out of my daughters," orders Abbott. Doug is the nicer sibling whose hot-and-cold friendship with Pam Abbott (Tyler) from high school to college stands in sharp contrast to his brother's campaign of seduction. Directed by Pat O'Connor (*Circle of Friends*) from Ken Hixon's adaptation of a short story by Sue Miller, the movie is effortless Fifties Americana. ¥¥¥

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There is not much wrong with ***Mandela*** (Island Pictures) as biographical nonfiction except that familiarity dilutes its impact. In fact, the film's subtitle—*Son of Africa, Father of a Nation*—sums it all up. Co-directors Jo Menell and Angus Gibson offer few new insights about Nelson Mandela, yet the man's lofty bearing and dignity are unfailingly impressive in interviews—whether he is talking about his upbringing ("My father was a polygamist with four wives"), tribal circumcision rites when he was a teen ("with an unsterilized spear") or his 27-year imprisonment before he became president of South Africa. In a fairly conventional assembly of talking heads on film, Mandela is worth listening to. ¥¥

Connelly and Crudup: Young inventors.

Sexual healing, small-town lust and the fragile fate of a brass band.

•

The downsizing of modern England's coal industry has a tragic side, but writer-director Mark Herman's sprightly ***Brassed Off*** (Miramax) makes adversity agreeable. While poking fun, he also makes music from the plight of the brass band in a South Yorkshire village that is doomed to extinction by an imminent pit closing. Which means that coal miners who moonlight with their music may have to disband for lack of funds. At the center of this difficulty is Danny the bandleader (Pete Postlethwaite), who is smitten with coal miner's lungs. His son Phil (Stephen Tompkinson) stands to lose not only his job but also his house, his wife, his family and the will to carry on. On the lighter side, band member Andy (Ewan McGregor, see "Off Camera") is romantically involved with his former childhood sweetheart, Gloria (Tara Fitzgerald), but chilled to learn that she works for the British Coal Board. Will they pull it together and enter the colliery band finals at London's Royal Albert Hall? Filmed on location and enlisting Yorkshire's Grimethorpe Colliery Brass Band for musical authenticity, *Brassed Off* ends on an emotional high note, thanks to its big blue-collar heart and salty humor. ¥¥¥

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It's easy to see why ***Love Jones*** (New Line) was an audience favorite at this year's Sundance Film Festival. Director Theodore Witcher's refreshing romantic comedy studies the mating games of sharp, strictly upscale black professionals. A sexy would-be photographer named Nina (Nia Long), recently dumped by her previous live-in beau (Khalil Kain), meets a would-be novelist (Larenz Tate). They make out, move in together, break up (she leaves the Windy City for one more try with her old love in New York), meet again and slowly edge their way to true commitment and trust. While the concept is conventional, Witcher handles it with slick wit and worldliness, helped along by his attractive top couple and supporting cast. ¥¥¥

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Before ***Commandments*** (Gramercy) has run its course, Aidan Quinn survives a leap from a lighthouse onto a rocky shore, only to turn up later, hale and whole in the belly of a beached whale. The Jonah reference is clearly what first-time writer-director Daniel Taplitz has in mind. As Seth, a Job character in modern Manhattan, Quinn decides to break the ten commandments to dramatize his disgust with God. He has reason to doubt, certainly, after his pregnant wife accidentally drowns, he loses his job and house, then is struck by lightning. Before Seth sees the error of his ways, he has taken the Lord's name in vain, slept with his late wife's married sister and sinned the rest of the top ten. Along with Courteney Cox and Anthony LaPaglia (as the sister-in-law and her philandering husband), Quinn almost manages to be convincing in this preposterous black comedy. Proceed at your own risk. ¥

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The movie version of ***Smilla's Sense of Snow*** (Fox Searchlight), adapted from Peter Høeg's intriguing best-seller, is a mixed bag of blessings and blunders. It begins as an intelligent, philosophical thriller, with Julia Ormond in the title role as Smilla, a native Greenlander living in Copenhagen. A mathematics whiz with an intuitive sense of direction, Smilla befriends a six-year-old Inuit boy who

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McGregor: Accent optional.

OFF CAMERA

Like Tim Roth and Gary Oldman, Scotland's **Ewan McGregor,** 25, is a British-bred actor able to switch accents with ease. He can sound as much like Pittsburgh as his native Perthshire. Calling in from Los Angeles, McGregor was wrapping a guest appearance on *ER*, his favorite TV show. "It's terrifically popular in England. I told my agent to pass on my best wishes because I like it so much. Next thing you know, they wrote a show around me. I play a loser who robs a grocery store. Enjoyed it a lot."

Already familiar as one of the drug-driven rebels in last year's *Trainspotting*, Ewan says, "That's the most passionate I've ever been about a part." Still, he's projected plenty of passion in many roles. He imparts all-American angst as a student at work in a morgue in *Nightwatch*, a forthcoming thriller with Nick Nolte. He resisted Gwyneth Paltrow's matchmaking in *Emma*, is a horn player in *Brassed Off* (see review) and is wooing both Greta Scacchi and Carmen Chaplin in *The Serpent's Kiss*, as yet unreleased. "The subject is gardening," he insists, "set in Ireland—and I play a Dutch garden designer." You will also be seeing him in Peter Greenaway's erotically charged *The Pillow Book*, where he's into painting the body of his leading lady, Vivian Wu. "We spent hours every day on makeup. It's all about the pleasures of the flesh."

McGregor has come a long way fast since his first major film role in *Shallow Grave*. His hectic schedule includes filming *The Velvet Goldmine* for American director Todd Haynes ("It covers the glam-rock era in music. I play a singer"). "It's always good to do something that frightens you," he says. "Anyway, I'm loving it. I'm married now, living with my wife and our little girl in north London. That's the only place to be."

lives with his mother in Smilla's apartment building. When the boy plunges to his death from the rooftop, Smilla is convinced he was murdered. She goes to the authorities and confides in another neighbor, an engineer (Gabriel Byrne). So far, so good. But the Ormond in the film's first half seems to be a soft-spoken, determined loner, and her performance hardly prepares you for the Smilla of the second half. The plot shifts into a scenic adventure story, set among Greenland glaciers and an ice cave—where a power-mad tycoon (Richard Harris) has located a giant meteorite containing prehistoric worms that could spell death to mankind. This turn of events would challenge James Bond, and has Ormond sneaking onto a ship, fighting off bad guys and generally behaving out of character for the aloof, serious-minded scientist she portrays earlier. Danish-born director Bille August gives Smilla a split personality—or maybe he just chose the wrong leading lady. ¥¥½

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Instead of promoting movies, former film distributor Jeff Lipsky tries making one as director of ***Childhood's End*** (Plainview Pictures). A nice try, too. Set in Minneapolis, Lipsky's coming-of-age tale deals with several recent high school graduates. First, there's Greg (Sam Trammell), who steps out of school right into a high-paying job as a magazine photo editor. Moonlighting, he takes nude pictures of his sister Chloe (Bridget White), an aspiring model. He also initiates an affair with his mother's best friend, Evelyn (Cameron Foord), the swinging widow across the street. Meanwhile, Evelyn's daughter Denise (Colleen Werthmann) begins a lesbian relationship with another of Greg's classmates, super-shy Rebecca (Heather Gottlieb). Lipsky's directorial style is honest in its depiction of people—young and older—muddling through a maze of tricky relationships. ¥¥½

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Roseanna's Grave (Fine Line) is an agreeable little comedy. British director Paul Weiland and writer Saul Turteltaub set their story in Italy with American, French and British performers in the principal roles. Oscar-winning U.S. actress Mercedes Ruehl sports an OK accent as Roseanna, a woman presumably doomed to die from a fatal disease. As her husband, Jean Reno helps the sick, offers to donate blood and does everything in his power to make certain the crowded local churchyard has room for his wife's grave. England's gorgeous Polly Walker portrays Roseanna's marriageable sister in an inventive comic romp. Trouble is, this movie's so Italianate, a sensible viewer can't help but wonder why everyone keeps speaking English. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Bliss (See review) Newlywed pair undertakes intensive sex therapy. ¥¥¥

Blood and Wine (Reviewed 2/97) Grade B thriller with Nicholson and a class A cast. ¥¥½

Brassed Off (See review) Some British coal miners moonlight in a musical competition. ¥¥¥

Broken English (4/97) Lovers in New Zealand fight racial prejudice. ¥¥¥

Childhood's End (See review) High school grads start getting a life. ¥¥½

A Chorus of Disapproval (4/97) Backstage bitchery in a British theater group. ¥¥½

Commandments (See review) Bedeviled husband decides to break all ten. ¥

Crash (4/97) High-geared drama about cars, scars and kinky sex. ¥¥½

Evita (3/97) The Argentine bombshell, broadly played by Madonna. ¥¥¥

Fierce Creatures (4/97) Now in a zoo, the *Wanda* bunch goes bananas. ¥¥¥

Fools Rush In (4/97) Married in haste, a fun couple gets acquainted. ¥¥½

Good Luck (4/97) A pair of disabled guys in a white-water raft race. ¥¥½

Gridlock'd (3/97) Tupac Shakur's swan song as a musician on the town. ¥¥½

Inventing the Abbotts (See review) A lover boy targets a rich man's daughters. ¥¥¥

Jerry Maguire (4/97) As a sports agent with principles, Cruise is in total control. ¥¥¥

Kama Sutra (4/97) Exotic, erotic drama, but not the famously explicit sex manual. ¥¥¥

Kolya (3/97) Swinging cellist meets Russian tyke in a delightful Czech comedy. ¥¥¥½

Lost Highway (4/97) Flashily but obscurely going nowhere with David Lynch. ¥

Love Jones (See review) Stylish guy-meets-girl saga in Chicago. ¥¥¥

Mandela (See review) Talky tribute to South Africa's main man. ¥¥

Night Falls on Manhattan (4/97) Andy Garcia as a troubled New York D.A. tussling with an ethical crisis. ¥¥¥

Roseanna's Grave (See review) Italian-style comedy has odd multinational roots. ¥¥

Rough Magic (Listed only) It'd be best to make it all disappear. ¥

Smilla's Sense of Snow (See review) Intriguing, schizophrenic thriller. ¥¥½

subUrbia (3/97) Aimless young folk invade the mall in a grim, gripping movie based on Eric Bogosian's downbeat drama. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Andy Richter may play second banana to Conan O'Brien on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, but he's clearly a take-charge guy when it comes to selecting home videos. One of his favorite rewinds is *Night of the Hunter*—the only film that actor Charles Laughton directed. "It's strange and audacious," Richter says. "The plot also takes on new meaning when you realize Laughton was this big old queen." W.C. Fields' *It's a Gift* also registers high marks on the Richter scale. (It's rarely available, and Andy confesses he has "a slightly illegal copy.") Recently, Richter has become a big Jackie Chan fan, and the search is on for a few of the elusive early ones. So until then, he'll settle for an old standby: *The Wizard of Oz*. "Face it," says Richter, "it's the Rosetta stone of movies." —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

She was only 21 when she changed the way America would remember its war dead. Maya Lin's simple design for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. would incite a firestorm of controversy before it became one of the nation's most beloved monuments. This story, among others, is deftly captured in ***Maya Lin: A Strong Clear Vision*** (American Film Foundation, $29.95), the 1995 Academy Award winner for best documentary. The 83-minute film also chronicles Lin's creation of the graceful Civil Rights Memorial in Montgomery, Alabama. . . . If you missed the theater reissue of Alfred Hitchcock's 1958 classic, ***Vertigo***, don't sweat it. Universal Studios' home version of the rebuilt and remastered James Stewart–Kim Novak thriller has its pluses, among them the original trailer, documentary footage from the restorers and an enhanced version of Bernard Herrmann's score ($19.95).

DANGEROUS GAMES

We all love movies about winners, but winning isn't everything. Sometimes just staying alive is the point.

Rollerball (1975): James Caan slam-dunks human heads as the Michael Jordan of rollerball—a 21st century combo of basketball, roller derby and hockey. No rules, no time limit. Go.

Death Race 2000 (1975): David Carradine goes grill-to-grill with sinister Sylvester Stallone in a to-the-death cross-country race where drivers score points by mowing down pedestrians.

The Running Man (1987): Futuristic TV game-show contestant Arnold Schwarzenegger dodges exploding hockey pucks and chain saw–wielding maniacs—and the audience loves it. Based on a Stephen King (as Richard Bachman) story.

Le Mans (1971): Death tailgates Steve McQueen, who does his own driving in this 24-hour endurance test—complete with high-speed, hair-raising, hairpin turns. Buckle up.

Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome (1985): Tina Turner as Aunty Entity throws condemned Max (Mel Gibson) to something worse than the lions—the mesomorphic Blaster (Paul Larsson)—in an all-out assault in the titular arena.

Rebel Without a Cause (1955): Life's a drag—a deadly nighttime drag race, that is—for brooding James Dean and his angst-ridden, need-for-speed, grunge-with-a-grudge gang.

Ben-Hur (1959): Daredevil despot Messala (Stephen Boyd) is no match for the prince of Judea (Charlton Heston) in the legendary 15-minute chariot race. Watch out for the spiked wheel. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

As silent-era fans can tell you, Harry Langdon wasn't exactly Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd, but the guy still hung in there with his trademark hangdog charm. Now, Kino celebrates the baby-faced actor with ***Harry Langdon: The Forgotten Clown*** ($100). Included in the three-disc, black-and-white package: ***The Strong Man, Long Pants*** and ***Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*** (all directed by Frank Capra), as well as the shorts ***All Night Long, Saturday Afternoon*** and ***His Marriage Vow***. . . . So, collectors, which hefty boxed set should you buy? Disney's Deluxe Letterbox Edition of ***Toy Story*** ($125)—complete with hours of background material, five shorts from Pixar (the animation house that created the film), a behind-the-scenes documentary and a souvenir booklet? Or MCA/Universal's Limited Edition boxed set of ***E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*** ($150)—with THX transfer, John Williams' score on CD, outtakes, a making-of featurette and concept designs for the alien and the spaceship? Answer: Buy both—then take out a second mortgage. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

X-RATED

VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

Russian knockout Sasha Vinni makes her adult video debut as ***Zazel*** (Metro), a renowned artiste commissioned to whip up the world's most loin-tingling perfume. What goes into Zazel's aphrodisiac brew? Whatever erotic fantasies come into her dirty little mind. Terrific sets, gorgeous women and scorching sex. Hard-core has never smelled so good.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
POLITICS	***Michael Collins*** (Liam Neeson triumphs as the Irish freedom fighter; standout cast includes Alan Rickman), ***Get on the Bus*** (Spike Lee's gang takes bumpy cross-country ride to the Million Man march; predictable, but worth the fare).
SUSPENSE	***The Ghost and the Darkness*** (Val Kilmer and Michael Douglas fend off man-eating lions; decent, if a bit macho), ***Sleepers*** (D.A. Brad Pitt's reform-school chums off a sadistic guard from the old days; contrived but nicely acted).
COMEDY	***Big Night*** (fledgling-restaurateur brothers—Stanley Tucci and Tony Shalhoub—try to hype their untrendy bistro; delicious fun), ***High School High*** (teacher Jan Lovitz saves inner-city school from itself; *Dangerous Minds* meets *Airplane!*).
SLEEPER	***Trees Lounge*** (Long Island loser tippler Steve Buscemi—also the writer-director—stumbles along; strong and dry, with a twist), ***American Buffalo*** (Dennis Franz and Dustin Hoffman get down and dirty as David Mamet's five-cent schemers).
ACTION	***The Long Kiss Goodnight*** (cop Samuel L. Jackson helps amnesiac housfrau Geena Davis revive her past as an ass-kicking assassin), ***Supercop*** (Jackie Chan and comely Michelle Khan crack a Kuala Lumpur crime ring; stunts galore).

THE BEAT GOES ON

Doug Lansky has vegging out down to a science. This 26-year-old author of *Vagabond*, a syndicated newspaper column, has filed laid-back reports from places as diverse as Copenhagen and Cape Town. But during a recent visit to our offices, he revealed that international nomads who really want to drop out for a while choose one (or all) of the following destinations: **Byron Bay,** situated almost halfway up Australia's eastern coast, is the ideal introduction to the art of laconic living. Surfing is the most arduous activity performed with clothes on. (Even the wave-break is gentle.) Budget travel lodges such as the Art Factory Backpackers on Skinners Shoot Road offer food and shelter for the poor and weary. **Dahab,** on the eastern coast of Egypt's Sinai Peninsula, is the hangout of the Middle East, where most travelers pass the day sipping mango shakes and playing backgammon in pillow-lined tents on the beach. But the end of the rainbow for many world roamers is **Goa,** a part of India where hard-core expatriates have been hanging around since the first Woodstock. Playing guitar and hacky-sack and sleeping on the beach rank as strenuous activities. Most bungalow owners won't rent their places for less than two weeks; the average stay is about two months. According to Lansky, "You'll stay twice as long as you expected." We've heard that the U.S. embassy regularly sends officials to Goa looking for travelers who haven't written home lately.

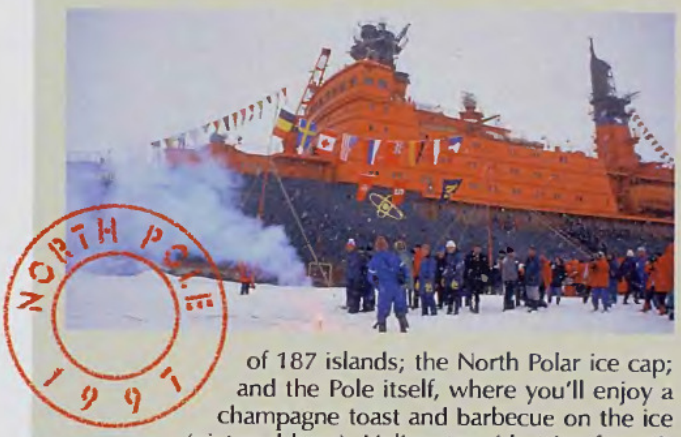
NIGHT MOVES: AMSTERDAM

For sex, drugs and rock and roll aplenty, head to Amsterdam, where prostitution and pot smoking are openly tolerated and the bars and clubs never seem to close. Start your evening at Bimhuis (Oude Schans 73), the best jazz club in town, then move on to Grant Café de Still (Spuistraat 326) for an amazing selection of single-malt scotches. If soft drugs rather than hard liquor are your pleasure, look for an establishment displaying a marijuana leaf. It's one of the city's 450 "smoking coffee shops." The Bulldog (Leidseplein 15) is one of A-dam's most famous hangouts for potheads, as is Fat City (Oudezijds Voorburgwal 163), a funky joint with a pool hall upstairs. Remember to pace yourself—the night is young. Though the Dutch aren't known for their cuisine, Amsterdam offers great ethnic food. Go to Bojo (Leidsewarsstraat 51) for Indonesian, Amacord (Berenstraat 8) for terrific Italian dishes and La Rive (Professor Tulpplein 1) for wonderful French fare. Egg Cream (St. Jacobstraat 19) is famous for its vegetarian food. Anyone with dancing feet should visit Arena (Gravesandestraat 51), a revamped nunnery for the young and reckless; Roxy (Singel 456), a former movie theater featuring local and international DJs; or Sinners in Heaven (Wagenstraat 3), a celebrity stop-off. Or take a walk through the red-light district, where the windows are filled with prostitutes and erotic paraphernalia. Most are sleazy joints you might want to skip, but it's still fun to look. For those so inclined, there's Yab Yum, a bordello where 20 beautiful women who (rumor has it) are flight attendants, nurses, students and housewives by day can be found moonlighting. Any cabdriver will know where it is.

GREAT ESCAPE

NUCLEAR ICEBREAKER YAMAL

Next time someone asks you how you spent your summer vacation, tell them it was aboard a Russian nuclear icebreaker bound for the North Pole and see if that doesn't one-up the house. On July 19 the icebreaker *Yamal* sails about 100 passengers out of Murmansk, Russia for a two-week round-trip to the top of the world. You'll cross the Barents Sea heading for Franz Josef Land, an archipelago

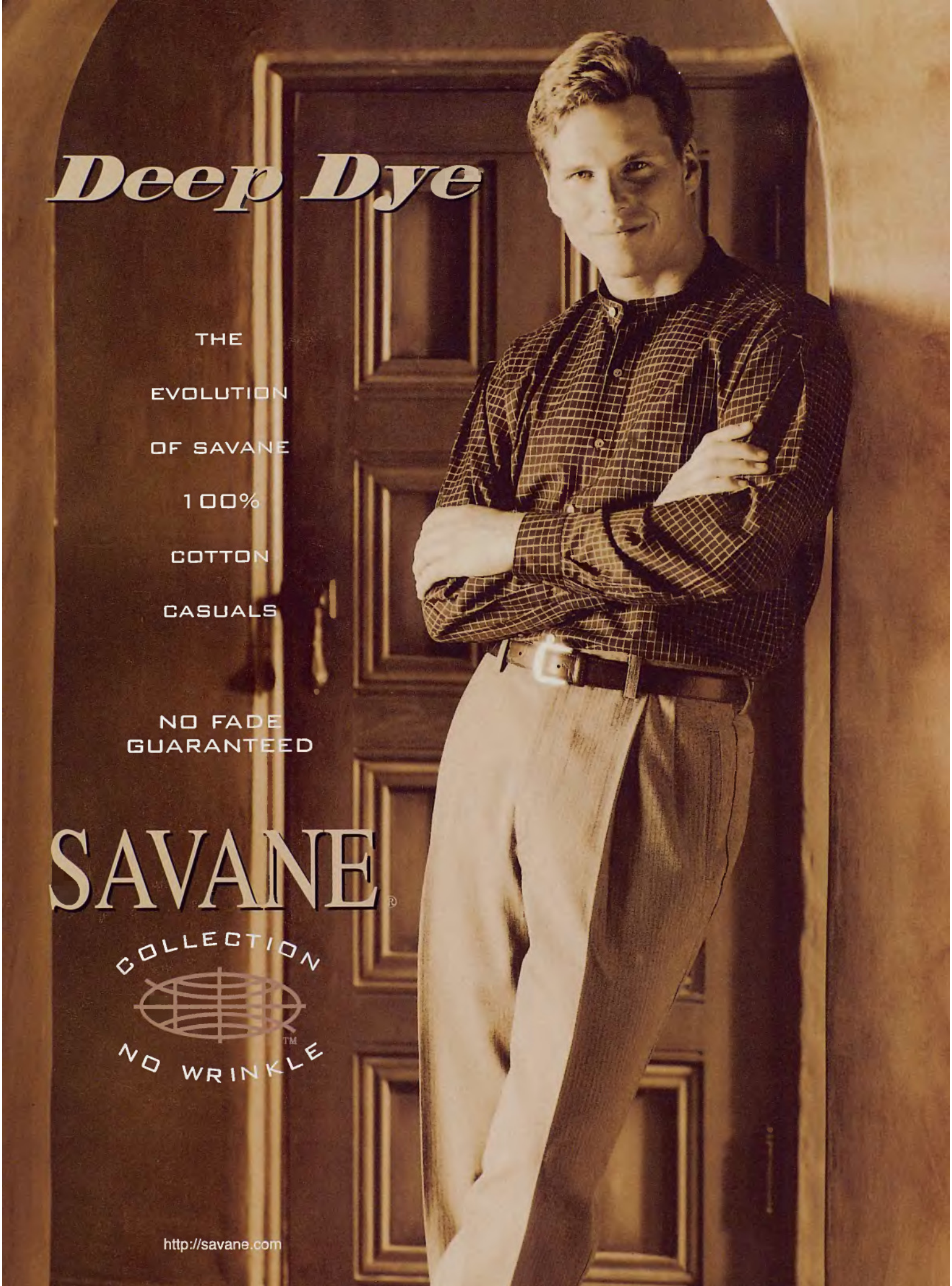


of 187 islands; the North Polar ice cap; and the Pole itself, where you'll enjoy a champagne toast and barbecue on the ice (pictured here). Helicopter side trips for animal-watching are part of the experience, as are guest lectures by several prominent specialists. There's an indoor swimming pool, a well-stocked wine cellar and hearty cuisine to help you forget the elements. One-upmanship doesn't come cheap, however. Cabin and suite prices range from $19,000 to $24,000 double occupancy, not including airfare. Call 800-727-7477.

ROAD STUFF

For those prone to motion sickness, the Relief Band (pictured below) is a wrist gadget that helps eliminate discomfort by sending "mild electric pulses through the body's neuropathways, quickly blocking signals of gastric distress before they reach the stomach." Its manufacturer, Maven Laboratories, claims that the device is 90 percent effective. Price: $295, available by prescription only. Call 888-668-6648 for more information. • Attorneys Stephen Colwell and Ann Shulman are the authors of *Trouble-Free Travel and What to Do When Things Go Wrong*, a must-have book that offers hundreds of ways to cope with common travel problems. They tell you how to deal with lost luggage, what to do when you're bumped from a flight and whether or not you should buy travel insurance. Price: $15. Phone 800-992-6656 to order. • Talatech International's Pillow-to-Go is ideal for anyone who wants to pack light and sleep heavy. It's made of hypoallergenic latex foam (which is covered in a 100 percent cotton pillowcase) and rolls up to the size of a can of tennis balls when not in use. Price: $20. Call 800-TALATECH.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.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TO ALL READERS:

As you can see, I am not done with this MillerLite ad yet. But I will be very soon! And then it will be much better! It will have real pictures and great slogans! I want this MILLER TIME campaign to be really, really good and unfortunately the deadline was too tight on this one! Sorry. Anyway, I figured you'll get this now and the rest later! Why? Because "something" is better than "nothing".

Maybe you wonder: "What's the BASIC IDEA behind the ad that should have been on these two pages? My answer: What happens at MILLER TIME.

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This is the MillerTime logo I made. It has been on TV too.

Down here I'll probably put a slogan!

Miller Brewing reminds you to:

PLEASE THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

I will use a guy that I know as a model. He is really good-looking and his name is STEVE (ladies will like him too.)

lite

Miller Time

Dick

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STYLE

PUCKER UP

Seersucker, the puckered cotton fabric that surfaces when the temperature climbs, is showing up in everything from traditional summer suits and jackets to shorts and camp shirts. As you can see from the swatches below, stripes are the favored pattern, but checks and plaids are making an appearance, too. Need a look that can go from work to weekend party? Hugo Boss' classic three-button striped suit with pleated pants is ideal, either in charcoal and cream, or in light blue, navy and cream ($695). Nautica's single-breasted two- and three-button suits come in blue-and-white or antique-gray–and–cream stripes. In the shirt department, check out San Siro Sport's long-sleeved fitted model in gray and white or tan and white ($40) or the short-sleeved silk ones in the Lat Naylor Collection ($310). Freddi Rojas, the designer for California-based F8, puts his own spin on seersucker with his snap-front, fitted cotton-and-Lycra shirt with either short or long sleeves. Both have a striped front panel in baby blue and white with contrasting white sleeves and back (about $65). Level 7, another California company, makes flat-front, slim-fitting pants (about $45) and knee-length shorts ($40) in both black-and-white and jade-and-white plaid. Bold patterns and colors are also favored by Tommy Hilfiger, who has come up with two new looks: an apple green–and–cream long-sleeved, button-down striped shirt with an electric blue inner collar, and a short-sleeved gingham shirt in lime and ivory with an inner collar made of light-blue chambray (about $70 each).

HOT SHOPPING: AUSTIN, TEXAS

Clever wordplay abounds in Austin on May 4, when the O. Henry World Championship draws 2000 punsters who try to outwit one another. The following day, Cinco de Mayo, is also celebrated in a big Texas way. While you're at it, these stores are worth celebrating, too: Architects & Heroes (1809 W. 35th St.): Antiques and the latest trends in architectural hardware to outfit any hacienda. • By George Men (2346 Guadalupe): A pro staff dresses local artists and musicians in hot Romeo Gigli, L'Energia and Diesel threads. • Room Service (107 E. North Loop Blvd.): Great vintage Western-style shirts, Seventies fashions and Texas kitsch are crammed into a hip roadside shack. • Fringe Ware (2716 Guadalupe): A true slacker's haven with weird books and zines, trippy toys and cool cyberstuff.

CLOTHES LINE

Country singer **Clint Black** plays a cowboy in the ABC movie *Jack Favor* this month. On-screen and off, the Houston native's style is "simple, but with something going on." His black Versace T-shirt, for example, looks plain at first glance, but closer inspection reveals that it's made of an eyelet fabric. He calls his black Wrangler Pro Rodeo jeans "my staple." For a dressier look he dons a black double-breasted Donna Karan broken-pinstripe jacket. Black has his own line of cowboy hats by Bailey. And his favorite boots are an off-white ring-tailed lizard pair by Kevin Black (no relation) of El Paso. "I'm not so much a fashion plate as a fashion saucer."

GROOM LIKE A JOCK

Athletes are the ultimate test cases for grooming products—no one is harder on hair or skin. Here's what works: With all the practices and games, Denver Broncos players wash their hair two or three times a day with Nexxus Assure shampoo and Ensure conditioner, both of which are made for frequent use. Olympic gold medalist shot-putter Randy Barnes likes the gentle cleansing of American Crew's Daily shampoo and conditioner. To keep their oft-washed mugs moisturized, the New York Rangers use Polo Sport Face Fitness. And for sun protection, fair-skinned PGA champion Nick Price takes a double-barreled approach: Purpose Dual-Treatment moisturizer with SPF 15 topped with sweat-resistant SPF 18 Bullfrog Body Gel.

MARTIN HOFFMANN

STYLE METER

DRESS SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Moderate, spread, cutaway and buttondown collars; French cuffs; 100-percent cotton	Extralong point or tab collars; contrasting collars and cuffs
COLORS AND FABRICS	Easter egg pastels; bold blues; iridescent sheens; classic white	Ecru and dirty off-white; heavy oxford cloth; plaids; bold stripes in contrasting colors
HOW TO WEAR	Match tie and shirt colors; fill out a spread collar with a Windsor; with elegant cuff links	Avoid: stiff collar stays; fancy tie bars; skinny ties; oversize, showy cuff links

Where & How to Buy on page 158.

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PC BOARD REPORT

Computer boards with the power to punch up three-dimensional graphics are among today's hottest upgrades. While most aren't yet capable of creating truly lifelike characters, many do an excellent job of giving fluid form to the creatures and weird worlds in games such as Duke Nukem 3D, Quake and Hellbender. One board that does the trick is Creative Labs' 3D Blaster ($200). Using the powerful Verité 3D chip, the Blaster caters to gamers who crave arcade-quality animation. Aside from virtually eliminating the pixilated look of current CD-ROM titles, it enables your computer to devote more memory and processing power to a game, thereby further smoothing both imagery and action. The 3Dfx Voodoo graphics accelerator offers even better performance.

JOHN O'BRIEN

Boards that incorporate this technology, including Diamond Multimedia's Monster 3D and Orchid's Righteous 3D, cost about $300 and work in conjunction with the 2-D graphics cards in most PCs. Some companies are even building souped-up multimedia computers around the 3Dfx chip. One worth noting is NEC's top-of-the-line Powerplayer 2020 ($3200). This muscular machine is designed specifically for joystick jockeys and comes preloaded with nearly a dozen games.

ROAD TUNES

Electronics manufacturers are giving personal stereos extra juice this spring. Sony's 50th anniversary WM-EX5 Walkman stereo cassette player gets an amazing 41 hours of playback time with a single AA battery, or up to 62 hours by combining a AA battery with the supplied rechargeable one. Sleek-looking with a mirrored finish, this marathon machine costs about $300. If you prefer a portable CD player, Panasonic's Platinum SL-S650C will go the distance, getting 18 hours on a pair of AAs and up to 45 hours when you combine two pairs in a special battery pack. The price: about $200. And finally, Aiwa's HS-SP500 Cross Trainer can pump tunes (via radio or cassette player) for hours while tracking the number of calories burned and distance traveled. Priced at $90, it comes with headphones featuring LEDs that flash while you're jogging at night.

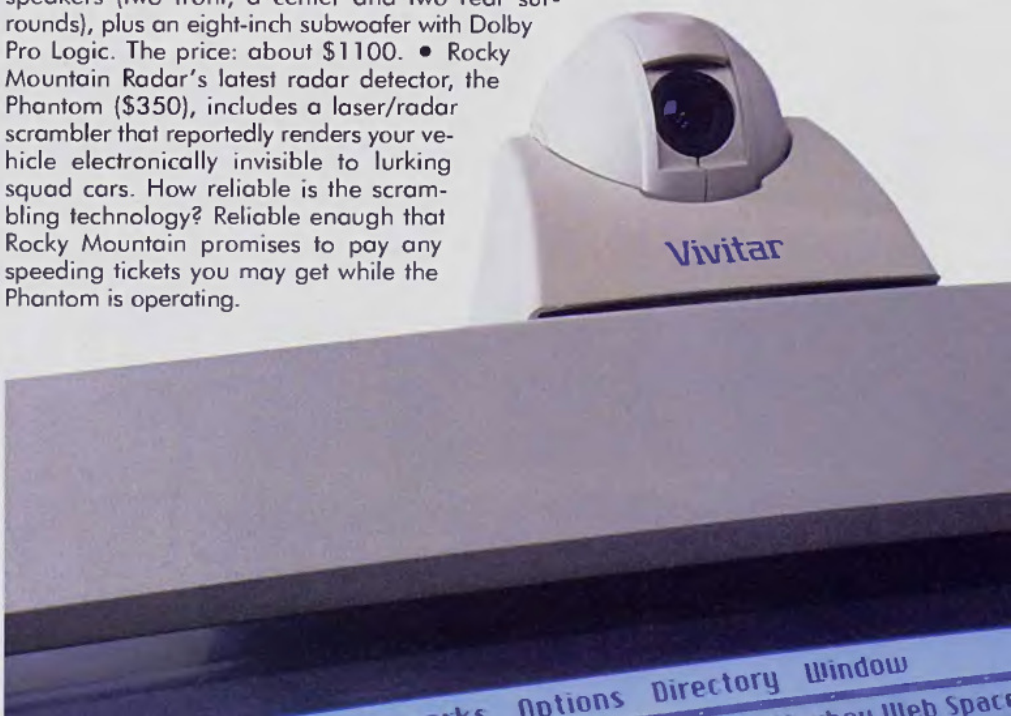
JERRY MCDONALD

PHONE FIRST

These days telephones seem to do everything but order pizza. If you like to screen your calls, Casio Phonemate's TI-360 has a liquid crystal display that identifies both incoming callers and those on call-waiting. Priced at $150, this combination speakerphone and digital answering machine even records and stores the names and numbers of impatient types who hang up after a few rings. Work out of your home? Panasonic has combined a 900-megahertz cordless phone and a fax machine. The $400 KX-F900 stores up to 60 numbers in memory and goes from phone to fax when you punch a code into the handset. Lucent Technologies goes the 900-MHz route, too, but the key feature of its digital spread spectrum Cordless Telephone 9510 ($379) is a 4000-foot range—the longest of any cordless phone to date. Equally impressive is Lucent's digital answering system speakerphone 1872 ($200). You can program its ringer to emit a special tone when important calls come in, or the 1845 ($189) that will automatically dial an alternative phone number or pager to alert you to messages.

WILD THINGS

Vivitar is branching out of the still camera biz with its Motion Picture Phone line of videophone shooters. The eyeballesque MPP2i (pictured below) allows Netheads to talk with—and see—one another online in full-motion-video conversations. The MPP2i requires a Pentium-based computer and a modem speed of at least 28.8 kilobytes per second. Both the caller and receiver must have their own MPP cameras. At $350 each, that's probably on a par with the typical customer's monthly CD-ROM budget. • If space is at a premium but you still want movie-theater sound, check out JBL's new ESC300. This complete home theater sound system combines five compact satellite speakers (two front, a center and two rear surrounds), plus an eight-inch subwoofer with Dolby Pro Logic. The price: about $1100. • Rocky Mountain Radar's latest radar detector, the Phantom ($350), includes a laser/radar scrambler that reportedly renders your vehicle electronically invisible to lurking squad cars. How reliable is the scrambling technology? Reliable enough that Rocky Mountain promises to pay any speeding tickets you may get while the Phantom is operating.



MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

FUN AND GAMES

Imagine a female version of Indiana Jones and you have Lara Croft, the sexy and tough world traveler and explorer who runs, climbs, swims and fights her way through Incan ruins, Egyptian pyramids, natural caverns and man-made traps in ***Tomb Raider.*** One of the year's best action titles, Tomb Raider is designed with a "camera" perspective, allowing you to follow Lara's every move, looking up, down and all around the 3D environments as you play. She's our kind of action hero. (By Eidos Interactive, for Playstation, Saturn and Windows, $60.)

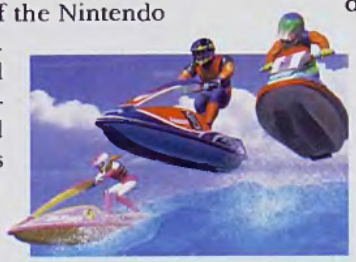
CYBER SCOOP

If you're big on the bizorre, pick up a copy of ***The World's Weirdest Web Pages and the People Who Create Them.*** The 40 sites highlighted in this softcover book are accompanied by entertaining interviews with the quirky creators.

Must-see TV: ***Descent,*** the blockbuster network game by Interplay, is being made into a television pilot. Look for its debut on NBC this fall.

Flight simulator fanatics are fired up over ***Jet Fighter III.*** This intricately designed PC title supplies the depth that hard-core gamers demand while increasing the ease of use with manageable controls and a few handy cheat codes. Meticulous attention to detail and the choice of instant arcade-style campaigns or full-blown missions make the action satisfying yet accessible. And it's compatible with the new force-feedback joysticks, which provide realistic resistance during flight maneuvers. (From Mission Studios, for DOS and Windows, $60.)

If racing games are your thing, we suggest test-driving this trio: ***Wave Race,*** a no-holds-barred Jet Ski competition, takes full advantage of the Nintendo 64 console's potential. It combines unrivaled 64-bit graphics, superfast game play and phenomenal physics (for the "wave factor") with lots of stunts and secrets. ***Mario Kart,*** another outstanding N64 game, puts the emphasis on fun in a wacky multisurface go-cart race featuring all the Mario characters. Both N64 games offer lots of diverse tracks, excellent multiplayer modes and fantastic control, thanks to the mini analog joystick built into the N64 controller. And finally, ***Need for Speed SE*** is a good racing game made great by the addition of realistic joystick resistance in the turns and PC-to-hardware "texture cues" that convey the feel of the road's surface. (By Nintendo and Electronic Arts, $60 to $70.)



Race a Kawasaki wave racket

With 1.5 million copies sold in six weeks, ***Command & Conquer: Red Alert*** has achieved blockbuster status. The real-time strategy game's lavish graphics, intuitive interface and engaging play make it addictive. The plot centers on an alternate history in which Hitler is assassinated. You try, through adept economic planning and cunning generalship, to stop Stalin from conquering Europe. This game will exercise your brain, but the workout is fun. (By Westwood Studios, for DOS and Windows 95, $50.)

Lara Croft: Tomb Raider's badass babe

Myst was one of the first computer games in which you advanced by solving puzzles rather than by blowing up the bad guys. Yet the puzzles in Myst and its progeny often seem like add-ons to the games, not integral parts of them. In ***Obsidian,*** the puzzles are not only relevant but also help advance the haunting adventure, which has you searching a surreal world for your missing partner, Max. It's the perfect mix of entertainment and sci-fi graphics. (By Sega Soft, for Windows and Mac, $60.)

The *Titanic* has resurfaced on two intriguing but different software titles. Incorporating the original plans of the ship, ***Titanic: Adventure Out of Time*** is an interactive mystery in which every room is re-created digitally in great detail. For trivia buffs, ***A Night to Remember*** duplicates the compelling 1958 British film of the same title about the ship's demise. It includes interviews with experts on the disaster as well as blueprints and other archival materials related to the ship. (By Cyberflix and Voyager, for Mac and Windows, $50 and $30, respectively.)

If you think great white sharks are scary, wait until you see the bad guys in ***Deadly Tide.*** It pits players against alien invaders who have come to claim the world's oceans for their own thirsty aims. You are the last chance to save the human race, and you must maneuver your spacecraft past the evil invaders. Think *Star Wars*, only soggier. (By Microsoft, for Windows 95, $55.)

EROTICA

The Lovers' Guide boldly shows what no sex-education CD-ROM has shown before—explicit foreplay and intercourse. Based on the best-selling European video series of the same name, this interactive guide presents sexual fact, fiction and fantasy in a playful light. Topics range from educational to recreational, and most are illustrated with sensual video and stills. We highly recommend it. (By Mentorom Multimedia, for Windows, about $30.)

ONLINE

Up for a little mindless entertainment? Then point your Web browser to ***Celebrity Slugfest*** at http://slugfest.kaizen.net/. This wacky site lets you punch out your least favorite famous faces—and they don't fight back. Madonna, Tori Spelling, Mr. Rogers, Fabio, Howard Stern, Kathy Lee Gifford and David Letterman are just a few of the targets. Rush Limbaugh is one, too. Take that, blubber boy. Equally silly yet satisfying is ***Mr. Showbiz' Plastic Surgery Lab*** (www.mrshowbiz.com/). Here, you can combine facial features of various celebs to come up with your own composite. The cast of characters changes frequently. We played the *Seinfeld* edition, mixing Elaine's spiral locks, Kramer's eyes, Jerry's nose and George's mouth. The result: The Elephant Man having a bad hair day.

DIGITAL DUDS

Microsoft Soccer: You'll need to devote on arena's worth of hard-drive space to this soccer sim. It ain't a kick.

Pyst: Even John Goodman isn't able to save this sophomoric Myst parody, which should have been titled *Pyts*.

Grand Slam '97: Virgin strikes out with this Playstotion gome, a clunky new boseball simulation that goes afoul.

See what's hoppening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

PHILIP ROTH'S ***American Pastoral*** (Houghton Mifflin) is a deeply moving novel that vividly captures the effects of the Vietnam war on American society. The rage, black humor and neuroticism in his previous novels are turned into artistry here. By examining the depths of one man's life against the backdrop of contemporary history, Roth achieves a masterpiece.

The man is Seymour "Swede" Levov, a star athlete at Weequahic High School in Newark, New Jersey, class of 1945. Out of high school, he joins the Marines and becomes a drill instructor at Parris Island. After graduating from college, he scores further athletic victories, marries Miss New Jersey 1949, then takes over his father's business. Three sons and a daughter are born, and his family lives happily in tranquil Old Rimrock, New Jersey. Swede is an affable Jewish liberal, a hardworking, loving father and husband with a picture-perfect life.

Perfect, that is, until his 16-year-old daughter, Merry, filled with adolescent rebelliousness and a passionate opposition to the Vietnam war, joins a group of urban guerrillas who "bring the war home to Lyndon Johnson" by blowing up the local post office. They kill the town doctor, who was unlucky enough to be mailing a letter at the wrong time. Despite Swede's efforts to hold his world together, it begins to crumble. His daughter disappears into the underground. His wife breaks down. We are now so immersed in his life that we feel the pain inflicted by his daughter's terrible, irrevocable act. Roth does a brilliant job of making us understand—both emotionally and intellectually—the terrible damage inflicted on Swede Levov and our country by the Vietnam war. This is a literary triumph.

The Trouble With Testosterone (Scribner), by Robert Sapolsky: The behavioral biologist who made us want to understand why zebras don't get ulcers now tells why humans comport themselves the way they do. Mixing scientific theory with everyday phenomena (such as why even the most pointy-headed intellectuals among us are latent voyeurs), Sapolsky's down-to-earth collection of essays makes science understandable and appealing. His enthusiasm is contagious.

Irons in the Fire (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), by John McPhee: The title essay of this new collection explores cattle rustling in contemporary Nevada, a topic made engrossing by McPhee's insatiable curiosity and his talent for seeing the far-reaching implications of what seems like an Old West crime. He brings the same passionate focus to meditations on an auction of exotic cars, a mountain of old automobile tires, a blind writer's computer and the multiple meanings of Plymouth Rock. But the centerpiece of this book is a long essay on forensic geology (especially as practiced by the FBI) called "The Gravel Page." With Holmesian powers, agents analyze common dirt and rocks to solve crimes as disparate as the murders of beer baron Adolph Coors III and DEA agent Enrique Camareña Salazar. McPhee illuminates the meaning of every pebble.

KUNIO HAGIO

Less-than-peaceful *Pastoral*.

Philip Roth at his best, Chris Buckley at his funniest and Tim Cahill at his most adventurous.

Wry Martinis (Random House), by Christopher Buckley: The zany spirit of *National Lampoon* lives in the hilarious send-ups featured in this collection of magazine pieces. Buckley is at his best satirizing celebrities such as Oprah Winfrey (as she interviews the Pope), Allen Ginsberg (with a clever parody of *Howl*), President Clinton (revealing top secret KGB files about his student trip to Moscow) and Tom Clancy (in a profile titled "The Ego Has Landed"). Buckley can also be effective in serious articles. Don't miss his ruminations on not having fought in the Vietnam war.

Pass the Butterworms (Villard), by Tim Cahill: Continuing the series of exotic adventures he began with *Jaguars Ripped My Flesh*, *Outside* magazine's editor at large travels from the North Pole to the jungles of Peru to find new thrills. Riding across the Mongolian grasslands in search of human-hair samples or foolishly paddling his kayak up to the face of Muir Glacier in Glacier Bay, Alaska, he touches the Indiana Jones fantasy in us all. Two of the best pieces deal with his appreciation for the lives of primitive people. Cahill and a photographer whose son has been killed journey to Peru, where they make peace with the Aguaruna Indians, one of whom may be the murderer. In Irian Jaya, the western half of the island of New Guinea, he spends a night in a tree house with Karowai tribesmen who may still practice cannibalism.

Small Vices (Putnam), by Robert Parker: In this latest Spenser novel, former D.A. Rita Fiore has moved into private practice and is now earning big bucks as a partner in a law firm. But she remains troubled by one case from her life as a public servant. Ellis Alves, a black man with two priors for sexual assault, was convicted of murdering a white coed from a prominent family. Fiore easily won the case against a novice public defender, but now there's a problem—she has come to believe that Alves is innocent. Spenser's initial investigation leads him to conclude that Fiore may be right, especially when he starts being followed.

Virgin Heat (Hyperion), by Laurence Shames: Together with Elmore Leonard and Carl Hiassen, Shames has helped define the genre of the Florida low-life thriller. His new book offers a delicious cast of characters headed by Angelina Amaro, the reluctant-virgin daughter of a mafioso. Angelina carries a torch for Sal Martucci, who is on the lam in Florida, living in Key West with a new face and a new identity as Ziggy Maxx, bartender extraordinaire. Sal doesn't want to be found by anyone, especially Angelina. He had been instrumental in convicting her father, Paul, who is cooling his heels in prison. When Angelina spots Sal's unmistakable hands mixing a cocktail in the background of one of her aunt's home movies, she hops a plane and heads for Key West to claim her errant Prince Charming.

Bogart (Houghton Mifflin), by Jeffrey Meyers: A scholarly but readable account of one of Hollywood's most colorful leading men. Meyers looks into the cinematic and personal lives of Bogart—in particular his partnership with his fourth wife, Lauren Bacall. Meyers explores the complex relationship that Bogart had with the tough-guy heroes he portrayed as well as the many reasons his reputation is still intact.

The Havana Cigar (Abbeville), by Charles Del Todesco: If you haven't had one, this will whet your appetite. If you have, the mystique deepens.

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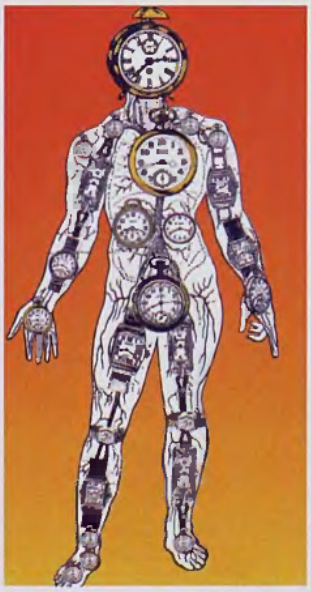
HEALTH & FITNESS

YOU SAY EPHEDRA, WE SAY BE CAREFUL!

When you shop at a health food store, you assume that what you're buying won't harm you. Here's the problem: Thanks to revised federal laws, botanical ingredients may not be safe—even though they are natural. The following common herbal ingredients should raise a red flag. Ephedra is found in "pep" pills, diet drinks, Herbal Ecstacy and natural cold remedies. It's a potent central nervous system stimulant that in large doses can cause heart attacks. Senna and cascara sagrada, often found in natural laxatives, have powerful purgative effects. Try something gentler, such as psyllium or bran. Pennyroyal, a great natural insect repellent, and comfrey, a skin tonic, should never be taken internally. Licorice sounds innocuous, but large doses can raise blood pressure and cause potassium deficiency. For more information, call the American Botanical Council at 800-373-7105. Visit its Web site at www.herbalgram.org.

TICKTOCK, I NEED MY BETA-BLOCK

Did you know that testosterone levels peak between seven A.M. and 11 A.M.? That you're most likely to die between the hours of four A.M. and six A.M.? An emerging field, chronobiology, confirms that timing may be everything when it comes to managing pain and maintaining your health. Turns out that we have inner clocks which regulate the body irrespective of environmental cues such as light. As reported in the *Los Angeles Times*, chronobiologists have detected the body's "symphony of rhythms." Here are some highs and lows of your day:



Wake-up: Heart rate and blood pressure surge.
Six to ten A.M.: Nasal allergies are worst.
Seven A.M.: Aspirin stays in the body longer than when taken at seven P.M.
Early in the afternoon: Daytime drowsiness sets in.
Three to six P.M.: Grip strength greatest, reaction time shortest.
Four to five P.M.: Daily temperature is highest.
Six P.M.: Urine production peaks.
Midevening to late evening: Osteoarthritic pain is worst.
After midnight: Tolerance for alcohol is lower.

SEXPERTS

Far be it from us to recommend other sex experts. But if you want immediate feedback, try San Francisco Sex Information for the lowdown (it's free) on AIDS, G spots, condoms, therapists, etc. Call SFSI at 415-989-7374, Monday through Friday from three P.M. to nine P.M. Pacific time.

SPIKED AND PSYCHED

Don't be a yuppie, be a yappie—that's young *active* professional. If gyms aren't your thing, especially in summer, take to the playing fields. Team sports are great ways to stay fit and are easier to participate in than you might think. The Sport and Social Clubs of the U.S. does the hard part: Targeting professionals between the ages of 21 and 39, it recruits participants by word of mouth and through mailings that promote its seasonal leagues held in 23 cities.

You, the recreational-athlete-turned-couch-potato, fill out a roster with friends or co-workers as a team (coed only), or by yourself (you'll be assigned to one). Pick your sport (soccer, touch football, softball, volleyball), figure your skill level, then determine from the list which location and dates fit your schedule. A seven-week season is followed by two to three weeks of playoffs, culminating in a national tournament. This year's summer volleyball league will begin the first week of June and will end Labor Day weekend with a tournament in Chicago.

Team sports: Net gain

Did we mention that the hour-long games are followed by an even longer happy hour at a local bar? Got to replenish those salts. To find a club in your area, climb off the couch and call SSCUS at 800-883-9596.

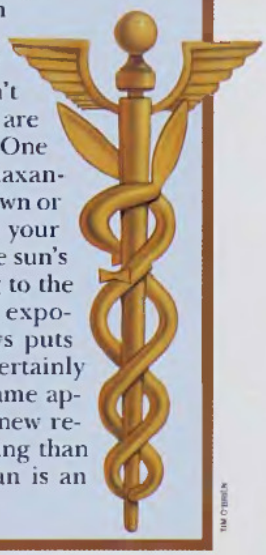
MACHINE DU JOUR

It's the Precor EFX, the paddle contraption that's like running in water. There's little impact on joints, and you get a complete lower-body workout. The home version costs $2800.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I look like Casper the Ghost, but I know sunbathing is dangerous. Is there a sunless way to become a bronze god this summer?

A: Your only safe bet is self-tanning creams, which perform and smell a lot better than the products your sister used in the Seventies. They go on colorless, then gradually dye your skin an orangy brown tint, which lasts for several days (apply evenly if you don't want streaks). They're safe, and there are new product lines formulated for men. One tanning concoction to avoid is canthaxanthin. These pills will stain your skin brown or orange but are illegal and could harm your vision and liver. Still want to bask in the sun's rays? Use lots of protection. According to the American Academy of Dermatology, exposure to the sun's DNA-damaging rays puts you at risk for skin cancer and will certainly make you resemble dried fruit. The same applies to indoor tanning lamps, which new research suggests are even more damaging than the sun. The term protective base tan is an oxymoron.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

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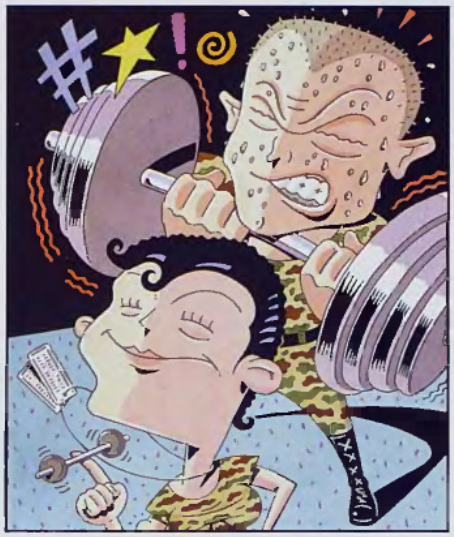
MEN

By ASA BABER



THE PC MILITARY QUIZ

Rumor has it that attempts to integrate women into the armed forces (and certain military educational institutions) have not been smooth. The stories I hear from my friends in the military and at some of those schools indicate that there is mutually desired hanky-panky aplenty between the sexes, from offices in the Pentagon to foxholes in the boondocks.

I, of course, have been completely taken aback by this turn of events. Military women and men are engaging in fun and games while aboard ship, in combat zones, in tents and barracks? Perish the thought. Some men in power have used that power to harass or seduce some of the women under them? What a surprise! Some women have filed false charges of sexual abuse? It seems almost impossible.

Like so many of the so-called experts who supported the movement toward our magnificent new military, I, too, am basically a Stalinist apparatchik in my thinking. Like all enlightened and modern individuals, I love the idea that through rules and regulations we can change even the most primal of human behaviors. That is the kind of human reengineering that governments were created for.

Like the fabled general secretary of the Central Committee, I, too, understand that this is a glorious New Age in which a New Man and a New Woman have been created through laws, threats, surveillance, indoctrination, investigation and interrogation. Therefore, I think it is time to give my readers the Politically Correct Military Quiz. I urge all men who have signed up for the selective service to study it, take it and learn from it. Choose the most PC answer among the choices listed (I'll give you a tiny hint—it's always D) and go out to apply what you have learned in your chosen career.

(1) At the age of 18, you register with the selective service (under the potential penalties of fine and imprisonment) at your local post office. As you scrawl your signature on the form, the female postal clerk says, "I'm really glad I don't have to put my butt on the line like you do—but then, I've been oppressed all my life and you haven't." You should:

(a) Tear up the form and walk out.

(b) Sue her for damages to your psyche and general well-being.

(c) Argue loudly with her, citing the statistics that feminists always choose to ignore (more than a million men have died in our nation's wars; more than 58,000 men died in the Vietnam war alone—compared with the eight women who died there, for example).

(d) Apologize to her for anything that you or any other man may have done to offend her or her female ancestors throughout all of recorded history.

(2) During your first day at boot camp, your head is shaved and you are given endless lectures about sexual harassment as if you were already guilty of the offense. Your female colleagues, however, get more humane haircuts and are repeatedly told to report any sexual misconduct to their superiors, as if these women recruits were innocent lambs in a slaughterhouse. You should:

(a) Giggle wildly and pretend to be a Tickle Me Elmo doll for the next month in an attempt to get a discharge on psychological grounds.

(b) Paint TUBE STEAK CENTRAL on your forehead and leer at every woman you see, regardless of her rank.

(c) Burst into tears and tremble uncontrollably whenever a female recruit speaks to you.

(d) Don't date, don't look, don't joke, don't befriend, don't help, don't touch, don't write, don't call—that is, don't do anything that could be classified as improper fraternization in a court-martial.

(3) As boot camp continues, you notice that things are not so equal as publicly advertised. For example, the female recruits aren't expected to meet the same rigorous physical standards that you are, and the drill instructors sometimes seem to treat them more carefully than they treat you. You should:

(a) Write the president (with copies to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and your commanding officer), pointing out the unfairness and hypocrisy of the situation. You should also demand that they face reality and stop their bootlicking, ass-kissing approach to a problem that is affecting combat readiness.

(b) Announce loudly while in morning formation that in continually accepting preferential treatment, women are behaving like spoiled brats, and they had better shape up if they ever want to be respected.

(c) Pull a Dennis Rodman by wearing high heels, makeup and a dress to see if you can get some breaks on the obstacle course, too.

(d) Learn to wear a shit-eating grin at all times, no matter the outrage of the moment, and never argue with any woman about anything.

(4) Once on assignment, you find yourself serving with some women you admire, women who are not easily offended by men, who have a sense of humor as well as a sense of mission, and who do not seek special treatment. Still, there are a few bad apples ready to bring false charges at the slip of a lip. You should:

(a) Try to convert the bad apples into warm and caring human beings by showing them that the male body is nothing to be ashamed of and that streaking is an art form.

(b) Send them love poems with many direct sexual references.

(c) Ask them for dates frequently, and don't take no for an answer.

(d) Get a sex-change operation so your odds on a long and uninterrupted military career improve exponentially.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I press a button. A smiling babe wafts over to me, eyebrow arched in subservient query.

"Do you have any more éclairs?" I ask.

"As many as you want," she says in such a warm, snugly voice that I think she is my wonderful beloved nanny. She gives me three more éclairs and some cozy jammies, fat terrycloth socks and a blanket.

"You're putting those pajamas on?" asks Mr. Husband, my spouse and gadfly. "Nobody else is putting them on."

"Of course I'm putting them on. They're mine. They're pretty. How can I sleep with my bra pinching my back and my pantyhose suffocating my legs?"

I am flying first class from Los Angeles to Paris. Something awful and weird is happening to me.

It started from the moment of takeoff. They take your coat. Rich people stand around with their coats held between two fingers, looking annoyed. So did I. Stood holding my coat out like it was a dead skunk.

And then the meal. I had, I'm thinking, about a hundred forks. I had salt and pepper shakers shaped like airplanes. I had a damask tablecloth, a small vase of flowers. They served us a huge slab of foie gras. I went into my foie-gras routine, to which nobody has ever listened:

"I won't eat foie gras. It's the liver of force-fed geese. It's a cruel food," I said to the flight attendant. Her face crumpled in dismay and she launched into an ardent, many-pronged apology. There was groveling involved.

"Do something about it," I snapped.

"Honey, you just snapped at her," Mr. Husband chided.

"As I have every right to do," I said. "Do you know how much these tickets cost?"

"But we're not paying."

"So? She doesn't know that." He looked at me as if he didn't know me. I curled my lip at him. Weenie.

It takes a while for the true wondrous horror of first-class air travel to sink in. Your novice first-class traveler is all "If it wouldn't be too much trouble thank you so much" to anyone who crosses his path. He stretches his legs to their full length and kicks them in the air experimentally, unable to believe he is traveling without the bald pate of the guy in front about two inches from his lap.

NINA BERGSON

ANOTHER SCOOP OF CAVIAR, PLEASE

But after a few flights your novice becomes a hardened first-classer. Any slight by a flight attendant becomes fury-inducing. A cold and steely sense of entitlement swells to enclose his brain.

As the flight progressed I became more deranged.

"I'm going to smoke, though I hate to stir myself," I told Mr. H., who mentioned that we were really lucky to be on Air France, where they don't kid around with customer amenities, and where we were very lucky not only to have those ten-pound slabs of foie gras, major scoops of caviar and actual reclining beds, for God's sake, but also a newfangled lounge with heavy-duty extraction fans so smokers can indulge without driving everyone bonkers. This lounge, he added, had a fabulous assortment of liquor, games, flowers, snacks and magazines.

"Yeah, but when I go back there, I'll have to mingle," I whined.

Which is true. It is no fun for women to mingle on an airplane. Men with free booze tend to drink their fill. Men who are drunk convince themselves that they are maddeningly attractive, even pimply marine biologists who haven't had a proper bath in months. During my last smoking foray I was surrounded by five alcohol-fume-emitting men, one of whom said to me, "Doesn't all this testosterone make you feel special?" But this wasn't the sole reason for my reluctance. I just plain did not want to hobnob with the little people from business class.

Yes, halfway through the trip and I am my own worst nightmare: An elitist buffoon with a husband who can barely look at me because he is so ashamed of his fatuous wife.

And I swear this happens to everybody. First class has none of the camaraderie of coach, where the longer the flight the more best friends you make, where complete and footnoted life stories exchanged with total strangers drift across the aisles. First class is always utterly silent and thick with awareness of social hierarchy, riddled with "Don't you know who I am?" stares. You hate the guy next to you, unless the guy next to you is a movie star, and then you think, Well, here I am, little old Jane Doe, hobnobbing with movie stars. Patrick Swayze, by God!

I used to get lots of first-class trips because my union, the Writers' Guild, forces Hollywood studios to pay through the nose. I used to fly MGM Grand Air, which was all first class, and I once was on a plane with Jimmy Stewart, June Allyson, Carol Burnett, Robert De Niro and Tookie Smith. Everybody hobnobbed like mad. June Allyson gave me her actual phone number so that when I bred my dog, Sally, I could give her a puppy. Sally spent the trip on Jimmy Stewart's lap. Tookie Smith confided her acting aspirations to me while she fed Robert De Niro choice morsels. Everyone was exchanging phone numbers with strangers. Quite different from your typical first-class airplane trip, and why? There was no tourist class to sneer at. Which, depressing to say, is really the entire point of first class, so MGM Grand is now out of business.

I hate the end of the flight, when I have to leave that traveling microcosm of tribal humanity, give up my alpha status, and again be just another faceless, unentitled lump of protoplasm. It seems so unfair. Which I suppose is how those lying, greedy, rich bastards who run the country and the world must feel every time somebody tells them to share their money with welfare mothers.

Newt, I feel for you.

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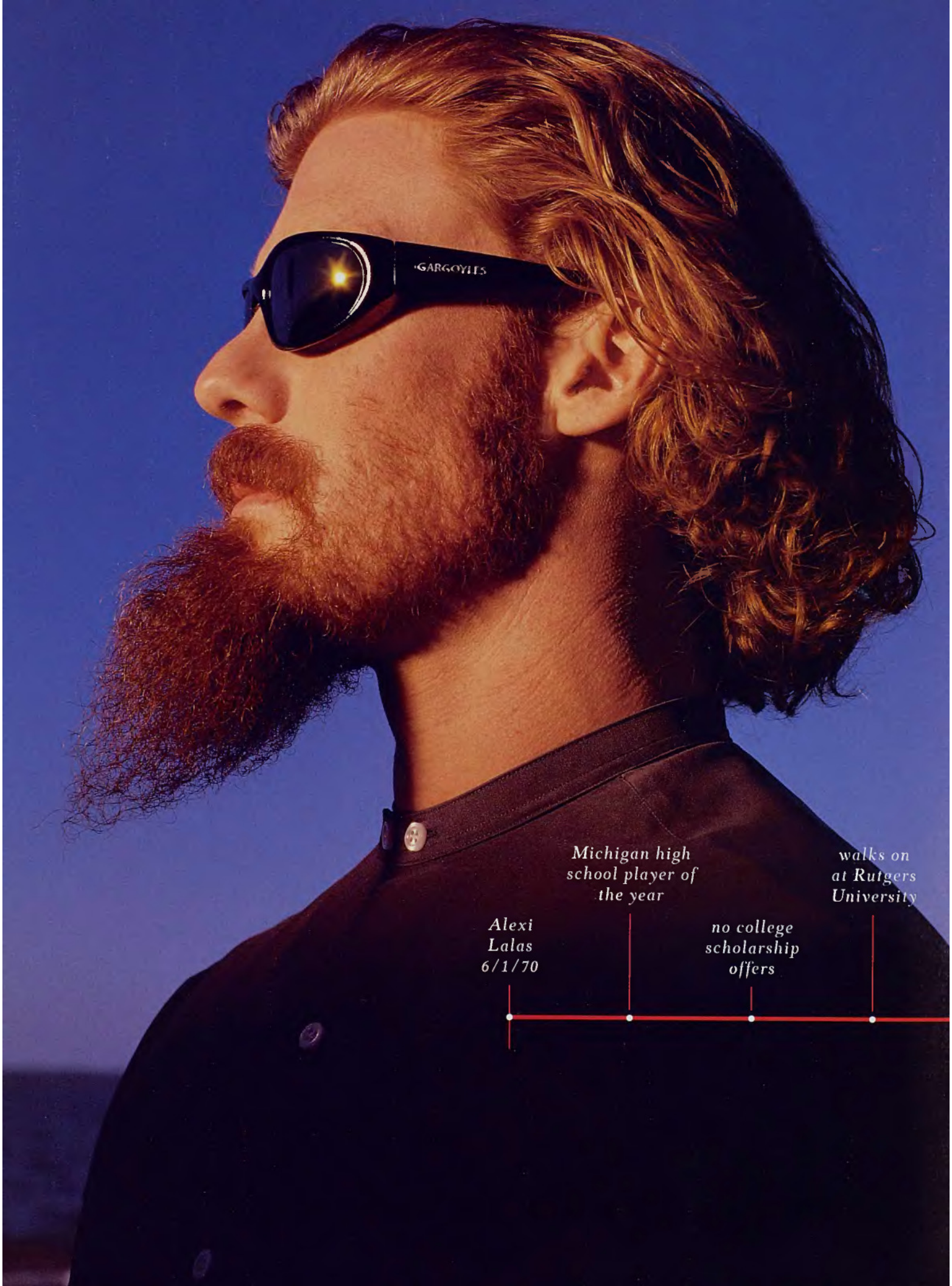
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Alexi Lalas 6/1/70
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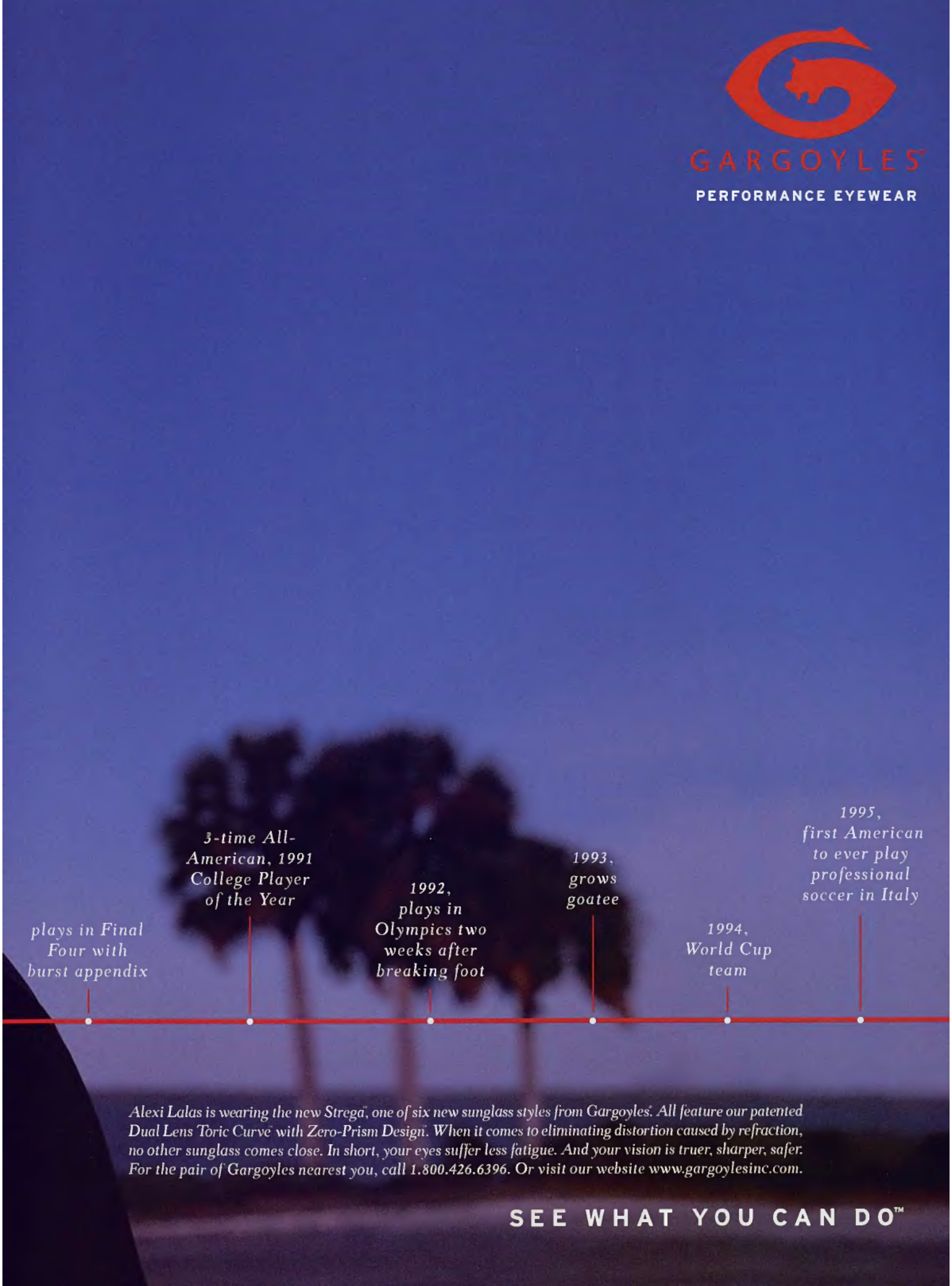
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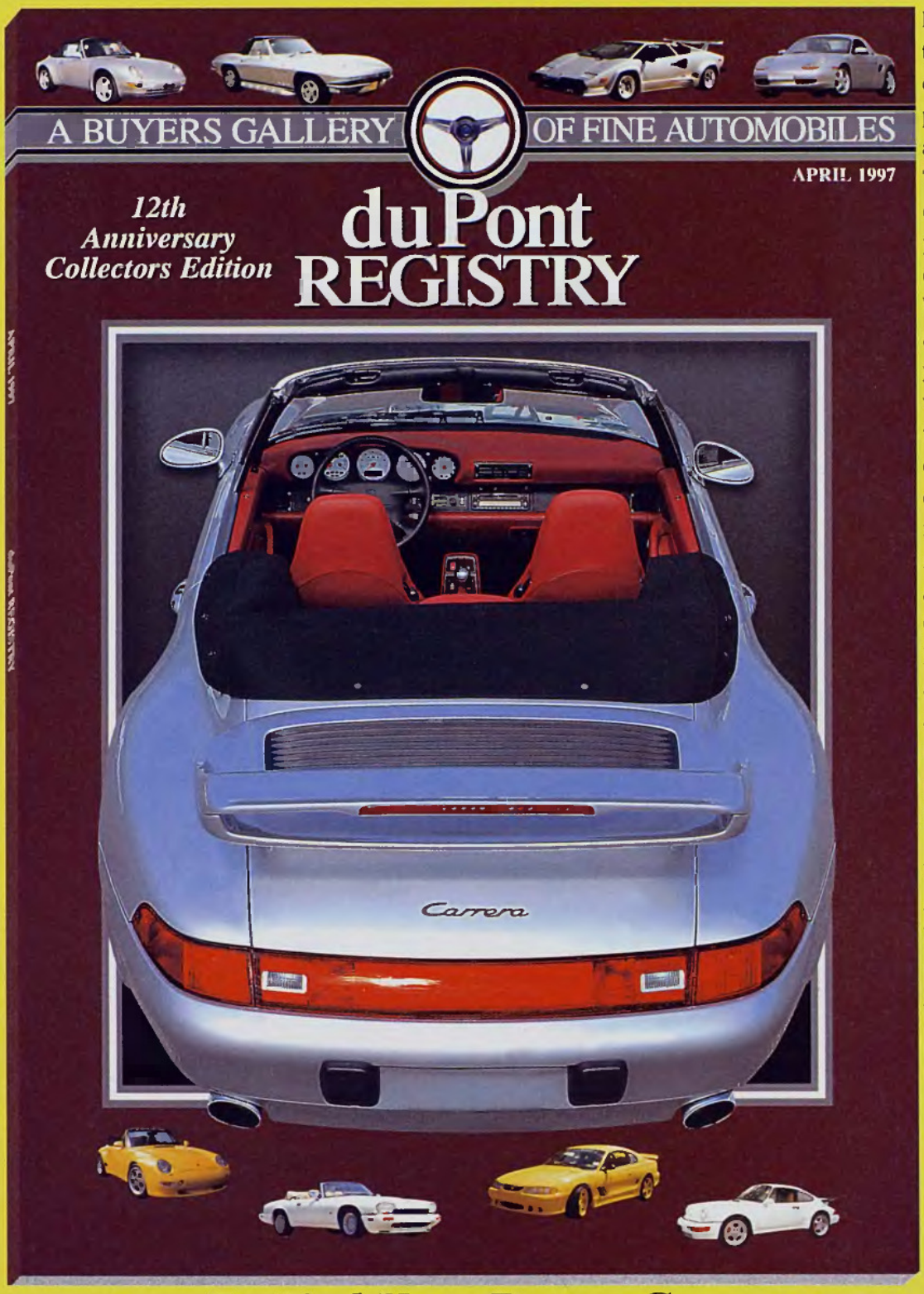

Lets face it. There are just some things you don't want to try on your own. Vasectomy is probably one of them. One slip and...well...WHO KNOWS???

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Last night, two of my buddies and three women we know were hanging out at my place. We decided to play strip poker, but everyone kept folding. After a few hands, I suggested that if a player folded, he or she should remove a piece of clothing. Even if no one folds, does everyone but the winner remove a piece of clothing? What are the rules?—J.F., San Diego, California

As in any poker game, the rules are what everyone agrees to. A wise man wouldn't be too pushy in this situation. Better a slow game than no game. Here are some guidelines: Eyeglasses, watches, jewelry, belts, cuff links, wigs and toupees are not considered clothing; shoes and socks must be bet as pairs (you can't buy one shoe, you can't bet one shoe). Once the game begins, no player may withdraw without stripping completely—if the player refuses, he or she should not be allowed to stay and watch. Seating is alternate male and female. Of course, when the game ends, everyone strips.

For people who might be shy about visiting a doctor to be tested for HIV, at-home kits such as Confide and Home Access, which you described in the December column, are a great alternative. But it's important to remember that a sample that is not collected properly can provide an inaccurate result. I work in a lab and know firsthand that even tests drawn by professionals are subject to error. False positives might give someone a scare, but a false negative could be far worse. Please advise your readers that it's prudent to be tested more than once when it comes to HIV.—D.H., Hutchinson, Kansas

Sound advice. Thanks.

Several questions in the January *Advisor* caught my attention. First, I sympathize with the guy who has a suspicious girlfriend. One of my ex-lovers was so sure I was cheating that she would study the dishes in the sink when she came over, expecting—or hoping—to find pairs of cups and saucers. Second, I relate to the guy who is prone to laughing when he has an orgasm. I usually sigh when I come, but one time I couldn't help but laugh after I looked down to catch the thrill of my spurting semen and hit myself in the eye. Third, the worker's position you mention reminds me of a position called the canoe. The partners face each other on their knees. Your arms and hands are free to hold and caress each other, and the man can penetrate deeply without putting all his weight on top of his partner. (Pillows can compensate for differences in height.) I enjoy the worker's position when my day has been harder than I can get my penis.

Lying side by side as you describe, my girlfriend and I fall asleep sweetly coupled. Finally, what makes a great kiss? During intercourse, move your tongue gently in and out of your partner's mouth to mimic the thrusts of your penis. Synchronizing all the above, an ideal fuckfest would include having all the dishes washed, not looking down when you come, doing it on your knees while kissing in rhythm and falling asleep without withdrawing.—P.B., Washington, D.C.

You can fall asleep on your knees?

For the past several years, my wife and I have fantasized about introducing another woman into our sex life. Recently I took a college course and sat next to a great-looking blonde. She made several passes at me, which I politely played off. We became good friends, and she even felt comfortable enough to discuss her sex life with me (or lack of one—she says guys are too intimidated to ask her out). About a month after the class ended, my wife and I ran into her at a grocery store and I asked if she would like to come over sometime and hang out with us. She said sure. My wife has since asked me if we are going to make this happen. But I have no idea how to go about it. How do you bring up the idea of a threesome?—J.J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your friend sounds adventurous enough (did she flirt with any of the women in your class?). She's indicated her interest in you, she's comfortable with her sexuality, she's accepted an invitation to hang out, and your wife finds her attractive. Go for it. Invite her over for dinner, have a few drinks, dim the lights, kick back in front of the fire and see what develops. If the sparks are there, be direct. "We're going to bed. Would you like to join us?" If you don't feel comfortable with that, back into it. She has talked with you about sex, so turn the conversation in that direction. Inquire about her favorite erotic scenes from movies, or her hottest realized and unrealized fantasies. Then offer a few of your own. With any luck they'll intersect.

A buddy and I came across the following story on the Internet: "During my freshman year of college, I was taking a cell biology course. The task of the day was to examine epithelial cells under a microscope. We had to scrape the inside of our mouths with a toothpick and make a slide from it, then identify the cells we collected. One busty sorority girl who sat next to me was having trouble identifying the cells. She called the professor over. After a moment or two peering into her scope, he looked up and said, 'Those are sperm cells.' The girl looked at me, turned bright red and ran out of the room." Have you heard this story?—G.B., New Orleans, Louisiana

We've heard it many times warmed over. According to Barbara and David Mikkelson of the Urban Legends Sex Reference Page (point your Web browser to www.snopes.com/sex), the tale has been circulating for years. A variation describes a coed who, when told that semen contains fructose, raises her hand and asks, "Then why does it taste so salty?"

Recently I attended a bachelor party for a college friend. Toward the end of the evening, we visited a strip club. The guest of honor had too much to drink and was taken home early. I decided to stay. I was finishing my drink when an attractive stripper asked if I would like a lap dance. Before the dance was over, I experienced a powerful orgasm. The dancer climbed off my lap, smiled and kissed my cheek. I felt guilty. Is this a common experience? Is there any reason to feel like I did?—M.S., Bronx, New York

None. That's what's supposed to happen. Your story reminds us of a memoir published by the sex magazine "Black Sheets" ($6 and a signed age statement to P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco, California 94131). While looking back on a lifetime as a lap-dance customer, Steve Omlid wrote: "The first thing I learned was that wearing a condom is a smart idea." There you have it.

I'm 31 years old and my boyfriend is 25. We have a creative sex life. For example, the other day I climbed onto an end table while wearing a slip and no panties. My boyfriend walked around the table

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

looking up my slip. Then he spread my legs and performed oral sex on me. The problem is that we've started arguing, and once in a while he slaps or hits me. After ten months of such treatment, things are finally getting better, but I'm still confused and don't understand this relationship. He's a great guy when he's not mad about something. What should I do?—L.C., Denver, Colorado

Your boyfriend sounds like dynamite—and you don't want to be around when he explodes. The violence in these situations always escalates unless one or both partners take action to stop it. If it's just the great sex that's keeping you there (you don't mention any of his other attributes), you can find that going on in every neighborhood in America between partners who wouldn't think of physically abusing each other. It can be tough to leave, but it's too risky to stay. For guidance, phone the National Domestic Violence Hotline at 800-799-7233.

The other day my girlfriend and I rented the film *Sleeper*, in which Woody Allen envisions a future that includes the orgasmatron. You step inside, close the door and bam!—a knockout orgasm. Because the film was made almost 25 years ago, are we any closer to having something like the orgasmatron?—P.J., Boston, Massachusetts

Not close enough, that's for sure. Brad Wieners and David Pescovitz had some fun with your question in their book "Reality Check." They asked four authors to take their best guess as to when the world would have its first neuroelectric climax machine. Syndicated columnist Isadora Alman says we already do in the form of supervibrators such as the saddle-like Sybian. Writer Howard Rheingold also believes the orgasmatron already exists, but "the inventor has not been able to leave home to get to the patent office." Richard Kadrey guesses 2010 will be the date of delivery, adding that we'll probably see a neurochemical orgasmatron first (i.e., an "orgasm in a pill"). Nancie Martin, former editor in chief of "Playgirl," is more pessimistic, betting no sooner than 2034. In other predictions, authorities told Wieners and Pescovitz to expect a male birth control pill by 1999, an AIDS vaccine by 2002, effective hair-loss prevention by 2006, virtual reality sex ("teledildonics") by 2036 and digital sex slaves by 2055. Stay healthy.

Have you heard of the four-points orgasm? It requires a partner with ample breasts. Just before she climaxes, the woman squeezes her tits together. That's a signal for the man to place his thumb on her clitoris and to suck both of her nipples. He then power strokes and hangs on for dear life. What do you think?—S.M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Keeps you busy, doesn't she?

A friend says I should install a screen saver on my new computer to prevent my monitor from burning in. I heard elsewhere this was a myth. What's the story?—J.J., Dayton, Ohio

Screen burn-in is all but extinct. Back in the age of monochrome monitors, an image left on the screen for an extended period could damage the phosphor coating and create a shadow. Monitors now have color displays, higher resolutions and better phosphor coatings, making it nearly impossible for an image to cause damage. Screen savers are purchased now for their entertainment value, though some display the time and date or have other functions. Pointcast Network, for example, offers a program at www.pointcast.com that downloads news from the Internet. If your computer is short on memory, a screen saver might not be a good idea: The programs can eat a lot of it. Another problem with amusing screen savers is that they invite inactivity, especially if you have Women of Playboy waiting in the wings.

I cannot get my wife to let me come in her mouth. She will suck me to climax but has told me that if I ejaculate before she can pull away she will never suck my dick again. She will give me a hand job and let me come on her breasts, but her face is out. She says only people in X-rated movies do that, but she knows as well as I do that that's bull. I eat her out, so what's the big deal?—R.J., Charlotte, North Carolina

We understand your frustration, but you may be in too much of a hurry to get where you want to go. The give and take of sexuality works best when no one forces the giving or taking. Look at it this way: Your wife will suck you nearly to climax—that's not a bad place to begin. She won't finish because she thinks your ecstasy is her degradation. That's politics, not sex. Sex is private, intense and an affirmation of a relationship. If you can do subtle things to prove your lovemaking is special and far removed from the exhibitionism of X-rated movies, she may become exactly the lover you desire. (At least one survey has found that the happier a woman is in a relationship, the more wild she is in bed.) Instead of recriminations, use your sweetest bedroom voice to help her see that your ejaculation is not something you are doing to her but is something wonderful she is doing for you.

Is it safe to carry sex toys through airport security?—M.T., San Francisco, California

Sure. But avoid delays and in-flight temptations by transporting the toys in your checked luggage rather than in carry-ons. If you risk security and get through without a hand search, be aware that the FAA forbids the operation of sex toys during takeoffs or landings. Certain toys, such as handcuffs or strap-on dildos, might raise suspicions, especially if you wear them. Finally, take a lesson from the passenger who caused a bomb scare last year in Springfield, Massachusetts. Police evacuated the city's train station after Amtrak personnel reported an unusual sound coming from a checked suitcase. It turned out to be a vibrator that kicked on after being jostled. Our advice: Always remove the batteries.

A while back I read about a drug that gives men more sexual stamina. I can't remember the name, but it was used to treat an obsessive-compulsive disorder. Do you know what I'm talking about?—O.C., Dallas, Texas

Can't stop masturbating but come too quickly? The drug you're thinking of is clomipramine. Studies have shown that, like many antidepressants, the drug has an unexpected side effect: It delays ejaculation. Marketed as Anafranil, the drug is far from a miracle pill. But for men who suffer from premature ejaculation, it can increase staying power. Sex therapist Dr. Stanley Althof, who has conducted several studies of clomipramine, says it's not for men who can last ten minutes but want 20. Instead, it can help men who are challenged to delay for even a minute and are encouraged to combine drug treatment with counseling and behavioral techniques. Clomipramine can cause other side effects, such as headaches and constipation. In rare cases, the drug has been reported to cause "yawngasms"—a few patients who took it to battle depression or obsessive-compulsive disorder had orgasms when they yawned.

My lover is absolutely fantastic. He has control and staying power like I have never seen. On one occasion, he asked me to sit on his erection and not move. He then ejaculated through the power of concentration. Since I was there, I'm not going to ask you if this is possible. But have you ever known anyone capable of this?—P.K., Albany, New York

Talk about the power of positive thinking. But come on—you didn't flex your vaginal muscles just a bit? You didn't shift in your seat? You didn't lick your lips, squeeze your tits, pinch your nipples or talk dirty? Well, why the hell not? If your lover can ejaculate through the power of concentration, we'd like to know why he's practicing when there's a woman on top of him.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's latest book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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HOLIER THAN LAW

for some judges, there is no difference between church and state

Drunk driving can get you a lot of things in Lake Charles, Louisiana. In 1993 it got Gregory Thompson a year's probation, a $400 fine plus costs, driving classes, substance-abuse counseling, community service at a sewage-treatment plant and loss of driving privileges for a year.

One DWI conviction invites the wrath of the judicial system. One probation violation, however, can invite the wrath of God. Thompson, a recently divorced young bricklayer, violated his probation by not finishing his court-ordered sessions on time.

"I'm going to add the requirement of church once a week," said Judge Thomas Quirk in response to Thompson's litany of financial woes.

But instead of going to church as required, Thompson went to the ACLU, which filed a federal lawsuit against Judge Quirk. A federal court had already held in 1984 that "requiring a defendant to regularly attend an organized church of his choice violates the establishment clauses of the U.S. and Louisiana constitutions."

Quirk quickly ended the constitutional conflict by declaring Thompson's probation officially completed. The man whose door had a sign reading GOD'S LAW HAS NO LOOPHOLES had found a loophole in the civil law.

Quirk is an industrious man. A judge for 19 years and a nondenominational Christian, he has been resurrecting the ghost of England's ecclesiastical courts for years. As of late last year, Quirk estimated that he had sent more than 1500 people to church.

Lest you think Quirk is the only judge striving to chasten an immoral nation, bear witness to the following. Michigan probate judge Marvin Robertson, a deacon in a Catholic parish, has ordered juvenile offenders to attend counseling sessions with Catholic priests. In 1991 Kentucky judge Eddie Lovelace ordered a marijuana grower to attend church three times a week. And in 1994, six circuit court judges in Kentucky were sued for ordering divorcing couples with children under the age of 18 to attend a seminar run by Catholic Social Services, an agency of the Catholic Church. Although these particular seminars were mainly secular, such organizations can hardly help but deliver Catholic dogma, such as antidivorce or anti-abortion messages.

"We cannot deny an equal freedom to those whose minds have not yet yielded to the evidence which has convinced us," James Madison said in 1785. "Religion, then, of every man must be left to the conviction and conscience of every man."

KENNETH CAROZZA

In their zeal to break unyielding minds, many judges today are intruding on Americans' consciences and flouting a right defended since before the Magna Carta. Attacked by Puritans in the 17th century, Roger Williams coined the metaphor of a wall of separation between church and state, a separation that was intended to preserve religious freedom against the encroachments of the government. Thomas Jefferson made the metaphor famous, but Madison championed the cause to add religious protections to the First Amendment. In 1947 the Supreme Court in *Everson vs. Board of Education* struggled to give meaning to the metaphor. Neither a state nor the federal government, it noted, can force or influence a person to go to or to remain away from church against his will.

We expect politicians such as Pat Buchanan to conflate religion and politics and to call for a "religious war" at the ballot box. But what about judges? In 1892 U.S. Supreme Court Justice Joseph Brewer made his infamous declaration that America was "a Christian nation." The implication of judicial bias inherent in such a pronouncement can also be found in public admissions of faith, as Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia discovered in April 1996. At a prayer breakfast sponsored by the Christian Legal Society at the Mississippi College School of Law, Justice Scalia, a Roman Catholic, charged the liberal intelligentsia with Christian-bashing. The print media had a field day plastering their pages with Scalia's sarcastic comments (obtained secondhand from attendees).

"The worldly-wise will not have anything to do with miracles," Scalia contended. "Those who adhere to all or most of these traditional Christian beliefs are to be regarded as simpleminded. We are fools for Christ's sake."

When one of the most powerful men in government starts feeling

By DAVID BARRINGER

picked on for his faith, one has cause for concern. Since Scalia did not make prejudicial remarks concerning a pending case, no charges of overt judicial bias were made. But Scalia has expressed his Judeo-Christian prejudices on sexual minorities: He opposes equal protection for gays and lesbians, calling Colorado's antigay amendment "a modest attempt . . . to preserve traditional sexual mores." His less simpleminded—but no less devout—colleagues found the amendment unconstitutional.

What is most dangerous about Scalia is his bias against non-Christian religions or sects that do not share the protection that is offered to mainstream creeds. In 1990 Scalia found that Oregon officials had lawfully denied unemployment benefits to two members of the Native American Church. The two men had taken peyote as part of a religious ritual, and were fired.

This is exactly what the religious protections of the First Amendment were intended for: to protect the little guys against the shenanigans of a dominant theocracy. The Bill of Rights is a shield against the tyranny of the majority, not its sword. If Pat Robertson ever shepherds a devoted majority in Congress, then future theocrats may well read the story of their genesis in the scrolls of the prophet Scalia.

Because the Nineties were host to the rise of the religious right, we should be especially alarmed when judges start to rely explicitly on religious authority to make their legal decisions. Last year in Stanton, Michigan, district court judge Joel Gehrke took pity on a man who had shoved his adulterous wife against a wall. She had slept with the defendant's brother, gotten pregnant and refused to put the baby up for adoption (as agreed). "I don't have the moral authority to punish this man," said Judge Gehrke, who let the spouse abuser off with an actual slap on the wrist. "In the eyes of Moses, the crime was not committed by the husband.

"In the laws of Israel," Gehrke continued, "if Mr. Marshall had come home and found his wife in this situation, the question would not have been, 'Did you strike her?' It would have been, 'Well, are you ready to be the first one to stone her?'"

After the incident hit the news, about 50 supporters answered the rallying cry of Rush Limbaugh and demonstrated outside the courthouse. They held signs that read WOMEN FOR JUDGE GEHRKE and WHAT'S WRONG WITH HONESTY AND INTEGRITY? The law of Moses apparently satisfied the righteous appetites of a threatened white middle class, the same segment of society that recently put Judge Robert Bork's venomous and hollow diatribe against modern liberalism, *Slouching Toward Gomorrah*, on the nation's best-seller lists.

Gehrke has become a much-needed reminder that the politics of the judicial election and appointment processes inevitably churn out judges with strong prejudices and ambitions—not exactly the traits of an impartial and objective judge. But Gehrke's example also reminds us that the political power of the judge derives from his or her license to address the fundamental rights of the individual and the general administration of justice. Judges are expected to be moral agents. But they must be moral agents within the authority of the law. They invite a new era of religious justice when they rely on external authority, whether it be Moses, Muhammad or Mammon.

JUDGES MUST BE MORAL AGENTS—WITHIN THE LAW.

Judges who openly cultivate prejudice are rarely censured. Judges who open court with prayer are simply asked to stop, and those who sentence people to church may not even be asked that. As of press time, the Louisiana Judiciary Commission had yet to make a decision regarding the charges against Quirk. And the Michigan Supreme Court's hearing officer scheduled the ethical investigation of Gehrke for after the November election. (Gehrke lost his reelection bid.)

The unwillingness of the judicial establishment to monitor itself is an expedient stance. It creates the sort of atmosphere that encourages bold judges to exchange civil sentences for the sanctimonious currencies of penance, religious conversion and the Code of Hammurabi.

Individuals will ultimately have little recourse against a judiciary that considers its authority to be derived from divine sources. If no-fault divorce laws are repealed, judges may well require divorcing couples to submit to trial by priest. When judges routinely herd juvenile offenders into confession booths, it will be the same day rebellious adolescents are flogged with canes imported from Singapore and endorsed by Pat Buchanan.

In a second coming of ecclesiastical courts, career women who rely on day care may forfeit their kids in the name of family values, and women in abortion hearings may find themselves arguing with strangers, court-appointed representatives for the unborn. The families of slain abortion doctors may watch the killers go free, on a Bible-inspired theory of justifiable homicide. (Michael Hirsh, past lawyer for pro-life assassin Paul Hill, suggested this defense in an article submitted to the *Regent University Law Review*.) The death penalty could be reinstituted against adulterous wives, and in public arenas large enough to hold the rapacious audiences of the religious right, stonings could be staged against witches or critics of the Christian Broadcasting Network. To receive tax breaks, unemployment benefits or Social Security, disenfranchised heretics may find themselves performing the mandatory catechisms of the established civil religion.

In 1835 Alexis de Tocqueville observed that members of the American clergy declined to enter politics because they feared elected office would taint religion with worldly concerns. Tocqueville never met Pat Robertson. He also never saw Robertson's Regent University School of Law, an incubator for future Scripture-citing judges. A religious group whose agenda is to create a theocracy must first recruit a devout judiciary. Modern proponents of religious zealotry may rant about the need for a righteous spanking on the backside of impious America, but in the courtrooms as much as in the legislatures, they must be restrained by the just demands of a free republic.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BLUE MOVIE

PARIS—*Police arrested a film crew as it shot an erotic movie in broad daylight near the Eiffel Tower. Viewing the tape, the officers were surprised to see one of their*

colleagues in a cameo. According to "The Times" of London, the video showed the cop in his patrol car with a director's assistant on his knee. Her skirt was around her waist; they were giggling. In his defense, the officer said the woman climbed aboard to distract him after he came across the crew earlier in the day. Apparently it worked.

BARBIE GROWS UP

SAN FRANCISCO—*An artist discovered gold when he bought a supply of $6 Barbies and gave them new identities. At $60 each, Trailer Trash Barbie (cigarette, black roots, and a baby on her hip), Big Dyke Barbie (pierced nose), Carrie Barbie (drenched in blood), Hooker Barbie (negligee and condom) and Drag Queen Barbie (Ken in a gown) flew off the shelves at a Castro Street boutique. Mattel, which makes Barbie, sent a cease and desist order for trademark infringement because the dolls were repackaged in their original (though modified) boxes. "We are a very diverse society—Barbie respects that," a Mattel spokesman told reporters. Barbie collectors weren't happy, either. "Barbie has inspired generations of girls to dream wonderful dreams," said one. "She doesn't deserve this."*

WHO'S NEXT?

ST. LOUIS—*A jury of ten women and two men convicted the owner of an adult bookstore on nine misdemeanor obscenity charges after a clerk sold 11 magazines to an undercover officer (the jury ruled that two of the magazines were acceptable). The judge refused to consider a jail sentence for Terry Wernle, owner of the Soft Touch Adult Store, but he did fine him $4500. After the conviction, police issued a warning to other Madison County store owners to check their stock and remove anything that might be considered obscene.*

NO SEX, NO PEACE

HEFEI, CHINA—*Seven hundred college students destroyed a provincial movie house after a sex education film they had paid to see delivered more education than sex. An ambitious classmate had passed out leaflets claiming the instructional film for newlyweds depicted a graphic wedding-night scene. When the film didn't deliver, the students tore up the seats and tore down the screen.*

EVERYTHING BUT SEX

ORLANDO—*The Orange County library system purchased blocking software for its 70 public Internet terminals in response to complaints that patrons were calling up X-rated images. The library board voted unanimously to spend $7765 on the software, which blocks access to more than 50,000 sites. Said the board secretary, "We have an obligation to protect our children from that filth." Other Florida libraries have come up with more reasonable—and less costly—responses to complaints. One requires that children using online terminals be accompanied by an adult, another posted a notice asking Net surfers to be discreet and a third installed blocking software on terminals only in the children's area of the library.*

FIGHTING BACK

SAN DIEGO—*A federal judge denied the city's request for a new trial after it lost a $200,000 judgment against the owner of a sex club where members pay a $50 entrance fee to socialize, dance naked or have sex. A jury awarded the money to Elbert Poppell after he charged that police and city officials were attempting to drive him out of business. According to testimony, police would visit Thad's Social Club on the outskirts of town to flash their lights, question patrons and write tickets.*

TARGET MARKET

NEW YORK—*Private foundations that fund campaigns to educate people about HIV are changing strategies. Groups that previously targeted the general population are now focusing on higher-risk groups such as intravenous drug users and gay men. In addition, they concentrate on geographic areas where there are high numbers of HIV cases. Private foundations provide more than $35 million annually to nonprofit groups that battle AIDS.*

PENIS PROTECTION

LOS ANGELES—*How much is your penis worth? After signing a popular male porn star to a 35-picture deal, Vivid Video insured his genitals for $1 million. (Sure, it was a publicity stunt, but one we admire.) Steven St. Croix had celebrated his exclusive contract by buying a motorcycle, prompting his new employers to shell out $2000 for the one-year policy. According to Vivid, the value it attaches to Steven "is not based on the size or unusual abilities of*

his penis but on the many attributes he brings to a project." St. Croix told the "San Francisco Examiner" he was touched by the gesture, especially since "male actors have traditionally been mostly life-support systems for penises."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

KIDS AND WAR

"The War on Our Children" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) describes several atrocities stemming from drug prohibition. But the biggest tragedy is that these policies actually increase drug abuse among teens. Instead of curbing availability, prohibition has been counterproductive in several ways:

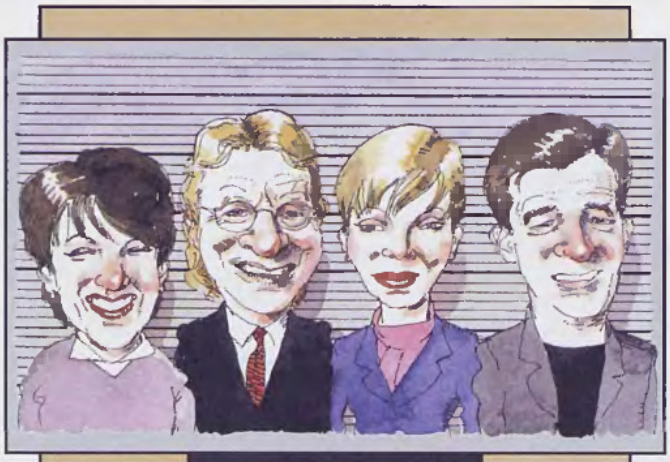
- Money that could otherwise fund effective education is wasted on police, lawyers and prisons. Two thirds of the federal drug-control budget is spent on enforcement and ten percent is spent on education.
- Zero-tolerance education leaves students who reject the "just say no" mantra with no realistic guidance. This increases the chances that some marijuana experimenters will smoke pot daily or at school, drive while stoned or move on to hard drugs.
- Parental guidance is undermined. By sharing insights from their own experiences, many parents could prevent their children from abusing drugs. But prohibition makes parents afraid to discuss their own drug use.
- Prohibition education is based on misinformation. For example, many children already know that marijuana can ease the discomfort of certain illnesses. Claiming otherwise damages the credibility of all drug education.

Chuck Thomas
Marijuana Policy Project
Washington, D.C.

The Marijuana Policy Project works to replace marijuana prohibition with reasonable regulations. Contact the group at P.O. Box 77492, Washington, D.C. 20013 or check out its Web site (www.mpp.org).

I agree with the basic premise of Arnold Trebach and Scott Ehlers' article—that children should have the same protection as adults from unreasonable search and seizure. But I take issue with their view on the Milwaukee case in which an undercover cop entrapped students into selling him drugs. The students who were busted for drug possession are crying that they are not dealers. But I would ask, "Isn't drug *use* still illegal in Milwaukee?" It seems as if many people, including our president, are trying to draw a distinction between the illegality of being a dealer and the illegality of being a user. Is it OK to break the law as long as you don't coerce others into using drugs? Is it OK to parcel out your personal supply but not to sell it? What differentiates between a stash and a quantity for sale? Is the intent in the heart of the supplier the determining factor? However, the academic experience should not include mandatory searches and random urinalyses. School should be a place where children begin to mature. Parents and taxpayers must persuade school boards to stop using these tactics.

Hal Dudley
Killeen, Texas



JOE CARDELLO

FOR THE RECORD

SINFOTAINMENT

The following talk-show grading curve is from Morality in Media, a group that among its activities monitors the content of daytime talk formats.

Jerry Springer—three percent educational or entertaining, seven percent trivial, 90 percent indecent or harmful.

Jenny Jones—13 percent educational or entertaining, 13 percent trivial, 72 percent indecent or harmful.

Ricki Lake—17 percent educational or entertaining, 19 percent trivial, 62.5 percent indecent or harmful.

Sally Jessy Raphaël—30 percent educational or entertaining, 28 percent trivial, 40 percent indecent or harmful.

Richard Bey—nothing educational or entertaining, 62 percent trivial, 37 percent indecent or harmful.

Maury Povich—60 percent educational or entertaining, 18 percent trivial, 21 percent indecent or harmful.

Just read "The War on Our Children" and "Profiles of Repression" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), and I'd like to say: Welcome to the sort of government repression and fascist assault on civil liberties and constitutional rights that law-abiding gun owners have endured for almost 70 years! Because we own and enjoy an inanimate hunk of metal we primarily use as an expensive paper punch, we stand accused of murder, treason, tyranny and numerous other crimes. In case you hadn't noticed, we try to preserve not only the Second Amendment but the other amendments as well. Have a nice day in the People's Republic of Clintonism!

Clete Davis
Elmhurst, Illinois

You outlined the plight of former Chatham County teacher Sherry Hearn and her battle with the county's board of education. While I don't support the board's policy of lockdown searches, I think Hearn's plight is of her own making. All employees of the school system are required to take drug tests—prior to employment and on demand if there is reasonable cause. Hearn's refusal to abide by this contract is the "official" cause of her dismissal. Too bad that she didn't object to this policy before she signed on the dotted line. The government should never have a right to invade an individual's privacy in this way, but Hearn was not dealing with the government—she was dealing with an employer and a binding contract. The example of Jennifer Budak was a much more revealing look at how dangerous

RESPONSE

these searches are to individual freedom, and I hope that PLAYBOY will update readers on her story. Keep up the good fight.

Rob Bean
Savannah, Georgia

AIR WARS

I agree with James Petersen's take on the intrusion and false reliability of airport security ("Does Security Work?," *The Playboy Forum*, February). I especially liked the remarks from *Privacy Journal* publisher Robert Ellis Smith. Smith's point that current security procedures are "administered inconsistently, incompetently and nonsensically" came to mind when I read a news story about an incident at Baltimore–Washington International Airport. A student traveling with her family was refused boarding because she presented a university card as identification. The airline's agent said the card didn't meet the requirement of being "government issued" (despite the fact that it was from a state university). The family gave up the fight and their vacation. What kind of craziness has come to pass when something like this can occur, unnoticed and unprotested? Bravo to Petersen for speaking out.

Ben Carter
Boston, Massachusetts

CHUCKLEHEAD

In hindsight, maybe California Attorney General Dan Lungren wasn't so far off the mark when he asked for a *Doonesbury* disclaimer ("Not-So-Funny Papers," *The Playboy Forum*, February). After Lungren's bust of the San Francisco Cannabis Buyers' Club, Garry Trudeau's humor helped rally public support for Prop. 215.

Jim Simpson
Berkeley, California

MILITARY MUSCLE

As president of the Congressional Medal of Honor Society, I feel it necessary to express my thoughts on the subject of the Military Honor and Decency Act of 1996. Among other things, the act proposed to restrict the post exchange sale of materials deemed inappropriate or licentious. The act never became law, but its provisions and language were added as an amendment to the National Defense Authorization Act of 1997. In January federal court judge Shira Scheindlin ruled that the amendment's provisions were unconstitutional. Surely the sponsors of the act do not know what a magazine such as PLAYBOY truly represents to our servicemen. A case in point is Operation Playmate, a national campaign in which women who have appeared in PLAYBOY pictorials visit the patients of our hospitals to let the most invisible of our veterans know they are not forgotten. Operation Playmate is an extension of the tremendous work PLAYBOY has always done supporting our veterans and active-duty personnel—a continuation of the service performed by Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe, who brought hope and laughter to our people overseas in times of war and peace. Simply put, the restrictions inherent in the amendment deprive our service personnel of that which we dearly owe them—a small piece of America wherever they serve. I have spoken with staff members of Representatives Chris Smith (R–N.J.) and Roscoe Bartlett (R–Md.) (two of the sponsors of the 1996 act), and the suggestion was made that military personnel could simply buy the materials at the corner newsstand. Unfortunately for the military men and women who are serving overseas, the post exchange is the substitute for the convenience stores the average American takes for granted.

Paul Bucha
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

FORUM F.Y.I.

1993
toute la récolte a été mise en bouteilles au Château
Château Philippine de Rothschild
Mouton Rothschild
PAUILLAC
Baronne Philippine de Rothschild
ALC. 12.5 % BY VOL. - RED BORDEAUX WINE - PRODUCE OF FRANCE - 750 ML

PUT A CORK IN IT

Never let it be said that expensive tastes and rational thought go hand in hand. Some California wine connoisseurs who savor French wine couldn't stomach the label of a 1993 vintage that featured a nude drawing by Balthus. Despite the fact that the art is the work of one of the world's most famous living artists, the offended parties managed to browbeat the vineyard into relabeling 30,000 bottles.

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD

and the writing is bad

By DANIEL RADOSH

As we approach the millennium and, many believe, the fulfillment of biblical prophecies about the end of the world, I have discovered that there are five horsemen of the apocalypse: Pestilence, Famine, War, Death and Crappy Novels About the Apocalypse.

Christian thrillers are upon us like locusts. Because these books are sold almost exclusively in Christian bookstores, their sales haven't been tracked by the bean counters who compile best-seller lists. But if you believe the publishers, they sell millions of copies—and the year 2000 is expected to be a once-in-a-millennium marketing opportunity to sell millions more. Since I like to be prepared for special occasions, I figured it was time to curl up with some popular Christian millennial novels. I can assure you that pestilence is a sunny day in comparison.

Typical of the genre is *The Illuminati*, a novel by Larry Burkett set in 1999. Protagonist Jeff Wells is an ordinary American agnostic who would never guess that the earthquake that has just ripped apart Japan and unleashed a devastating tsunami on southern California is the first sign of what Christians know as the Great Tribulation. Nor would he imagine that the U.S. president, a liberal whose pet causes are gun control, legalizing drugs and harvesting the organs of crack babies, is a pawn of the Antichrist.

Satan plays a key role in every Christian thriller, of course. No whodunits here. In *The Illuminati*, the Antichrist is a man subtly named Hussein. He is introduced this way: "Hussein had but two passions in life: a deep hatred of Christians and Jews, and a total commitment to establishing Satan's kingdom on earth." So, like, he's a bad guy. Before long he's creating a one-world government, herding Christians into death camps, launching nuclear weapons at Israel and replacing cash with a computer chip implanted in citizens' hands (the "mark of the beast").

One of Hussein's henchmen is the head of something called the National Civil Liberties Union. Burkett gives us this artfully written glimpse into his mind: "*God, how I hate Christians. No, wait, not God*—he didn't believe in God—*Anyway, I hate them.*" Also on deck for evil is the secretary of the treasury, an "avowed socialist and atheist" who was seduced into Satan's legions by a woman. "Their mutual interests included an elitist view of themselves, a disdain of religion and a desire to establish a new world order," Burkett writes. You were expecting piña coladas and getting caught in the rain?

Fighting the good fight, meanwhile, is the Christian resistance, led by the fortuitously named Randy Cross. Holed up in rural Georgia, they battle the government with the help of the converted Jeff Wells. Their strategy consists largely of group prayer. They win.

In his introduction, Burkett allows he isn't a prophet. "My biggest concern in writing a novel is that someone may read too much into it." (His biggest concern should have been that anyone would read it at all.) Other authors are more convinced their fictions will become facts. In 1977 Hal Lindsey published a prophecy book called *The Late Great Planet Earth*. Last year he fictionalized it as *Blood Moon*. "I found myself occasionally disappointed at my inability to raise all of the important and persuasive data and maintain a readable work of fiction," Lindsey admits. His solution? Devote entire chapters to data.

According to Lindsey's calculations, the year 2007 will bring earthquakes, tsunamis, a one-world government, a nuclear attack on Israel, computer implants and so on. His hero is Jeremy Armstrong, an ordinary American agnostic who finds God after comparing current events with the predictions of the Bible and, I kid you not, *The Late Great Planet Earth*. Armstrong joins the Christian resistance holed up in rural Montana, where he meets Erin O'Hara. "What a heck of a time to fall in love," Armstrong sighs, as the heavens rain hail and fire mingles with blood. In the end, the Antichrist is defeated and Christ returns. As for Jeremy and Erin, "The Lord Jesus himself performed their wedding."

Blood Moon ends with a chapter showing the bliss that will come with Jesus' reign. It's somewhat anticlimactic, really, as Jeremy excitedly announces his new job "on the personal staff of the Lord Messiah," while Erin declares, "I'm only interested in having my man's babies." The couple then searches for an apartment in Jerusalem, and Lindsey tells us, "It was an exciting time to be looking." Hey, if the Second Coming can make apartment-hunting fun, count me in.

Then there's *The End of the Age*, by Pat Robertson. A cynic might suggest that the busy Robertson had the aid of a ghostwriter, but there is no evidence that a professional writer was ever in the same room as this manuscript.

Robertson's protagonists are Carl and Lori Throneberry, ordinary American agnostics until a giant meteor

crashes into the Pacific Ocean, triggering earthquakes, tsunamis and a one-world government. What's more, "public displays of sexuality and nudity became pandemic." So there is an upside. Faced with damnation, Carl and Lori convert to Christianity, and Carl, an advertising executive, repents his contribution to the immorality of society. "We thought you Christians were no better than right-wing thought police," he tells his new pals in the resistance. "It never occurred to me that you were trying to protect us from the wrath of God."

Like the authors of all of these books, Robertson spends a lot of time identifying and condemning various villains—as if it matters anymore, what with the outbreak of natural disasters, genocide and nuclear warfare. We meet the president (an alcoholic womanizer), the first lady (a power-hungry lesbian), the editor of *The New York Times* ("a Sixties Marxist who had idolized Che Guevara in print") and Percy DuVal, the gay chief of White House personnel (who

"used every trick in the book to fill the highest government positions with those who shared his lifestyle").

Not counted among the sinners in these books are the Jews, who are generally considered only one step away from being good Christians. Jews are almost universally portrayed in these thrillers as heroes, and their descent into hellfire is tactfully overlooked. Muslims, on the other hand, are the first to join forces with the beast. Burkett, author of *The Illuminati*, especially admires the Jewish talent for attracting persecution, and his Christian characters repeatedly gloat that their predicament is "just like the Holocaust." This leads to the Antichrist's pronouncement, "We will not make the same mistakes again. First the Christians—then the Jews"—as if the Holocaust were just a huge case of mistaken identity.

The Jewish question brings us to Paul Meier's *The Third Millennium*. The protagonists are a Jewish family, the Feinbergs, and young Ben Feinberg's blind, Buddhist Chinese girlfriend. It's a refreshingly interfaith convocation until page 98, by which point they are all worshiping Yeshua, as the Jews call Jesus. The person who converts everyone is the Feinberg daughter's Christian boyfriend, a used-car salesman. Don't take that as ironic commentary on proselytizing; this is, believe me, a genre utterly devoid of irony.

There's the usual craziness: nukes, quakes, new world order. A tsunami (yep, another one) hits California and an angel thunders that "judgment has engulfed San Francisco. Their wickedness has been called into accountability." The angel then notes that "Los Angeles is in flames and many sections have been leveled. Yet other portions of Orange County stand." Did the four horsemen check voting records or something? When the Antichrist proposes computer implants ("Those supporting me can register their vote by dialing 900-666-6666"), an angel appears to Ben and his girlfriend and tells them not to have premarital sex. They must also organize a resistance. "What can we possibly do?" the girlfriend says. "A blind Oriental girl and a messianic Jew aren't going to make much difference." (No, but they would make a nifty sitcom for Fox.) Eventually, Moses descends from the sky and tells CNN that he, too, is a Jew for Jesus.

Meier is extraordinarily precise about how events are going to unfold. Large chunks of his novel are devoted to wonkish numerology that is almost as boring as it is incomprehensible. In his appendix Meier admits he doesn't know for certain that Yeshua will return in the year 2000—only that it will be sometime before 2028. His view on the Bible is, "Take it literally unless the symbolism is obvious." To put it another way: It's all true except for the stuff that isn't.

This dodge is embraced by every practiced eschatologist. The strategy is threefold:

(1) If there is some logical corollary to a Bible passage, that's what the Bible was predicting. For example, most of the novelists agree with Meier that the biblical passage which reads "their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet" describes the effects of nuclear war. In each such instance, and there are many, a character declares, "Everything fits!"

(2) If there is no plausible explanation for a Bible passage, it's symbolic. You would never know from reading these novels that the Book of Revelation describes an army riding horses that have the heads of lions and serpents for tails. Meier places the riders on ordinary horses. The other authors seem to believe that the ancient prophet was trying to describe tanks. In cases like this, where everything doesn't fit, the full verse is rarely quoted.

(3) If there is no historical explanation for a Bible verse and it is too difficult to come up with plausible symbolism, it is the literal truth. Revelation predicts that nonbelievers will suffer a five-month plague of insects that are half locust, half scorpion. In almost every millennium book, these creatures appear out of nowhere, just as prophesied. One wonders why God can create these bizarre bugs on his own but needs humans to start a nuclear war.

Yet there is an aspect to these End Times fantasies more troubling than their dubious soothsaying. It is, oddly enough, their lack of meaningful moral values. In all the drama of the battle against evil, there is nary a second to spare for mercy, charity, redemption or brotherly love. Sure, there are many exhortations to accept Christ as the savior, but only to end punishments already being inflicted. Even faith is irrelevant, since in the Last Days proof abounds—angels and biblical patriarchs appear to explain exactly what is going down. In *Blood Moon*, Jeremy Armstrong even gets a phone call from Jesus. No doubt through the "friends and family" plan.

What does it mean to be a Christian at the turn of the century, according to these books? Late in *The Third Millennium*, Larry Feinberg surveys the plains of Armageddon and exclaims, "Thank God we're the good guys!" For Christian thrillers, that's as deep as it gets.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS ON THE INTERNET

more of the playboy forum's favorite web sites

American Civil Liberties Union

http://www.aclu.org

The ACLU's site includes background and resources on the separation of church and state, the death penalty, free speech, national security issues, immigrants' rights, gay and lesbian rights, reproductive rights, students' rights, voting rights, women's rights and workplace rights. Did we miss anyone?

Project Vote Smart

http://www.vote-smart.org

The online home of Project Vote Smart, which was launched by the Center for National Independence in Politics in 1992, archives the voting records of each federal representative and senator, performance evaluations by special interest groups, responses to the project's political issues questionnaire sent to all candidates, biographical data and sources of campaign funding. There's also basic info about state legislators (but no voting records), as well as a search function to find out who represents you. If you are like most voters, you will find the Traci Lords for Congress site *(http://www.clark.net/pub/fmulder/tlc_main.htm)* more compelling.

Comic Book Legal Defense Fund

http://www.edgeglobal.com/cbldf

The funnies have taken a serious turn lately. The fund's digital home includes a rundown of the cases that it has defended against prudish or politically ambitious public officials who target comic book artists and stores. For an example, check out Peter Kuper's full-page cartoon *It's Obscene!*, which details the infamous Mike Diana case. Strange but true: A cartoon can land you in jail.

Feminists for Free Expression

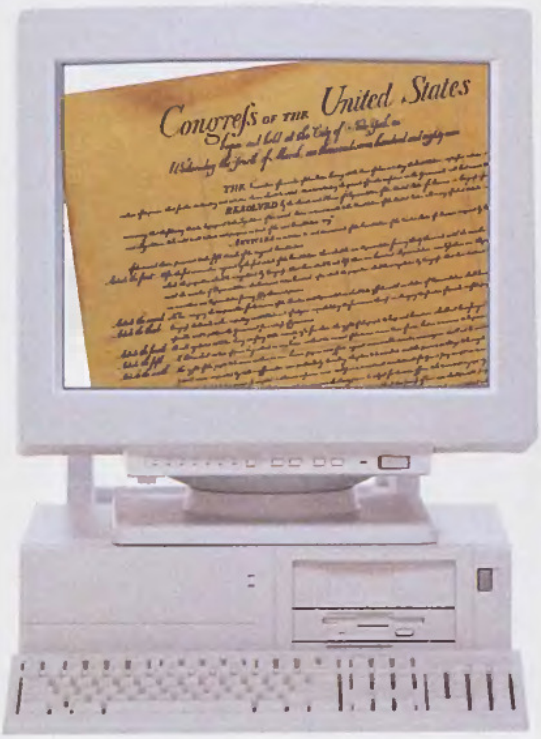
http://www.well.com/user/freedom

FFE works "to preserve the individual's right and responsibility to read, listen, view and produce materials of her choice, without the intervention of the state 'for her own good.'" The Free Speech Pamphlet Series provides a much-needed response to the right's attempts to censor the arts, the Internet and sexual expression. And even if you're not looking for a keynoter for your next Rotary luncheon, the Speakers Network page presents a roll call of enlightened feminists.

Free Expression Clearinghouse

http://www.freeexpression.org

Launched by the more than 30 free-speech organizations that make up the Free Expression Network (including PEN and the National Campaign for Freedom of Expression), this site offers news updates on legislative and grassroots efforts to censor books, speech and artwork.



Senator Jim Exon Memorial Web Page

http://www.tcp.com/~prime8/Orbit/Exon

Crafted by Patrick Farley, this site examines the absurdity of the Communications Decency Act, which regulates "indecent" material online. The senator who introduced it has retired, but his legacy lives on. The site opens with an effective visual argument against censorship ("The picture on the left shows the genitalia of a flower; on the right, that of a human being. Which contains the obscenity?"), then offers essays such as a modest proposal to turn San Francisco into "Sodom 2" to test if God actually loses his cool over sexual freedom.

National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws

http://www.norml.org

This site is an antidote to the "reefer madness" mentality that has seen (by NORML's count) more than 10 million people arrested on marijuana charges since 1965. It includes a state-by-state guide to marijuana laws, advice on how to handle yourself when confronted by police, information on the battle over medical marijuana and industrial hemp, an informative paper on what scientists know about marijuana's effects on human health and updates on the fight for legalization.

People for the American Way

http://www.pfaw.org

Designed to counter the propaganda spewing forth from the religious right, PFAW's site highlights attacks on public education, equal rights, free expression, reproductive choice and sex education. The group's annual report on school censorship and related issues, *Attacks on the Freedom to Learn*, provides a disheartening list of the books most frequently challenged, including *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Of Mice and Men* and *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, because of profanity, sexual references, "anti-Christian" content or, from the left, racist material. The site also documents the comeback of creationism in public school curriculums. For more on the religious right, check out the online version of *Freedom Writer*, published by the Institute for First Amendment Studies *(http://www.berkshire.net/~ifas/fw)*.

Playboy Forum

http://www.playboy.com/forum

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAUL BELLOW

a candid conversation with our most esteemed living writer about jack nicholson's brain, literary feuds, the sorry state of american culture and the charm of a dirty limerick

If we judge our artists by the awards they receive, then Saul Bellow must be America's best living writer. He's won three National Book Awards (for "The Adventures of Augie March" in 1953, "Herzog" in 1964 and "Mr. Sammler's Planet" in 1970), the Pulitzer Prize ("Humboldt's Gift," 1975), the Gold Medal for the Novel (1977), the National Institute of Arts and Letters Award (1952), the Friends of Literature Fiction Award, the James L. Dow, the Prix International, the Fomentor Award (for "Herzog"), the Croix de Chevalier (1968) and the 1976 Nobel Prize for Literature. He's received a Guggenheim Fellowship and a Ford Foundation grant and, in 1983, he was made a commander of the French Legion of Honor.

While Bellow has said that writers seldom wish other writers well, writers have come around to acknowledge his preeminent position. Philip Roth calls him "the grand old man of American Jewish writers" as well as "the country's most accomplished working novelist." John Updike thinks he's "the best portraitist writing American fiction." Irving Howe dubbed him "the best living American novelist." Joyce Carol Oates considers him a genius and places him "off the scale of even Truman Capote, Thomas Pynchon or Thomas Wolfe."

While Bellow could read Hebrew before he entered kindergarten (his mother hoped he would be a Talmudic scholar), his writing talent wasn't truly recognized until he was in his mid-20s, when "Partisan Review" first published some of his stories. His parents were Russian immigrants who moved in 1913 with their two sons and a daughter to Lachine, a suburb of Montreal. Their third son, Saul, was born there on June 10, 1915. At the age of eight he was diagnosed with a respiratory infection and had to be hospitalized for six months. Not long after his recovery the family moved to Chicago. His father, Abraham, worked in a bakery, sold wood scraps for fuel and did some bootlegging. Saul's mother, Liza, died when Saul was 17, before he entered the University of Chicago. After two years there he transferred to Northwestern University, where he majored in anthropology and sociology. In 1937 he married Anita Goshkin and got a job writing literary biographies for the federally funded WPA Writer's Project. During World War Two he was classified 2A because of a hernia and, after surgery, he joined the merchant marine. He sold a novel called "The Very Dark Trees," but when the publisher delayed it because of the war, Bellow decided it wasn't good enough and destroyed it. He then wrote "Dangling Man," about a young man waiting to be drafted, which earned him a $200 advance in 1944, the year his first son, Gregory, was born.

In 1947 Bellow wrote "The Victim," which "Time" described as a novel "about a solemn and touchy Jew accused by a fanatic Gentile of having ruined him" and said it "has troubling depths of meaning which make it unusual among new novels." But the book sold only 2257 copies, and it would be six years before Bellow's next novel appeared.

The Fifties were the dawn of a new golden age of the American novel. In the space of a few years came J.D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," J.P. Donleavy's "The Ginger Man," Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita," William Gaddis' "The Recognitions" and Jack Kerouac's "On the Road." Bellow contributed "The Adventures of Augie March" in 1953. It is the story of an optimistic, naive young man from Chicago who goes into the world seeking adventures and finds that "you do all you can to humanize and familiarize the world, and suddenly it becomes more strange than ever." With its bold gush of language, it remains a popular seller today. "Search no further," writer Martin Amis declared in "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1995. "The great American novel was a chimera; this mythical beast was a pig with wings. Miraculously,

"I had one big lawsuit relating to a divorce. Let me put it this way: I never yet saw a judge on the bench whom I would trust to condemn a man to death. That's one of my arguments against capital punishment."

"It's one thing to write about women in a time when women are happy to read about themselves. It's another thing in an age when women read you to see whether you measure up ideologically to their standards."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOMINIQUE NABOKOV

"It's fashionable to hate your parents. It's encouraged by society. It's a way of remaining childish, of explaining your defects, that you were unjustly punished as a child. I've never found it to be more than a racket."

however, and uncovenantedly, Saul Bellow brought the animal home."

At the time it was published not all critics hailed it so enthusiastically. Norman Podhoretz considered the novel a failure; Anthony West wrote that Bellow's writing was wooden and dead. Norman Mailer called it "absurd, unconvincing, overcooked, overstuffed, unfelt, heaps of literary bull-bull." What seemed to upset critics was that Bellow had so radically departed from his first two finely drawn and more confined novels, which Bellow now calls his M.A. and Ph.D. "Augie March" broke new ground.

His next novel, "Seize the Day" (1956), about a day in the anxiety-ridden life of a man named Tommy Wilhelm, was called "one of the finest short novels in the language" by "The Guardian."

In 1956 Bellow married his second wife, Alexandra Tsachacbasov, and a year later his second son, Adam, was born. That marriage lasted only three years and ended around the time Bellow's picaresque novel "Henderson the Rain King" appeared in 1959. This comical one-man journey into the heart of a mythical Africa was compared to the "Odyssey" and "Don Quixote" by "Newsweek."

As had been the case with each of his novels, the raves were balanced by the pans. Elizabeth Hardwick condemned "Henderson" in the "Partisan Review," charging that Bellow was trying too hard to be "an important American novelist." Dwight Macdonald came to Bellow's defense and condemned the magazine for publishing Hardwick's misguided review. Bellow's response to such controversy? "Oh well, I just write stories."

He married his third wife, Susan Glassman, in 1961, and their son, Daniel, was born in 1962. Bellow continued writing. His next novel, "Herzog," about a sometimes suicidal intellectual who writes but never sends letters to world figures, hit number one on the "New York Times" best-seller list and remained there for 29 weeks. In 1970 came "Mr. Sammler's Planet," about another cynical intellectual, which prompted the "Sunday Times" of London to proclaim Bellow "the most important writer in English in the second half of the 20th century."

A 1965 "Book Week" poll of novelists and critics found Bellow to have written the "most distinguished fiction of the 1945–1965 period." That poll found Bellow to have written three of the six best novels of the postwar years.

By this time Bellow had accepted a position at the University of Chicago as a professor on the Committee on Social Thought and had begun writing "Humboldt's Gift," about a failed dead poet and a successful writer hounded by a gangster, a thinly veiled story about his relationship with the poet Delmore Schwartz. The London "Times" pronounced Bellow to be "one of the most gifted chroniclers of the Western world" and the Swedish Academy agreed, awarding Bellow the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976. The academy felt his body of work represented an emancipation of American writing from the "hard-boiled" style that had become routine in Thirties literature, and was deserving for its mix of "exuberant ideas, flashing irony, hilarious comedy and burning compassion."

Bellow's next book, "To Jerusalem and Back," was his first nonfictional work. Two novels ("The Dean's December" and "More Die of Heartbreak"), another book of stories ("Him With His Foot in His Mouth and Other Stories"), two novellas ("A Theft" and "The Bellarosa Connection"), a fiction collection ("Something to Remember Me By") and a book of essays ("It All Adds Up") were published in the last 14 years. His latest novella, "The Actual," about a man who has become "a first-class noticer" in his later years, has just been published.

Bellow married his fourth wife, Alexandra Ionescu Tulcea, a mathematics professor, in 1975, and it was her mother's illness and their trip to visit her in Romania that Bellow dramatized in his 1982 novel "The Dean's December."

More than 20 years ago, a 1975 "Newsweek" profile noted, "He has not succumbed to any of the classic fates America seems to reserve for most of its major writers. He did not crack up, like Fitzgerald; he was not consumed by his own myth, like Hemingway; he did not suffer from long-delayed recognition, like Faulkner. Nor is Bellow a specimen of that other American phenomenon, the writer as showbiz personality or sudden superstar." Indeed, despite a fifth wife, Janis Freedman, and their moves to Boston and Vermont, Bellow remains sane and has a remarkably clear vision of himself and literature.

I like Jack Nicholson quite a lot, he's a very intelligent actor—that is to say, for an actor he's quite intelligent.

No saint by any means, Bellow can be cranky and cantankerous and admits to being aggressive. He bristles when critics label him a Jewish writer. "People who make labels should be in the gumming business," he has said.

On the eve of Bellow's 18th book, we sent Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(who has interviewed James Michener and Joyce Carol Oates) to Boston. His report:*

"When I first tried to contact Bellow for an interview, I heard from his secretary, who told me he had suffered an illness, was convalescing and couldn't talk with me. 'He's also trying to complete a novel he's been working on for nearly ten years,' she said. 'Frankly, I don't think he'll ever finish it.'

"Six months later I tried again. This time he responded, saying he was inclined to talk. Half a year later I flew to Boston, where we met at his office on the sixth floor of Boston University's Department of Theology. His solid brown desk was old, the windows behind it somewhat grimy. There were no couches to sink into, no paintings on the walls, just two flimsily framed pieces of paper: one his National Book Award for 'Herzog,' the other the Harold Washington Literary Award. There were three black filing cabinets, one wall of books and four cardboard boxes on the worn purple carpet. It felt like the office of a cheap detective. We sat at a round table and spoke until dusk."

PLAYBOY: How sick have you been, and how are you now?

BELLOW: I've been very sick. I went down to St. Martin in the Caribbean with my wife to finish a book about two years ago and ate some fish that was toxic. The toxin is very dangerous and often fatal. It attacks the nervous system. I wasn't aware of this at all at first. Then I began to feel rather odd. I couldn't work and passed out one night in the bathroom. My wife sent for an ambulance but I wouldn't get into it, so she got me back to Boston somehow and over to the Boston University hospital just in time, because they told me I would have died that night. They thought I was going to die anyhow. I was in intensive care for five weeks and they didn't diagnose this strange ciguatera until I was out of intensive care. They thought it was Legionnaires' disease or dengue. First I had heart failure and then double pneumonia. And in between I also had a gall bladder operation, which set me back. Any one of these things at my age could have been fatal, but I survived, though I've had a hard time pulling myself together again.

PLAYBOY: After you recovered from this fish poisoning, were you able to write?

BELLOW: When I got out of the hospital I couldn't even sign my name. I couldn't manage my hand, I couldn't feed myself. They gave me a bowl of soup and a tablespoon and it was like beating a tomtom on the side of the dish. It's taken a little more than a year to recover.

PLAYBOY: How has this affected the big novel you've been working on for the past decade, the one your former secretary believes you will never complete?

BELLOW: That's not accurate. Which is all I want to say about that for now.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of demands does Boston University place on your time?

BELLOW: I have a special arrangement with Boston University. I teach literature one term, the spring term. I don't teach writing classes.

PLAYBOY: Is it American, English or world literature?

BELLOW: It's whatever I like. I just finished teaching freshmen about ambitious young men in the 19th century. We

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read Balzac's *Père Goriot*, Stendhal's *Red and the Black*, Dickens' *Great Expectations* and Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't teach graduate students?

BELLOW: No, I like to teach the younger students because I think I should try to instill some feeling for literature.

PLAYBOY: If you were entering college today, what would you study?

BELLOW: I would study history and literature. But it would be hard to find anybody teaching literature anymore because the profession has decided that we're better off without literature. The name of that trend is deconstructionism.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the teaching of literature has been a disaster. Why?

BELLOW: People now teach literature to expose the authors, no matter how ancient, as racists, colonialists, imperialists, chauvinists, misogynists, exploiters, parasites, etc. Sure you can do this to Shakespeare—but why should you?

PLAYBOY: Are you encouraged or discouraged by the students you see today, as compared with other generations?

BELLOW: If they've gone to reasonably decent schools they've been assigned good books. But those books are now in competition with the media and films. The challenge of a film is to reveal the inner lives of the people in it without really entering into their inner lives. The difference between a work of fiction and a movie is that the work of fiction is not just an account of actions, it's not just external, it's internal. And it's that internal life you're missing in movies.

PLAYBOY: Plenty of people would say movies are the art form of our time.

BELLOW: That's like mixing up the sign over a hock shop with bowling balls. Just because the things are round and look as if they might roll doesn't mean they are what they seem to be, OK? Commercially there's no contest between the movies and the novel because people feel there's something pretentious about high art. The novel as high art has been demoted by the movie as high art, and the movie people are promoting this view.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to many movies?

BELLOW: I go to movies quite a lot. I have a wife who's a great movie fan, and she drags me off to see them.

PLAYBOY: Do the movies you see satisfy you or leave you empty?

BELLOW: I may be skeptical, but I can be captivated. These emotions are and should be childlike. I was highly suspicious of *Schindler's List*, but I was moved by it just the same. I couldn't deny that at the end I was carried away by some of the terrible things that had never been shown on film before, like the young woman presuming to offer advice, shot and killed right before your eyes. You can't help but be moved by that. Violently moved.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Robin Williams' portrayal of Tommy Wilhelm in the PBS film of your novel *Seize the Day*?

BELLOW: I didn't like it much. I thought that Robin had succumbed to the temptation to make Tommy Wilhelm a very schmaltzy, Jewish hysterical character.

PLAYBOY: You once observed: "Give an actor a sentence with a subordinate clause and it kills him. He gets a hernia trying to heave it across the lights." Are there any actors you've seen who could make such a heave?

BELLOW: I like Jack Nicholson quite a lot, he's a very intelligent actor—that is to say, for an actor he's quite intelligent. He was interested in directing, not acting in, *Henderson the Rain King*. He had it under option for some years.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet with him?

BELLOW: Yeah, I enjoyed meeting him. I was impressed by the fact that he didn't throw the roaches of his marijuana away but kept them in a little silver case.

PLAYBOY: Must have been expensive dope.

BELLOW: Or they might have been auctioned as relics. Those guys are about as close to holy men as we get this removed from India.

PLAYBOY: Did you share a joint with Nicholson?

BELLOW: No, he didn't offer me any.

PLAYBOY: Actors obviously amuse you. Have you known any intimately?

BELLOW: The only actress I ever knew well was Marilyn Monroe, whom I knew quite well in the days when she was married to Arthur Miller. She was like somebody who had picked up a high-voltage wire and then couldn't get rid of it. You often felt that she was supercharged. There were moments of wistfulness when you could see how willingly she would have cut off the charge if she'd been able to do it, but she couldn't. I don't even think she was aware of the superexcited state she was in. She was very charming and too beautiful to be real. She had a kind of curious incandescence under the skin, which is rare.

PLAYBOY: MGM expressed interest in you after *Dangling Man* was published—but it wasn't to option the book, was it?

BELLOW: No. It was a guy named Goldwyn, not from the famous Goldwyns, who came to Chicago and called me up. I went downtown hoping he wanted to buy the book. Instead he told me that he'd seen pictures of me and thought that I would do well as an actor.

PLAYBOY: Did you give that suggestion any consideration?

BELLOW: I was outraged. [*Laughs*] I was wrong, I should have done it. In those days I was very proud of being a writer.

PLAYBOY: And you weren't thinking of making your fortune on the big screen?

BELLOW: I was never interested in being rich. Not in the slightest.

PLAYBOY: Years later you had your chance to appear, as yourself, in Woody Allen's *Zelig*. How'd he talk you into it?

BELLOW: That was a piece of foolishness. If I'd known what it was about I would never have done it. But Woody Allen made a great secret out of this. He wouldn't say what the film was about. All he said was that he was chatting up a certain number of intellectuals on an ill-defined subject. I knew some others who were doing it, including Bruno Bettelheim, whom I call the Bettelheim of the Republic, so I thought it might be a gas. He sent me some pages of dialogue. The circumstances were very amusing. It was being filmed in an old apartment on Central Park West. I went there and walked around and ran into a solitary young man drifting from room to room. He told me that he had inherited the apartment from his parents but couldn't maintain it, so he rented it out to movie companies. I said, "What do you do?" He said, "I'm a novelist."

PLAYBOY: Did this guy have any idea who you were?

BELLOW: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that's a fitting image of the writer: One who wanders aimlessly among the rented empty rooms of an apartment he cannot afford to maintain.

BELLOW: Nowadays when a young man thinks of becoming a writer, first he thinks of his hairstyle and then what clothes he should wear and then what whiskey he's going to endorse.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of when you first thought of becoming a writer?

BELLOW: It wasn't that I was going to be a glamorous person who would impress people. I had no idea what being a writer meant, really.

PLAYBOY: Did you know in grade school that you wanted to be a writer?

BELLOW: Oh yes, I definitely knew.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents try to discourage you?

BELLOW: My mother didn't interfere with me. Of course, she died when I was 17. She was concerned, as I later learned—she would talk to the neighbors and to her friends and to her dressmaker. But my parents came from St. Petersburg and were fairly sophisticated people. They were readers. In principle they wouldn't have had any objection to my being a writer. They just doubted that a child could be serious about this and whether he had the stuff for it. How were they supposed to know that?

PLAYBOY: When did you become aware of the power of the written word?

BELLOW: When I found myself in the children's ward of a hospital when I was eight.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you came down with tuberculosis?

BELLOW: It wasn't tuberculosis. It was something called empyema, an infection of the respiratory system that fills the lung cavity with fluid. I had to be tapped and I ran a fever every afternoon.

PLAYBOY: How long did that last?

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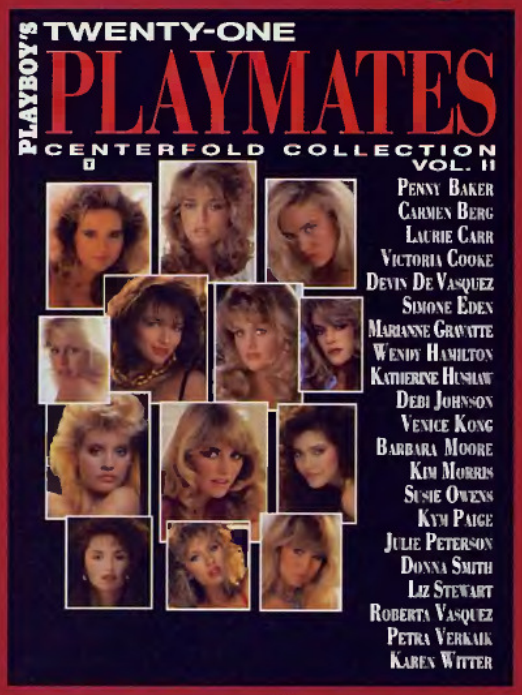

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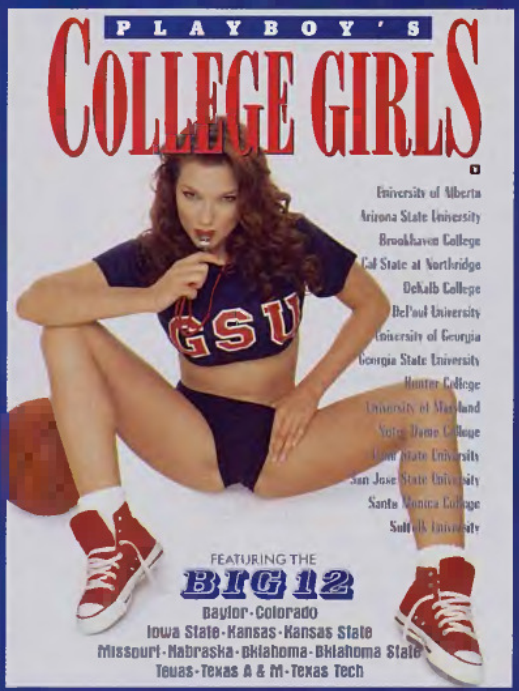

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

BELLOW: Nearly a year.

PLAYBOY: It must have been quite a formative year in your life.

BELLOW: Oh, yes, it was indeed, because I was away from home for the first time. It was a few years after World War One, and it was a very restricted, old-fashioned place.

PLAYBOY: Were there kids a lot sicker than you? Did you witness children dying?

BELLOW: Yeah, it was quite upsetting. You'd see activity during the night, the nurses were running, a light would go on, a screen would be set up along somebody's bed, and in the morning it was an empty bed. And you knew the kid had died.

PLAYBOY: Did you think that you might die?

BELLOW: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did it make you more determined to live, or were you resigned to possibly not making it?

BELLOW: Resigned? No, I would hunker down in my bed and make myself as small as possible.

PLAYBOY: So death couldn't find you?

BELLOW: Something like that. I met the world at the age of eight there in the hospital, and I had never known it on those terms before.

PLAYBOY: And how did you spend your time there?

BELLOW: Reading, though reading matter was very limited. There were the funny papers, which were very important then, with characters that don't exist anymore, like Happy Hooligan, Slim Jim, Mutt and Jeff, Boob McNutt.

PLAYBOY: That wasn't what introduced you to the power of the word, was it?

BELLOW: No. A lady brought me a copy of the New Testament. She was solemn, grim, middle-aged, dressed with many layers of clothing, long skirts, laced boots, a big hat. She was connected with some missionary society. First she tested me to see if I could read well enough. I learned to read the Old Testament when I was four—I was reading Genesis in Hebrew, which was a very powerful influence. The New Testament made a big hit with me. I was terribly moved by the Gospels. The rest was off-putting, but I read about the life and death of Jesus and realized he was a Jew. I began to feel a responsibility for the crucifixion. I loved Jesus. I realized I could not talk to my family when I got home about this. They would have been shocked and angry with me. So I kept it to myself. There were all kinds of things I had to keep to myself. And that was what I learned in the hospital.

PLAYBOY: How did the Depression affect your family?

BELLOW: It was harder to make a living. During the Depression my father was in a business selling wood for fuel to Jewish bakers. In those days they used scrap wood in their ovens, which he used to get from northern Wisconsin. I used to go around with him quite a lot, so I knew most of the Jewish bakers of Chicago. We were never hungry, we just didn't have any money.

PLAYBOY: Those who remember the Depression often consider it the most defining time of their lives.

BELLOW: It was defining in a curious way. Instead of breeding crime and antagonism it bred compassion and solidarity between people. They were much less harsh or severe than in times of prosperity. Sometimes I thought that the greatest blow of the Depression was not lack of money—it was damage to the pride of honest working people who felt the Depression was somehow a punishment.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel something like that when your mother died when you were 17?

BELLOW: That was a terrible shock. It was a long, drawn-out cancer death. I could not even imagine my mother being dead. It was the greatest challenge to my imagination when she died because I couldn't imagine existence without her. We were really a very close family, my two brothers, my sister, my parents.

PLAYBOY: How did her death affect your father?

BELLOW: He was devastated. He felt the sexual privation of her long illness and he didn't do anything while she was alive, I know, but she hadn't been dead very long before he began to see ladies in the neighborhood. He remarried within two years.

PLAYBOY: Did you like your stepmother?

BELLOW: I liked her, but I liked her like a good joke. She was a funny lady. I couldn't take her seriously, though.

PLAYBOY: You've said your father was violent, strong and authoritarian.

BELLOW: He was. He'd beat all of us.

PLAYBOY: With a strap or with his hand?

BELLOW: Whatever came first.

PLAYBOY: Have you experienced much violence in your life?

BELLOW: Quite a bit. I have seen a lot of it—enough to make me feel fright at being in a state of nature again, of having nothing but my naked self to depend upon.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever physically been a victim, other than from the hands of your father?

BELLOW: I was abused when I was a child by a stranger in an alley.

PLAYBOY: Sexually?

BELLOW: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

BELLOW: Seven, six.

PLAYBOY: Did he make you cry?

BELLOW: He threatened me.

PLAYBOY: How far did it go?

BELLOW: It went pretty far. I don't want to go into detail on that. [*Pauses*] I'm amused when I read about child abuse today because it is exaggerated and an unsavory falling back on one's legal status. It's also fashionable to hate your parents. It's a nasty little vice encouraged by society. It's a sign that people are unable to shed their childhood. It's a way of remaining childish, of explaining your own defects, that you were unjustly punished or abused as a child. I've never found it to be much more than a racket. I've been in courtrooms enough to know that there is such a thing as genuine child abuse, but when the middle class began to horn in on this, I said, uh-uh.

PLAYBOY: Did you follow the Lyle and Erik Menendez trial?

BELLOW: Yes, I did. The first trial was disgraceful. The court shouldn't have accepted the testimony about how their parents did them sexual harm. That the jury would take their word for it stank to high heaven.

PLAYBOY: Well, it was tried in California.

BELLOW: Yeah. California is like an artificial limb the rest of the country doesn't really need. You can quote me.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the O.J. Simpson criminal trial?

BELLOW: Trial by jury is in trouble everywhere, but in California the whole justice system is in deep trouble. It's no longer reliable. Everything is immediately transformed into a big TV show or spectacle. They are so narcotized by entertainment that they tend to transform everything from real life into entertainment terms. The whole thing's unreal.

PLAYBOY: We take it then that you were shocked by the Simpson verdict?

BELLOW: Yes, I was shocked. I've never seen two murder victims so quickly forgotten. I could remember from my own childhood what an enormity a murder was. It was taken really very seriously. Now it's nothing to take a human life. It's like watching a comedy cartoon in which the hero falls in front of a steamroller and is rolled flat, then he's picked up and propped against a wall and in the next frame he's running again. So it had no reality.

PLAYBOY: More than half a century ago, in 1940, you were in Mexico when one of your heroes, Leon Trotsky, was killed by an assassin. Was that murder made more real to you when you saw Trotsky in his coffin?

BELLOW: Not in his coffin, just on a table in the hospital.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage that? Trotsky was an international figure—wasn't there security?

BELLOW: No. In those times, everybody went everywhere. I said I was an American journalist, so they let me in. Trotsky was wearing massive bloody bandages, his face and beard were smeared with blood.

PLAYBOY: Trotsky became labeled and wound up in exile. Is being labeled a Jewish writer as annoying to you as labels are to Joyce Carol Oates, who complains that she's categorized as a woman's writer?

BELLOW: If you'll excuse me, anti-Semitism is not in the same class as what

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people might call misogyny or antifeminism. It's very different.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather not be called a Jew?

BELLOW: I don't mind being called a Jew. I am a Jew.

PLAYBOY: Yet you do think that you've been a disappointment to those Jews who, as you've noted, "expect Jewish writers to do good work for them and propagandize for them."

BELLOW: Do they really care very much about what writers say? They don't. At the moment the push-button reaction to me is that I'm a conservative. But that's just foolish labeling—they don't know whether I am a conservative or not, they've just heard that. Everything is rumor, all opinion is rumor. People simply react to rumor by repeating it as though it were true. There's nothing I can do about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider conservative to be a negative word?

BELLOW: In some quarters it is, in some it's a positive word. At *Commentary* magazine it's a positive word. But *Commentary* doesn't review my books, and if I'm a conservative, why are my books not reviewed at *Commentary*?

PLAYBOY: *Commentary* did review *Henderson the Rain King*, and raised a point that might be said of many of your works: "What is so far chiefly missing in Bellow's writing is an account of what his heroes want to be free from." Is that a fair thing to expect from you?

BELLOW: There's an old Yiddish saying that translates: A fool throws a stone into a pond, ten sages go into the pond looking for it and can't find it. In other words, it takes almost nothing except a thoughtless tossing of a stone to motivate foolish people. Why should I answer that question? A dyspeptic book reviewer says something, and now I have to answer him at this moment? I don't have to answer him.

PLAYBOY: Philip Roth said that, unlike Elie Wiesel or Isaac Bashevis Singer, you are a figure of more importance to other Jewish writers than you are to the Jewish cultural audience. Is he right?

BELLOW: When *Herzog* went on the best-seller list, Hannah Arendt said it was because of the Jewish public. She was quite sensitive to that sort of thing. She had an interest in keeping me in the kike class. Philip Roth has no such interest, he's just wrong.

PLAYBOY: Seymour Krim wrote that he was "literally made, shaped, whetted and given a world with a purpose by the American realistic novel of the mid to late Thirties." Was it like that for you as well?

BELLOW: I think so. We all read Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Louis Bromfield and their English counterparts such as Archibald Cronin, Arnold Bennett and H.G. Wells.

PLAYBOY: Was there any novel that got to you emotionally?

BELLOW: I found Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* hard to read because it was so extremely painful, almost unbearable. One of those books I didn't finish reading until much later.

PLAYBOY: What made it so painful?

BELLOW: Just the horror of having taken a pregnant woman out in a boat and murdering her.

PLAYBOY: Your own first novel, *The Very Dark Trees*, dealt with a white man who turned black. What happened to that?

BELLOW: It was accepted by a publisher in San Francisco, Colt Press, which had published Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi*, so I was impressed by that. I was only 26 or 27 and after I reread it I decided to destroy it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BELLOW: I was ashamed to be associated with it. I threw it down the incinerator drop in the building where I lived.

PLAYBOY: How many manuscripts have you done that with over the years?

BELLOW: A few.

PLAYBOY: In 1959 Norman Mailer wrote: "If I have one ambition above all others, it is to write a novel which Dostoyevsky and Marx, Joyce and Freud, Stendhal, Tolstoy, Proust and Spengler, Faulkner, and even old moldering Hemingway might come to read, for it would carry what they had to tell another part of the way." Did you have similar ambitions?

Hannah Arendt had an interest in keeping me in the kike class. Philip Roth has no such interest, he's just wrong.

BELLOW: He deserved to fail with a fantasy like that. He wasn't thinking about writing a marvelous book, he was thinking of placing himself in a tradition. I never had such notions. And I doubt that many of those people had such notions. Mailer is an extraordinary writer of vigorous prose, but he doesn't have the kind of mind that goes with the kind of writing he chose to do. He does have historical ideas about himself, but they are foolish ideas.

PLAYBOY: What writers among your peers do you feel had the talent to pull off their ideas successfully?

BELLOW: Among my contemporaries I very much like John Cheever. I admired and loved Faulkner. I like Wright Morris and J.F. Powers a lot. They're all people with much more modest aims, which doesn't mean their novels are not good. They're first-rate.

PLAYBOY: What about the novels of Nabokov, Jack Kerouac, William Gaddis, Gabriel García Márquez?

BELLOW: Nabokov was a very accomplished writer, but he was also a cold narcissist who invited the reader to join him. Kerouac belonged to a movement—the Beat spirit of the country—and was sort of a cult writer. I never had much to do with that. Gaddis is an excellent writer, I like him a lot. He's an original, a great user of the language. I liked García Márquez' *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, but all the others are just reruns of that. As you grow older you don't like to involve yourself in reckless reading of a great number of books; you want to limit yourself to the best that your generation has to offer.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Samuel Beckett, whom you met in Paris?

BELLOW: He was a very great person. You had a feeling about him that he was humanly significant, physically even, when he strolled across the boulevard to meet you and sat down at a café table near the Pont Royal Hotel. It gave me marvelous comfort to see and talk with him, often about James Joyce. Beckett was so sane, so balanced, so quiet, so unpretentious.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever read Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*?

BELLOW: No. I'm waiting for the nursing home to read it.

PLAYBOY: Do you measure yourself against other writers?

BELLOW: Well, one does, you know? Recently I reread *Crime and Punishment* and I said to myself, If only you could do this kind of thing, wouldn't it be great?

PLAYBOY: We know your strengths as a writer, but what would you consider your weaknesses?

BELLOW: One of my weaknesses as a writer is that I was far too modest in my choice of subjects. If I were going to invest my talent more profitably I should have had more ambitious themes than I allowed myself to have.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific? How could you have been more ambitious?

BELLOW: Well, *Augie March* was a very ambitious book, but it was ambitious in a different way. It was ambitious in language because I wanted to invent a more energized language that would allow me to move much more freely than I had hitherto been able to move. I wanted to be able to do American society in a way in which it had never been done before, and in part I succeeded in that book. But I failed because in the end I could not govern my discovery. I couldn't control it.

PLAYBOY: Cynthia Ozick considered *Augie* the second American prose revolution, after Hemingway. Did you have a sense of that?

BELLOW: I wanted to do it for myself; I had no idea of establishing a benchmark. I'm beginning to see that my ambitions

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were rather strangely limited. Not that I was modest. I've never been modest. But I set myself bounds and I had to liberate myself from those bounds. Augie March starts out as a naive person and I don't let him get too sophisticated—that's a limitation in the book.

PLAYBOY: *Augie March* also set off a storm of critical side-taking. There were those, among them Dwight Macdonald, who highly praised it, and others, such as Elizabeth Hardwick and Norman Podhoretz, who didn't like it at all. How do you deal with such mixed reviews?

BELLOW: You have to have a thick skin. I began to understand what I had done with *Augie March* that had upset so many people. I had unintentionally turned over a good many WASP applecarts. I had introduced a note into American fiction that was dangerous. It was undisciplined, it was awkward, it was jazzy and it reflected immigrant—and particularly Jewish—points of view that were unwelcome to the WASP establishment. It had never occurred to me before that I might be treading on the toes of the Brahmins or the heirs of the Brahmins with an interest in controlling their undisciplined and disciplined unfortunate Jews who had not been sent to Harvard. *Augie March* was too unbuttoned, too red-skinned even for the redskins.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you succeeded in liberating the language and creating a truly original character with Augie?

BELLOW: Yes, I did. I felt that I had liberated the American novel from what was left of the English mandarin influence. And even from the Hemingway influence, because we did need liberation from that. Hemingway was a very marvelous and beautiful writer who was constricting. He produced novels with a highly polished surface. You didn't want to mar the surface of his beautifully constructed and polished stories or novels. But then it was too narrowing, because there were all kinds of experience which would never fit into that. Hemingway's personal attitudes intending to redefine American manhood were too constricting and too exclusive. But you could see what the social effects of Hemingway's books were.

PLAYBOY: Are writers defining the American character as much today?

BELLOW: This has been taken over by journalism. Magazines such as PLAYBOY and *Esquire* instruct young men in the way to be acceptably and successfully American: how to date, how to dress, how to buy a car, how to order a meal, how to prepare a salad dressing, how to take a holiday.

PLAYBOY: Not long ago writers such as Tom Wolfe and other New Journalists were shouting that the novel had fallen and that journalists had wiped out the novel as literature's main event.

BELLOW: And here is Tom Wolfe making his fortune out of the novel some years later. Seems prophetically inconsistent.

PLAYBOY: Wolfe addresses you personally in his opening to *The New Journalism* by saying it started the first new direction in American literature in half a century. "Bellow, Barth, Updike, Roth—the novelists are all out there right now ransacking the literary histories and sweating it out, wondering where they stand. Damn it all, Saul, the Huns have arrived."

BELLOW: Yes, and the Huns were taught to read English and then they bought *Bonfire of the Vanities*, which was a whole series of the most stunning billboards along the highway that I ever saw. Let me tell you something: I'm a Jew, and when Jews hear the language of the Holocaust, because that's what it is—the world will be *Novelrein*, just as Hitler wanted to make Germany *Judenrein*, OK?—I say to myself, it's all meshuga. I am used to hearing this eliminationist talk.

PLAYBOY: Are you also used to hearing the kind of assessment a writer like Joyce Carol Oates has given of you, when she called you a genius in these pages and said you are "off the scale of even Truman Capote, Thomas Pynchon or Thomas Wolfe"?

BELLOW: I don't think Truman Capote gets near the tail of the comet. Pynchon I like, but he is sort of an endless virtuoso. It's like listening to 20 hours of Paganini. One would be plenty. I loved Thomas Wolfe when I was young. I stayed up all night reading *Look Homeward, Angel* when I was 19, and I remember in the morning how devastated I was to have no more Thomas Wolfe to read.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Oates' remark: Modesty aside, do you have that sense about yourself and your work?

BELLOW: I don't think in those terms. I tend to agree with her, but Lenin said, when describing what happened in Russia in 1917, "The power was lying in the street, I just picked it up." [*Laughs*] I do have the feeling that, yes, I did do something. Not that anybody cares much about such things nowadays. The country has changed so that what I do no longer signifies anything, as it did when I was young. There was such a thing as a literary life in this country and there were people who lived as writers. All that changed in my lifetime. Of course, this is such an enormous country that sometimes I think that if only one tenth of one percent of the population were reading seriously, it would still mean a quarter of a million readers.

PLAYBOY: How relevant is the novelist today? Do we need novelists?

BELLOW: Do we need them? Yes. Do we know it? No. Although, as I say, you will still find a quarter of a million supporters somehow or other around the country. These are people who have preserved themselves secretly like members of a lodge who are not allowed to give away the secret of the handshake.

PLAYBOY: If you had your own crystal ball, what might you see for the future of the novel?

BELLOW: It's a bad time for the novel. What's going to happen to the novel is what's going to happen culturally to this country. The number of readers is diminishing. Family life today is not creating more readers. Partly because of TV, partly because of schooling, partly because of books prepared for schoolchildren that pretend to be stories and that are so ill constructed and flat and corny that the kids have no regard for them. The experience of literature is missing from the lives of the younger generation of readers, and that's a bad deal. I don't think the classics are being read anymore. I know the Bible isn't being read much anymore, and the Bible is a great oceanic source for literature. When the Bible diminishes in stature, literature diminishes with it.

PLAYBOY: Having married five times, what do you make of the institution of marriage, and what have you learned about it that you can pass on to your grandchildren?

BELLOW: You should have asked me this serious question at first, when I was full of piss and vinegar. I learned that the sexual revolution is a very bloody affair, like most revolutions.

PLAYBOY: Divorces can be costly—to the soul and to the pocket. Are the divorce laws fair?

BELLOW: I had one big lawsuit relating to a divorce. Let me put it this way: I never yet saw a judge on the bench whom I would trust to condemn a man to death. That's one of my arguments against capital punishment. I don't think these people are often humanly qualified to decide these legal questions or to interpret the law.

PLAYBOY: You have three sons from three of your marriages. Has it been difficult for them?

BELLOW: Undoubtedly.

PLAYBOY: Any resentment in them, having you as their father?

BELLOW: Yeah, I guess so. However, let's get on with this.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in therapy?

BELLOW: I was lucky that the writer in me survived all the therapy I had.

PLAYBOY: And have you been through analysis?

BELLOW: At the insistence of one of my wives, I went to a psychoanalyst for a while. I enjoyed talking with him, but I was never analyzed.

PLAYBOY: What about Reichian therapy? It's been said that your experiences with it freed you to write *Augie March*.

BELLOW: That's an incorrect theory, because I started writing *Augie March* in Paris two years before I ever heard of Wilhelm Reich.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that Reichian sexual therapy wasn't responsible for

(continued on page 166)

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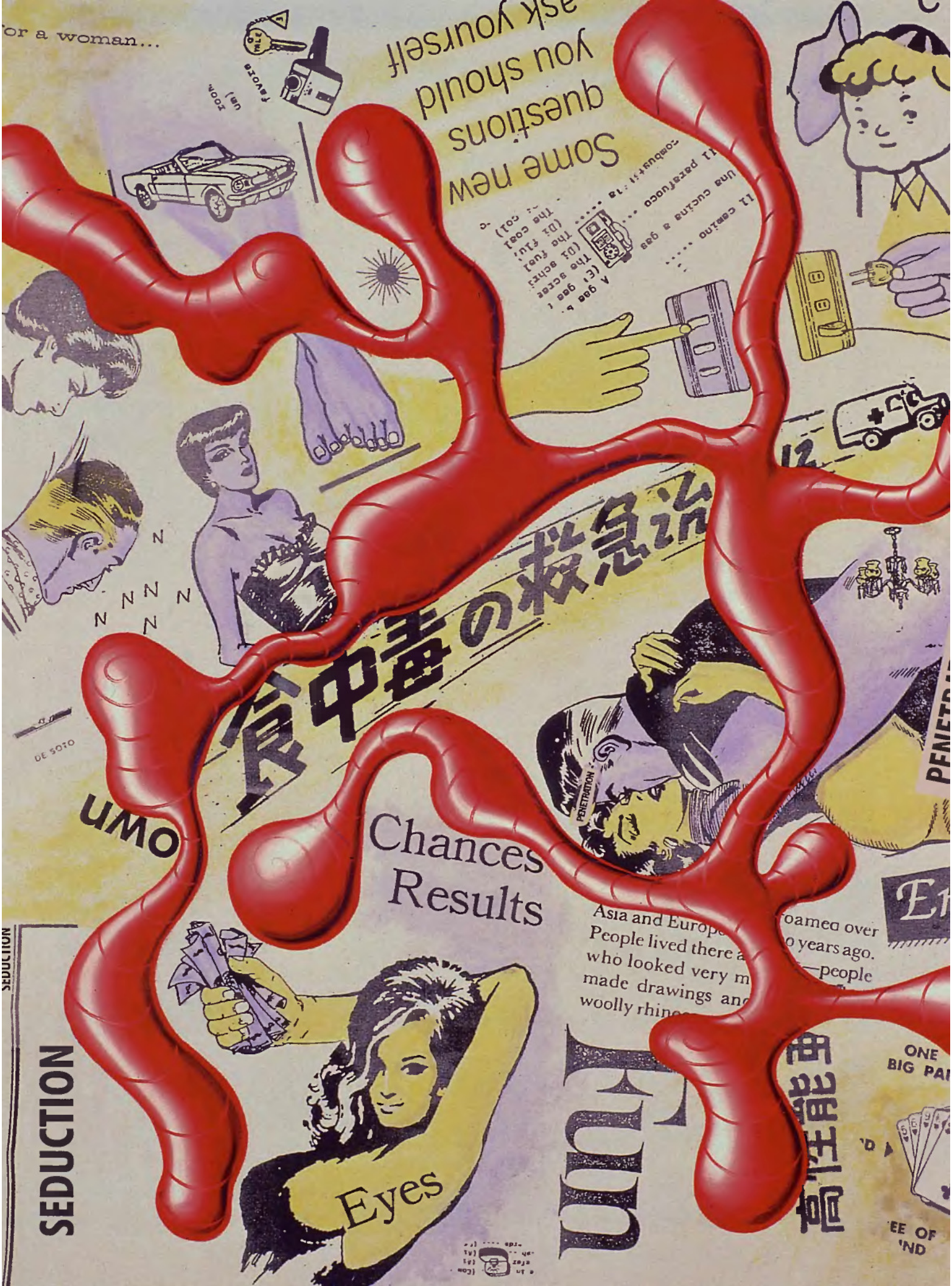
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WHEN *NO* DOESN'T MEAN *NO*

and other shocking sex advice from the relationship guru who wrote "men are from mars, women are from venus"

Celibate monk–turned–successful sex-and-relationship mentor John Gray is waxing philosophic about a subject dear to our hearts—and lower parts: blow jobs. However, the volume of his diatribe is disconcerting. It's not that we don't share his enthusiasm for the subject, but we aren't used to discussing it so loudly. Gray doesn't stop with blow jobs. In fact, he gets even louder when he talks about other sex acts—masturbation, say—and just wait until he gets to the subject of sex on demand.

At a time when relationships between the sexes are more volatile than ever, Gray's message has struck a chord. His book *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* has sold more than 10 million copies in 37 languages and has spent more than

article
BY DAVID SHEFF

PAINTING BY KENNY SCHARF

200 weeks on the *New York Times* best-seller list. *Mars and Venus in the Bedroom* is one of the best-selling sex books of the Nineties, and Gray's cottage industry includes popular tapes, lectures and workshops. On the Net, in chat rooms and on message boards (on AOL: keyword Mars, on the Web: http://marsvenus.com), Gray's sites receive more hits than George Foreman does.

At its core, Gray's message is logical and simple: Men and women are different—almost as if we were from separate planets. To get along we need to understand those differences. From there, his relationship counseling and sex advice is controversial. Indeed, though he counts mostly women among his fans, he has been denounced by feminists.

Gray, the fifth of seven children, helped his father run the family oil-drilling business while his mother, who now operates a spiritual-books store, kept house. John says he had sex too early, as a teenager. His repentance was extreme: He became a monk—a follower of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi—and had no sex at all for nine years. In 1979 he left the order to help an ill family member and train as a therapist. Gray headed to California, where he got laid.

In 1982 Gray married Barbara DeAngelis, who has written six books about relationships herself, including the best-seller *Secrets About Men Every Woman Should Know*. It was a short-lived union, and in 1985 he married Bonnie Josephson, who is president of his publishing company. Gray has spent years working as a therapist for individuals and couples and has written half a dozen books. His latest, for singles, is due out in June. In January he performed on Broadway in a one-man show titled *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*. Gray, who is 45, talks with his hands, which is something to behold when he discusses hand jobs.

PLAYBOY: How difficult was it to remain celibate?

GRAY: There were times when it was a struggle, when you just had to take a cold shower or go out in public so you wouldn't masturbate. But there wasn't a lot of temptation because there weren't a lot of women around.

PLAYBOY: Was masturbation forbidden?

GRAY: Part of being a celibate monk is that you don't masturbate, so you take cold showers, you jog, you go for walks.

PLAYBOY: Did you have wet dreams?

GRAY: You learn to wake up and not have a wet dream. You'd have very sexy dreams; I mean, you're still a man. But eventually it got to the point where you would wake up. You end up training yourself to completely sublimate your sexual desires.

PLAYBOY: After nearly a decade, what happened?

GRAY: Well, during those nine years I thought I was going to be a monk my whole life. I wanted to find God and the holy life. But I realized I had found God, and that leading a holy life doesn't mean you must not have sex—I realized that sex can also be a holy expression.

PLAYBOY: Are monks celibate so that sex isn't a distraction?

GRAY: If you want to open your higher spiritual centers and have spiritual experiences, you have to fuel them. Semen is the fuel for those higher spiritual experiences. One of the unusual things that happens when you train the sexual energy to be sublimated into spiritual experience is that the semen actually goes up your body. I would perspire when I jogged, and it would smell like semen. That's how you know if somebody's really celibate. I don't have that anymore because my semen goes to my wife.

PLAYBOY: That's a result of celibacy the holy books tend to overlook.

GRAY: It takes years for that to happen. It was after seven years of celibacy that I started noticing that when I would perspire it was the smell of semen. It also caused spiritual experiences. You read about Yogis and monks who have ecstatic experiences—it's taking sexual energy and experiencing it through a different part of who we are. It took about seven, eight years, but I would spend 15 to 20 hours in a meditative state, having all kinds of what are called kundalini experiences: energy flowing up the spine, involuntary movements, visions, hearing angelic music, having psychic experiences, traveling in my sleep. When I started having sex again, I noticed that certain kinds of spiritual experiences went away. Ones that have remained are a sense of spiritual peace and visual enhancement. Your senses become very enlivened; that never goes away. Light shines out of things, instead of the way it used to be. And sensual enrichment has continued with sex. I think the more spiritual you are, the more you can enjoy sex because you're able to feel more through your senses.

PLAYBOY: What was sex like after nine years of abstinence?

GRAY: Like a hungry man eating. It was a very significant experience. It was fantastic. Sex is better with my wife now because I love her, but the actual sexual performance was fantastic. It was three days before I had an orgasm. The excitement was building and building and building; my body didn't ejaculate because it had been so used to not ejaculating. It took a while to get that going again, so it really made the sexual performance fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Who was the lucky woman?

GRAY: She was a massage therapist. Here was this woman touching my body, and I hadn't been touched by a woman in nine years. She said, "You have to take off all your clothes." That turned me on completely, and then she was touching me. While she was massaging me, she asked why I was celibate. For the first time in nine years, I had no answer. My mind was blank. That's when I thought, Well, maybe I won't be celibate anymore. It opened my eyes. So I went around—starting with her—and would say to women, "I've been a celibate monk for nine years and would really like for you to teach me about your body. Teach me what makes you feel good. Teach me what brings you pleasure. Tell me what you like. Tell me what you don't like." Women were very open to telling me everything. It was a turn-on for them. When I tell that story, men say, "Boy, what a come-on line."

PLAYBOY: It's a good one—and certainly one that not many women have heard before.

GRAY: But it was real. I had been a monk, and I wanted to know. So I learned a tremendous amount going from one woman to another for that first year. I was having multiple relationships, women in six towns.

PLAYBOY: Can you summarize the lessons you learned?

GRAY: One of the basic lessons is that women need about ten times more time than a man to have a full-blown orgasm. But that doesn't mean you should take more time on every occasion. Often you should take a short amount of time, and the sex is for him; when you take a long time, the sex is for her. There needs to be give-and-take in a relationship. It's like if you're driving a Ferrari and you have to brake all the time. You'll get frustrated and will eventually lose sexual attraction for your partner. But if you have sex with a woman and it happens in three minutes, she's not going to have an orgasm. She's not going to be sexually responsive to you as the years pass because she's not getting what she needs, which is sex on her terms: slow and seductive.

PLAYBOY: You've also said that a woman should give her husband a blow job whenever he wants one. Is that actually realistic?

GRAY: I recommend it because a man should never have to go off and masturbate in the shower.

PLAYBOY: The only women we know who give sex on demand are the ones

(continued on page 120)

"Au contraire. I love those fucking glasses."

The Morrell Sisters

one oklahoma family has four times the fun

For Christy, Kim, Carmen and Carla Morrell, sisterhood is the best game of all. "You wouldn't believe the fun we have," says elder sis Christy, who was five when her three sisters came along. "I remember when they arrived at home, how tiny they were. Their little bottoms were the size of silver dollars," she says. Christy, a model and costume designer in Oklahoma City, was in kindergarten when Kim was born in 1965. Ten months later came the twins, Carmen and Carla. "They were an accident, a big surprise to our parents," Christy recalls. Carla became the bookish twin, while Carmen was the wild child, always swiping the others' candy. She entertained the family with her strutting, vamping Cher impression. "Nobody can do Cher like Carmen," says Kim, a hairstylist who lives near Christy in Oklahoma. Twins Carmen and Carla share a home near Los Angeles, where they work as identically gorgeous actresses. For holiday get-togethers, the Morrells convene to gossip, dance and give onlookers double double vision.

Double your pleasure with brunette twins Carmen and Carla Morrell and their blonde sisters Christy and Kim. Can you tell who's who at a bygone birthday party (upper left), a recent reunion (above) or a ripe lineup of Morrells (far left)? We'll set the record straight amid the white boas below: Clockwise from Carla at the upper right are big sis Christy, Carmen and Kim.

"Carmen is the outrageous one. She and Carla always said they'd grow up to be in PLAYBOY," says Christy. "I told them to keep dreaming. I sure never thought we'd all do it together." Separate lives in Oklahoma and Califarnia often keep them apart, so Kim, Christy, Carmen and Carla (left to right, abave) celebrated their sisterhood in the splashiest passible way—with a mast spectacular family reunion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Fiction By Raymond Benson

A NEW JAMES BOND ADVENTURE

PART TWO

Zero minus ten

in utmost secrecy, bond ventures into china to meet the infamous general wong, a man proud of his reputation for barbarous torture

The British Airways flight that carried James Pickard, Esquire, of Fitch, Donaldson and Patrick arrived on time at Kai Tak Airport. "Representatives" from Eurasia Enterprises were waiting, not in the gate area or in the greeting hall beyond immigration, but in the movable bridge that connected to the hatch of the aircraft.

Two Chinese men in business suits stopped Pickard as he stepped off the aircraft.

"Mr. Pickard?"

"Yes?"

"Come with us, please. We take you to hotel."

The men opened a service door in the bridge and gestured toward a set of metal steps leading down to the tarmac. Pickard was confused.

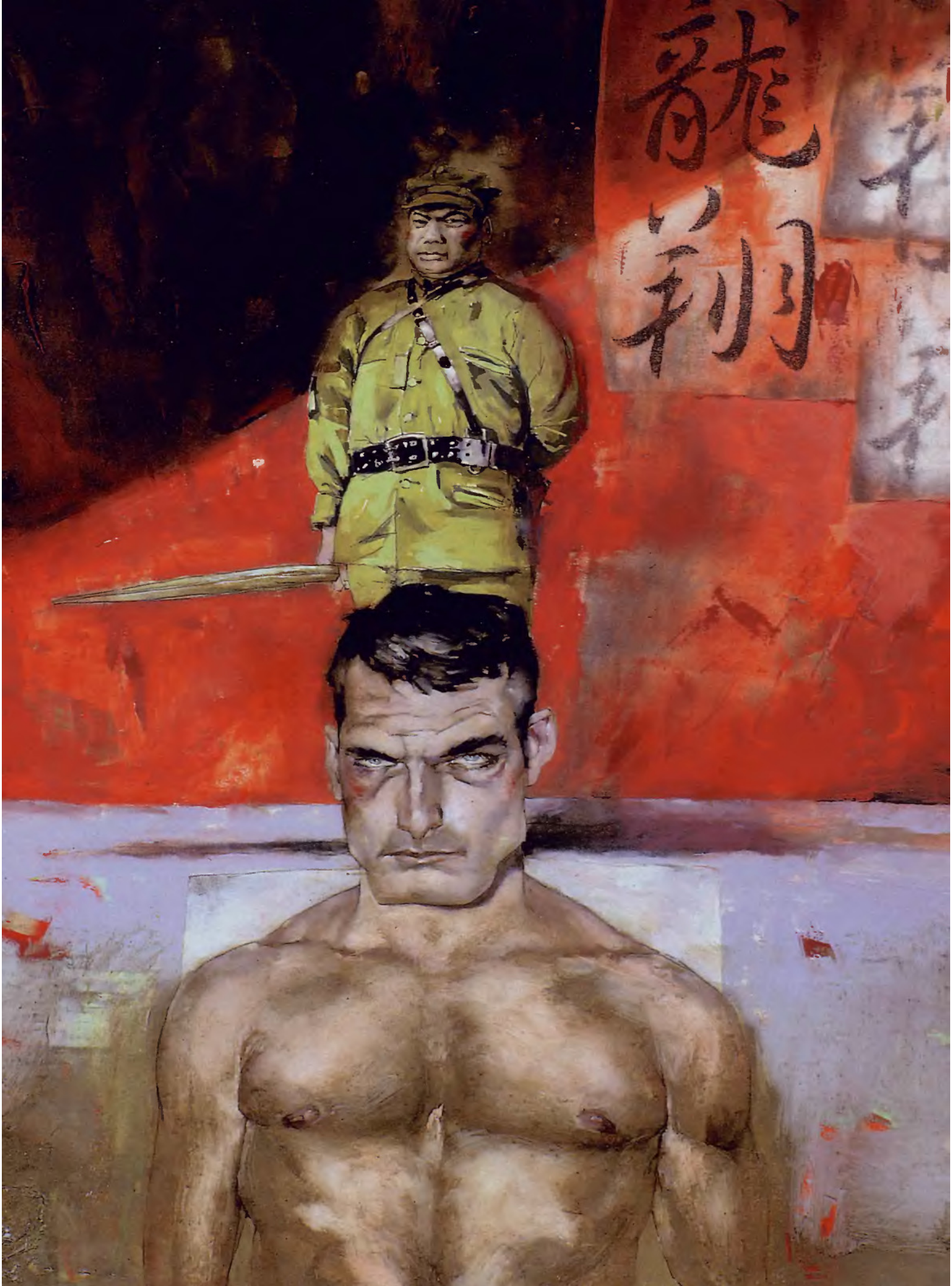
"Don't I have to go through immigration?" he asked.

"That already taken care of," one of the men said in broken English.

Pickard shrugged, chalked it up to Chinese efficiency and was pleased he was getting the VIP treatment. He walked happily down the steps and into a waiting limousine. As soon as the car was away, James Bond ascended the same set of steps and entered the bridge. He walked through it and into the terminal. As he had not gotten much sleep the night before anyway, he looked and felt as if he really had just flown from London to Hong Kong. He was dressed in an Armani suit borrowed from Li Xu Nan, and he carried a briefcase full of law books. He was unarmed, having reluctantly left his Walther PPK with Li.

The passport and travel documents with which Li's people

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS



provided him were top-notch forgeries. As James Pickard, British citizen, he sailed through immigration and customs, and was met in the greeting hall by an attractive blonde woman and a Chinese man, both in their 30s.

"Mr. Pickard?" the woman said. She was English.

"Yes?"

"I'm Corinne Bates from the public relations office at Eurasia." She held out her hand.

Bond shook it. "Hello. James Pickard."

"How was your flight?"

"Long."

"Isn't it, though? I find it dreadful. This is Johnny Leung, assistant to the interim general manager."

"How do you do?" Bond said, and shook the man's hand.

"Fine, thank you," Leung said. "We have a car waiting."

Bond allowed himself to be guided outside and into a Rolls-Royce. So far, the operation was going smoothly.

"All the hotels were booked because of the July first transition," Corinne Bates said. "We're putting you up for the night in a corporate flat in the Mid-Levels. Is that all right?"

"Sounds lovely," Bond said.

The car drove through the Cross-Harbor Tunnel to the island and made its way through Central and up into the Mid-Levels, an area of prominence but just a step down from the elite Victoria Peak. It finally entered a complex on Po Shan Road, just off Conduit Road.

They let him into the flat, a lovely two-bedroom affair with a parquet floor and a view of Central.

"We'll pick you up at 6:30 in the morning, Mr. Pickard. The train leaves from Kowloon at 7:50," Bates said.

"We're taking the train?" Bond asked.

"It's the easiest way," she said. "And that way you can see a bit of the Chinese countryside. It's about a two-and-a-half-hour ride to Guangzhou."

•

The Kowloon–Guangzhou Express left precisely at 7:50. Corinne Bates and Johnny Leung saw "James Pickard" to the station and made sure that Bond got through immigration and aboard the right train. Apparently General Wong had insisted that the new solicitor from Fitch, Donaldson and Patrick make the journey to China alone. The train was surprisingly comfortable, with plenty of room in the aisles. Bond sat by a window and watched as the several stops within the New Territories came and went. The train finally crossed the border into southern China.

Shenzhen was the first major city just beyond the border, and at first glance it appeared to be just another part of Hong Kong. Something was different, though, and Bond couldn't put his finger on it until the train had traveled a few minutes into the country: There were no English signs. Throughout most of Hong Kong, public signs were written in both Chinese and English. Here, the world was strictly Chinese.

Shenzhen looked extremely commercial and urbanized. Bond expected to see an obligatory McDonald's or two along the way, but when he saw the famous rabbit logo of Playboy on a building, he was quite surprised. Before long, the train pulled into the chaotic, crowded Guangzhou station.

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The minibus turned into the intimidating gate of Guangzhou's main government building, a tan seven-story structure with a red roof. The gate was set within a brick facade with a blue roof, and was connected to a high fence that surrounded the building. The driver spoke to a guard, the gate opened and the minibus pulled into a parking lot full of military vehicles—jeeps, a couple of troop transports and one tank.

When they got out of the minibus, the guard pointed across the road. "Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall," he said. "Nice tourist attraction." He gestured to the building in front of them. "This is our local government building. General Wong will see you here."

The guard escorted Bond into the building, where he had to sign a visitors' book under the watchful eyes of other soldiers. The next thing they did was curious—Bond was frisked from head to toe. Why would they do that to a visiting solicitor? He attributed it to the rigors of communist China. He was then led to a lift and taken to the third floor, where the guard let Bond into a small office.

"Wait here," the guard said, then he left Bond alone.

Bond sat in a straight-backed chair. The room was bare except for a conference table, a few chairs and a water cooler that sat in a corner. It was very hot. The air-conditioning was either off, or broken, or they didn't have air-conditioning at all. This was the humid summer for which south China is known. Bond had to wipe his forehead with a handkerchief.

After a moment, a man came to the doorway. He was dressed in Chinese military regalia and appeared to be about 60 years old. The man was short, probably no more than five and a half feet tall, but was broad-shouldered and muscular. He had white hair cut short and a pug nose and he wore spectacles with round lenses.

"Mr. Pickard?" he asked in English. "I am General Wong." Bond stood and shook his hand.

"How do you do?"

The man didn't smile. "I trust you had a pleasant journey."

"It was fine, thank you."

"Very well. Come." He stood. "You want water? Very hot today."

Bond would have loved to drink some water, but he was wary of its purity. "No, thank you, I'm fine."

He followed the general into what was presumably his private office. In contrast to the rest of the building, it was full of expensive furniture, antiques and fine art. A tiger's head was mounted on the wall, and there were objets d'art scattered around the room. What appeared to be a gold-plated bust of Mao Tse-tung sat on a bookshelf. The most impressive artifact in the room was a life-size terra-cotta horse and soldier. Bond imagined that it had been part of the fantastic archaeological dig at the tomb of Ch'in Dynasty emperor Qin Shi Huang near the city of Xi'an, where more than 6000 clay soldiers and horses were arrayed in battle formation as an artistic representation of the emperor's great army. Most of the terra-cotta figures were left in place, but a few had made it to museums around China. General Wong must have spent a fortune in order to obtain one. Anyone who had seen this opulent office would not have believed that its inhabitant was a communist.

General Wong pushed back a curtain behind his desk and revealed a safe. He twisted the knob a few times, unlocked it and carefully removed a large parchment in a transparent plastic cover.

The document was brown with age, but the lettering was intact. One side was written in English and the other in Chinese. The wording and legality of the agreement seemed to be in order.

"This is quite an artifact," Bond said after studying it. "I'll need a photocopy to take back to England."

Wong didn't say a word. He took the document off the table and replaced it in his safe. Then he picked up his phone and pushed a button. He spoke into the receiver and hung up. Bond heard footsteps in the hall. Guards came straight into the room and stood on either side of Bond.

Wong said, "You are impostor. You are not lawyer. You are spy."

"Now wait just a minute——" Bond began, but one of the guards punched him hard in the stomach. Bond doubled over and fell to his knees.

"Who are you? Who do you work for?" Wong demanded.

Bond stood up slowly but didn't say

"Care to access my V chip?"

anything. What had happened? Where had something gone wrong?

"I got phone call before you arrive," Wong said. "Mr. James Pickard never stepped into Hong Kong airport. My people were there." He held up a photograph of the real Pickard. "You are not this man."

Bond didn't move.

"Are you going to tell me who you are? Talk! I'll give you one more chance. Who do you work for?"

Bond stood silent and at attention, like a soldier.

"Very well," the general said. "We move on to next step."

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"Remove your clothes," Wong commanded in Cantonese.

My God, Bond thought. What are they going to do? He felt cold fear. He suddenly had total recall of another time long ago when he had been tortured with nothing on. It had been hours of excruciating agony, and it damn near killed him.

"You heard me!" Wong shouted.

Bond did as he was told. As he undressed, Wong opened a cabinet behind the desk and removed a white bedsheet. He walked to the middle of the room and spread out the sheet. It floated down and settled neatly onto the carpet. It wasn't completely white. Several suspicious stains were on it.

When Bond was naked, Wong gestured for him to stand in the middle of the sheet. Bond stood at attention in front of him. Wong slowly walked around him, inspecting him, admiring the man's body.

"You think you are fit, Englishman?" Wong said. "We shall see how fit you really are."

One guard trained an AK-47 on Bond while General Wong returned to the cabinet and removed a long, white stick that was covered with ridges. He held the stick in front of the vulnerable man. For the first time since Bond arrived, Wong smiled. In fact, he had become a different person. The sour face and unpleasant demeanor were completely gone.

"This is a rattan cane, Mr. Pickard, or whoever you are," he said. "I have friends in Singapore who not only employ it for punishment but swear it is also an effective persuader. Now, I ask again. Who do you work for?"

Bond said nothing. He knew he was in for a great deal of pain. In Singapore, the maximum number of strokes with the cane was usually five; ten for extreme cases. What kind of damage could it do? He knew the lashes would leave welts on his skin, possibly permanent scars. What if he was caned many, many times? Could he force himself to pass out, as he had trained himself to do? It was one of the most difficult tests of willpower he knew of.

"Bend over and grab your ankles," Wong said.

Bond did so. He felt humiliated and dangerously exposed.

Wong took a position on Bond's left side and held the cane to 007's buttocks. He rubbed the rough stick against the skin there, indicating to Bond how the cane might feel if it struck him hard.

"Who are you and who do you work for?" Wong asked again, his voice trembling with excitement.

Bond kept his mouth shut. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. Concentrate! Focus on something! He opened his eyes and saw a dark stain on the bedsheet a few inches from his face. It was probably dried blood. Bond stared at it, willing himself to fall deep within the confines of that dark, shapeless haven.

The cane struck him with such force that he nearly lost his balance and fell forward. There was an intense, burning pain across the middle of his buttocks. They felt as if they were on fire.

Bond gritted his teeth harder and continued to stare at the spot. He began to sweat; a drop slid down his forehead and onto his nose and then fell onto the sheet.

"You see what it can do?" Wong asked pleasantly. "Now will you talk?"

Bond concentrated on the spot in front of him, attempting to conjure up whatever peaceful thoughts he could manage. My God, give me something of beauty to look at. Give me something pure.

The cane struck again, slightly lower than the first blow. Christ, it hurt! He kept up his internal litany, forming mental pictures in his mind. Give me my house in Jamaica. . . . Give me my flat in Chelsea.

The third blow slashed Bond across the tops of his thighs. It was dangerously close to more vulnerable parts of his body. God, not that again! He might not be able to take that.

The fourth blow landed on the buttocks again, overlapping the first two red marks.

A fifth stroke tore his skin an inch below the last blow. Sweat was now rolling off his face. His heart was pounding. He wanted to scream, but he dared not. He knew the general took pleasure in the torture. The more the victim suffered, the more the sadist enjoyed it. Bond was determined to be the most disappointing whipping boy General Wong had ever had.

The sixth stroke nearly knocked Bond over again. The madman was putting his weight into it now. He was breathing heavily. "Well?" he asked. "Have you had enough?"

Bond sensed the general was surprised and perturbed that Bond's reaction to torture was not quite what he had expected.

Bond turned his head to the left and spat, "Please, sir. May I have another, you bloody bastard?"

The seventh blow knocked Bond forward and onto the sheet. He curled up into a ball on his right side and felt the blood seeping down the backs of his thighs. "Get up!" Wong shouted.

He brutally whacked Bond across his left arm, directly over the stitches of a previous wound. Oh, bloody hell! Bond screamed to himself. He didn't want to be hit there again. Getting lashed on the backside was immeasurably preferable, mainly because he was beginning to grow numb there. He weakly pulled himself up and assumed the position again.

The ninth blow seared his thighs once more. Again, Bond wanted to yell, simply to release the anger, humiliation and tension that enveloped his body. He remained stubbornly silent.

The tenth stroke sent Bond to the sheet again. It was the hardest, most savage blow yet. He didn't know if he could manage to pull himself up off the floor.

At that moment, there was a loud knock on the door. Wong shouted something. The guard with the gun opened the door slightly and listened to a hurried whisper from another man in the hallway. He closed the door and whispered something to Wong.

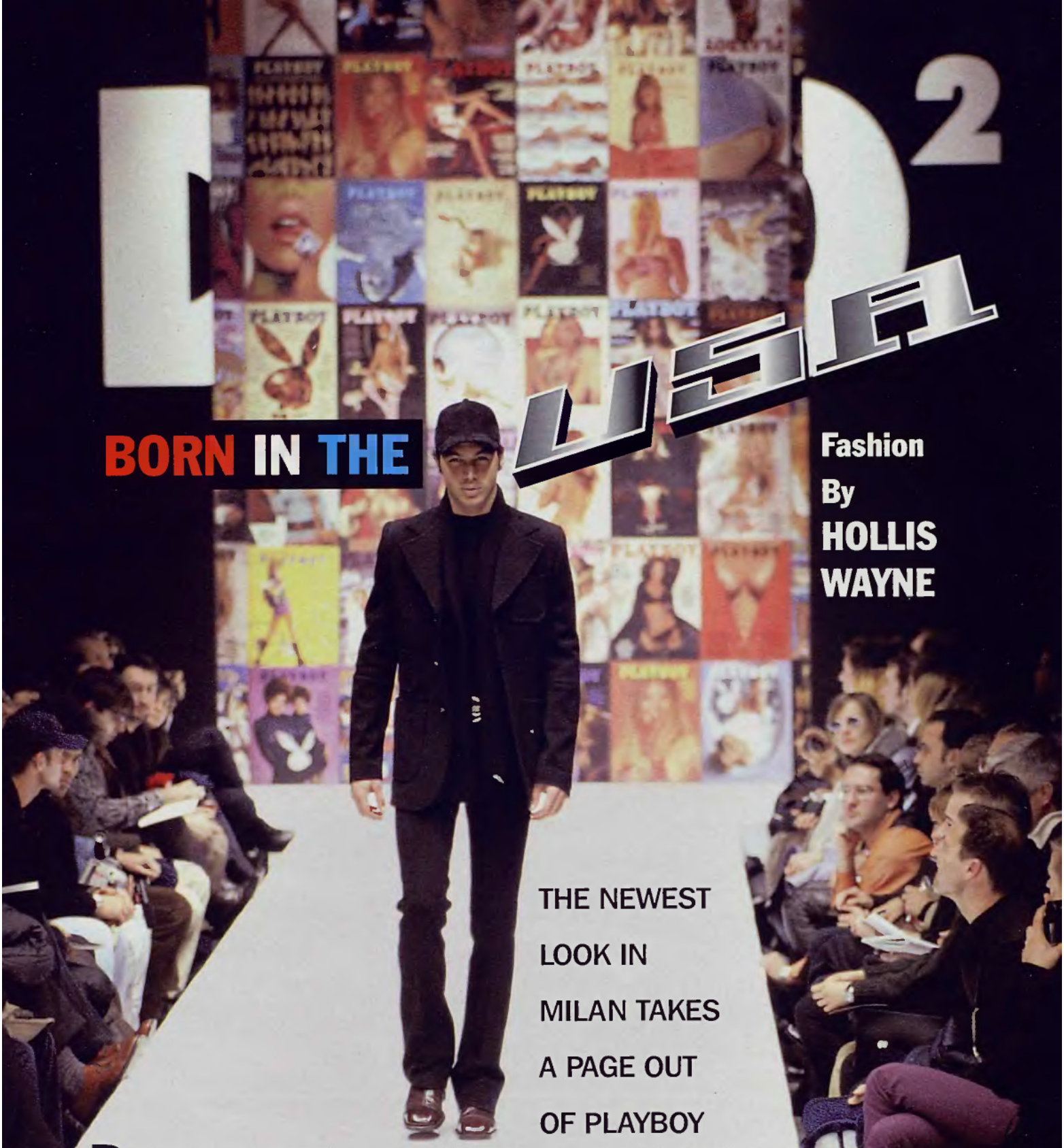
Suddenly, Wong threw down the cane. "Bah!" he shouted. He said something that implied that Bond was nothing but excrement. He spoke quickly to the guard, retrieved the cane and put it back in the cabinet.

"I have appointment," Wong said. "We will continue in little while." With that, he left the room.

The guard lifted Bond from the bloodied sheet. He stood weakly, his legs shaking like mad. The guard threw Bond's clothes at his feet and spoke in Mandarin. Bond picked up the sheet and wrapped it around himself, soaking up the blood and pressing his wounds. It was going to be a while before he could sit comfortably.

The guard shouted at him, indicating with the machine gun that he should get moving. Bond swore at the man in English, dropped the sheet and pulled on his clothes. Contact with his trousers was excruciating. Unable to sit to put on his shoes, Bond went down on his left knee. He got the right shoe on, then painfully changed positions and rested on his right knee. The

(continued on page 142)



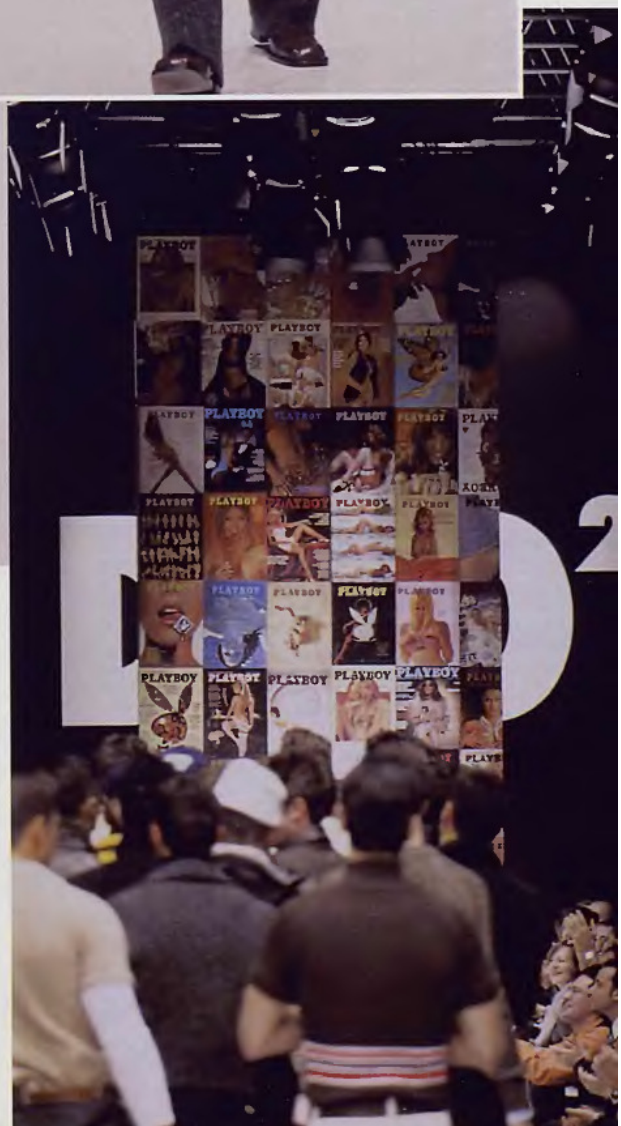
BORN IN THE USA

Fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

THE NEWEST LOOK IN MILAN TAKES A PAGE OUT OF PLAYBOY

Designers have a thing about retro. Think of it as one last chance to relive old trends before the millennium wipes the fashion plate clean. In Milan, the Seventies were reborn in the clothes of D^2, as the design team of Dean and Dan Caten brought street-smart America—and a certain Rabbit Head—to the European runway. Against a backdrop of 100 classic PLAYBOY covers, models strutted to the occasional strains of Bruce Springsteen. It was a Marlboro Man meets What Sort of Man look, from back in the days when men wore tight turtlenecks and Frye boots. Aside from a soft spot for Supertramp tunes, which played during much of the show, the boys got the PLAYBOY feel just right.

ROLLIN'



While he sometimes looks to Europe for what to wear, the American man needs no instruction on how to wear it—particularly when it comes to casual street clothes. The key is to feel comfortable and current, not overdressed. D^2's designs work well in mix-and-match combos, anchored by chunky, dark accessories: square-toed boots in black or brown and wide belts with big logo buckles (above). For a cool touch, the D^2 belt features a cigarette holster (above right) so your smokes won't get crushed in your pocket (and so you don't have to carry a purse). On top, you can choose between a narrow-billed CB radio hat (above and above right) and a wool watch cap (left). Pants are either low-slung, boot-cut jeans in stretch denim (above) or slacks with a tight fit (left). All of D^2's fabrics have stretch to them. The shirts hold their shape whether they are worn in layers (above right) or solo with a sweater (left). For outerwear, you can try a wool peacoat or a saddle-leather car coat, but our favorite option is the three-button jacket (above and on page 85). It's perfect for the guy who wants to stay warm without feeling stuffy.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN AND CORINA LECCA

PLAYBOY PROFILE

The Art of THE DONALD

THE TRUMPSTER STAGES THE COMEBACK OF A LIFETIME

By Mark Bowden

Stately, plump Donald J. Trump drapes his right arm over the back of a wicker sofa, balancing his breakfast at arm's length on a white plate. Stacked on the plate are a dozen strips of fried bacon. Just bacon. It's part of this diet. The greatest diet. All protein. The best. He reaches with his left hand across his body to the plate, picks off a stiff piece with two famously stubby fingers, steers it to his famously curled lips and chomps off the end.

In a sense this is the anti-Marla diet, in that Donald's famously young and flamboyantly blonde second wife disdains red meat and has been known to drop sprout-like foods on his plate (which he promptly passes to whomever sits nearby—"What the fuck is this? Want it?"). The Trumpster has lost 20 pounds on his diet, by his own large reckoning.

He is still pudgy. His brown belt bites gently into soft flesh under a white polo shirt and white pants. His square pink face is widening bottomward like a baobab, slackening from chin to sternum, easing into Churchillian jowls. Blond eyebrows spray up on the famous low brow, over small pale-blue eyes. The famous world-by-a-string smirking playboy face has gained gravitas. Last June, the Donald turned 50. Wunderkind no more.

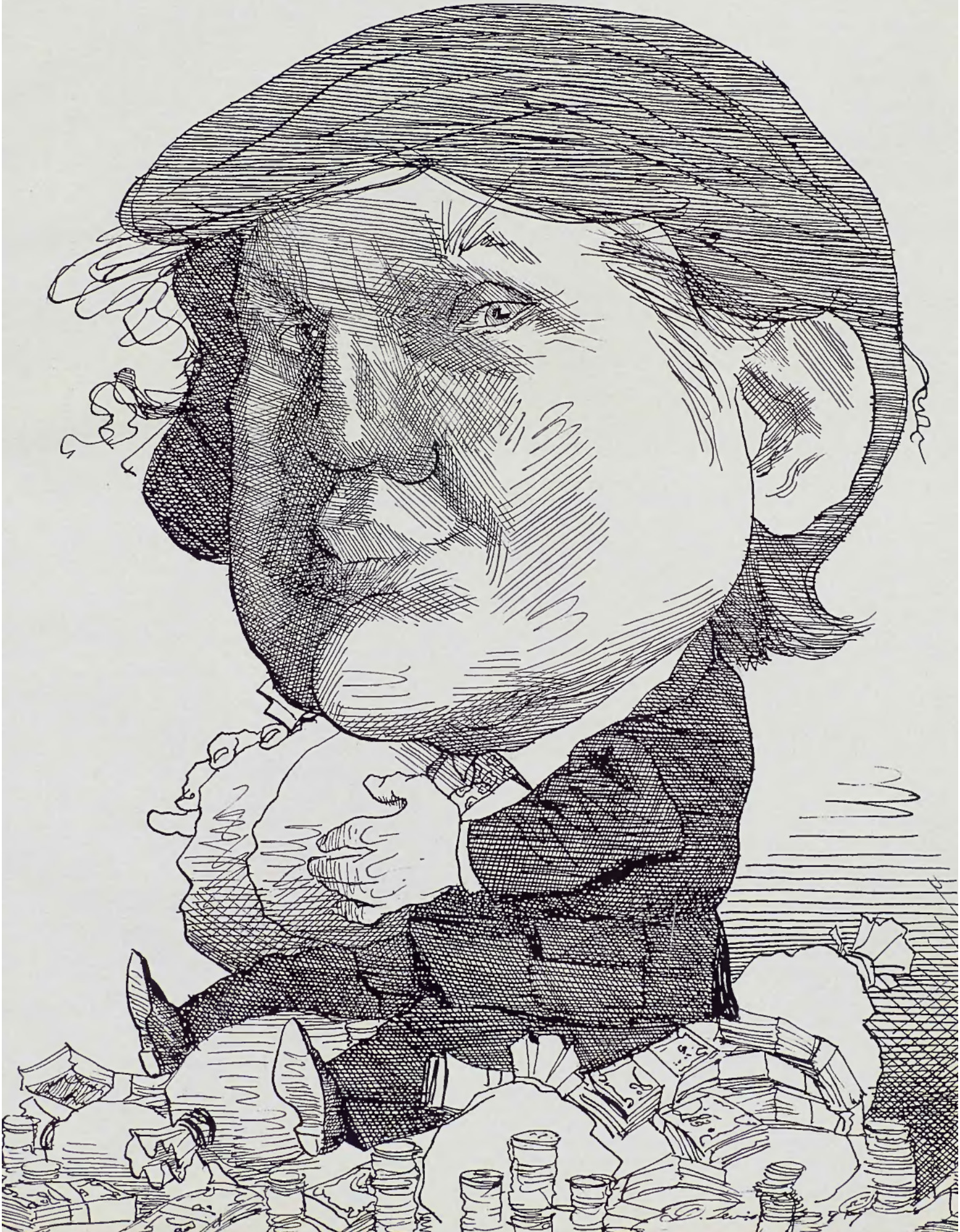
Still, there is much to celebrate. Six years back Trump was a black hole of collapsed speculation, by his own estimate $900 million in debt. It was, befitting his obsession with being biggest and best, a downfall worthy of cosmological metaphor, positively Saganesque. Trump was the symbol of the free-borrowing Reagan era left for tabloid feed, beset by harpy bankers, divorcing and mired in gossip, a bloated carcass on the shoulder of America's celebrity interstate.

That was then. Check again. *Forbes* recently lowballed his worth at $450 million. While he is not yet the colossus of Manhattan he seemed to be in his heyday, he is certainly no longer "the poorest guy in the world," which is how he described himself six years ago. It takes, one casino analyst estimates, about $1 million a month to support his lifestyle. He can afford it. He takes in about $1.2 billion a year from his casinos alone. Donald insists he's doing better today than he ever has, which is what he always says. Except now there's hard evidence. He was insulted by the *Forbes* estimate, which placed him near the bottom of that magazine's list of the 400 wealthiest Americans, behind Robert Petersen, publisher of *Hot Rod* magazine. Phoning from a red-velvet seat in his black Boeing 727, he defiantly highballed back a net worth of $2 billion, complaining, "I've got $450 million in stock market assets alone!"

He suffers skeptics. Few have ever been able to see the same Trump in full raiment that he sees in the mirror. He's back building in New York and throwing his weight around Atlantic City. He has casinos, beauty pageants, office towers, condos, country clubs, mansions. He's building the world's biggest yacht to replace the one he had to sell. He's exploring markets in Moscow. Even in his tin cup days, Trump never slipped from the lap of Manhattan luxury, and his Barnumesque sense of showmanship (and humor) is intact. His public image is still a cartoon, with his inveterate boasting, kamikaze candor and defiant ostentation—"People say the Eighties are dead, all the luxury, the extravagance. I say 'What?' Am I supposed to change my taste because it's a new decade? That's bullshit."

Still, the decade has altered him. Maybe it was the near bankruptcy, the loss of several close friends in a

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



helicopter crash or the years of brutal press. Maybe it is his marriage to Marla, or the sobering landmark of 50 years. But Trump has changed. His bombast now comes with a growl. He knows he can fail, but he also knows it won't kill him, which emboldens a man. His trials have encouraged a sad, sometimes morbid, strain. "When I was 38, it was all going to last forever," he says wistfully.

On the occasion of that big, round birthday number, that midlife passage, Marla threw a party at Trump Tower, a large party with 400 very close friends. There were strawberries and champagne for everyone, and there was a statue of Trump fashioned out of sugar, showing him dressed like Superman (with a dollar sign on his chest). Eartha Kitt sang *Happy Birthday* as 600 golden balloons descended. Golden-locked two-year-old Tiffany Trump attempted a song and dance, cute as cute can be. It was swell. The power years. At 50 the man still has the will and damn sure knows the way. A little sunny and a little sad. Full bloom of life. . . .

•

"I hate being 50. It's really a fucking disaster."

"How do you mean?"

"A disaster. Guy calls me. Haven't seen him for years. He stops by my office. This is a guy, this guy, he had the women lined up. I mean, lined up. Nobody had women like this guy. I haven't seen him in about 20 years. He shows up in my office and he's this big, fat, bald guy. I didn't say this to him, but I'm thinking, Holy shit, what the fuck happened to you? You know? Then it occurs to me. He's looking across the desk at me, probably thinking the same damn thing."

Another chomp of bacon. Donald is putting on a show, a command performance in his weekend whites with a blue Trump Tower cap pulled down low on his forehead. He's enjoying himself. The wicker sofa is on the great curving back patio of Mar-a-Lago, his Italianate castle in Palm Beach. Moorish-patterned tile stretches up 20 feet behind him. He's looking out over a patio, lush gardens, muscular art deco sculpture, the pool, a nine-hole chipping golf course, acres of swaying palms ($300 each, an unbelievable deal!) and, in the distance, the choppy purple waters of Lake Worth. From the house's central tower one can look out over the orange Spanish-tile roof east across the front yard to the Atlantic, and west to the lake. Hence the name Mar-a-Lago, or "Sea-to-Lake." Donald and Marla and Tiffany stay in one wing; the rest is now a high-priced club and spa. He is directing dozens of renovations at once, big and small. His estate manager is here, along with several other members of the Florida staff, this writer and Maria, the drape lady. This morning Donald is choosing ballroom drapes. Maria has lots of samples at her feet and on her lap. Twenty-one flavors of gold. She knows she's in the ballpark and she's looking for a little guidance here—Trump is notoriously fussy—but he isn't being too helpful.

"They released the Valujet tape," he says. "Did you hear it? The cockpit tape? You don't want to hear it. Is that a fucking nightmare, or what? Smoke filled the cockpit so bad the pilots had to get out. Can you imagine being a passenger on that plane? You're out of control, and you look up and the pilots come running out of the cockpit. No fucking hope. You got about 30 seconds before you hit."

Maria the drape lady has gone pale.

"And you're going down in the Everglades, in the swamp, so if the crash doesn't kill you—I got these Seminole Indian guys, friends of mine, great guys, you should meet these guys, the plane went down just a few miles from their reservation. They tell me they've got the world's fucking hungriest gators in this swamp—so if you're lucky enough to be alive after you hit, the fucking gators are coming after you. And if the gators miss you, the moccas—that's what they call water moccasins; you guys ain't from New York, we got our own *machas* up there—will get you. And these fucking things are vicious. They bite you and in two minutes you're completely paralyzed and in three minutes you're dead. Can you fucking imagine this?"

Donald takes another chomp of bacon. Maria and the others are stuck in awful reverie, the smoke, the dropping plane, the crash, the water, the mud, the gators, the moccas.

"But, on a more pleasant topic," says Donald, not missing a beat, "the ballroom. Maria." He gestures to the men around him. "This woman, she's the best, the best! Does all my drapes. All of them. She's a genius." Maria blushes.

"I want it really rich, Maria. Rich, rich, elegant, incredible."

He's up now, moving again, plate in hand. The men rise. Maria is still seated plaintively with her samples.

"Really rich," Donald says, looking back over his shoulder. "Don't disappoint me, Maria."

Performance is all with Trump. Fantasy is his business, no less than it was with Walt Disney, and he expects his hired help to deliver. The drapes must be incredible. His is a magic kingdom of perfect luxury, a life without stain, without wear and tear, without malfunction, mistake or delay. Perfect ease surrounded by brilliant people and beautiful things, a life without failure, distraction or care. Trump's own life sets the standard and is meant to be seen. Being seen is key. This is more than mere showing off. Like Disney's, Trump's is an inclusive fantasy. It's what endears him to his public, despite his excesses. When he bought Mar-a-Lago in 1985, he noticed that Marjorie Merriweather Post, who built the house to host fabulous flapper-era parties, had constructed a berm out where the front yard abuts Route A1A. That way, the view from the house looked right over the busy highway. One saw only ocean and sand. Donald ordered the berm lowered. If the road could not be seen from the house, then the house could not be seen from the road. Trump does not buy one of the most fabulous houses in North America to have people drive past without noticing it. Exhibitionism is part of the fantasy. He wants others to watch, to dream and to spend, from the little old ladies who yank his slot machines and scream when he walks across the casino floor to the Palm Beach climbers who shell out $100,000 to join Mar-a-Lago and stand in line at receptions to shake Donald's hand.

For a while the fantasy fell apart. The clock tolled midnight on the Eighties and—*poof!*—Trump's carriage and horses turned into pumpkin and mice. His wealth, his marriage and his image crumbled. He has his own version of what happened and why down pat. It was his fault:

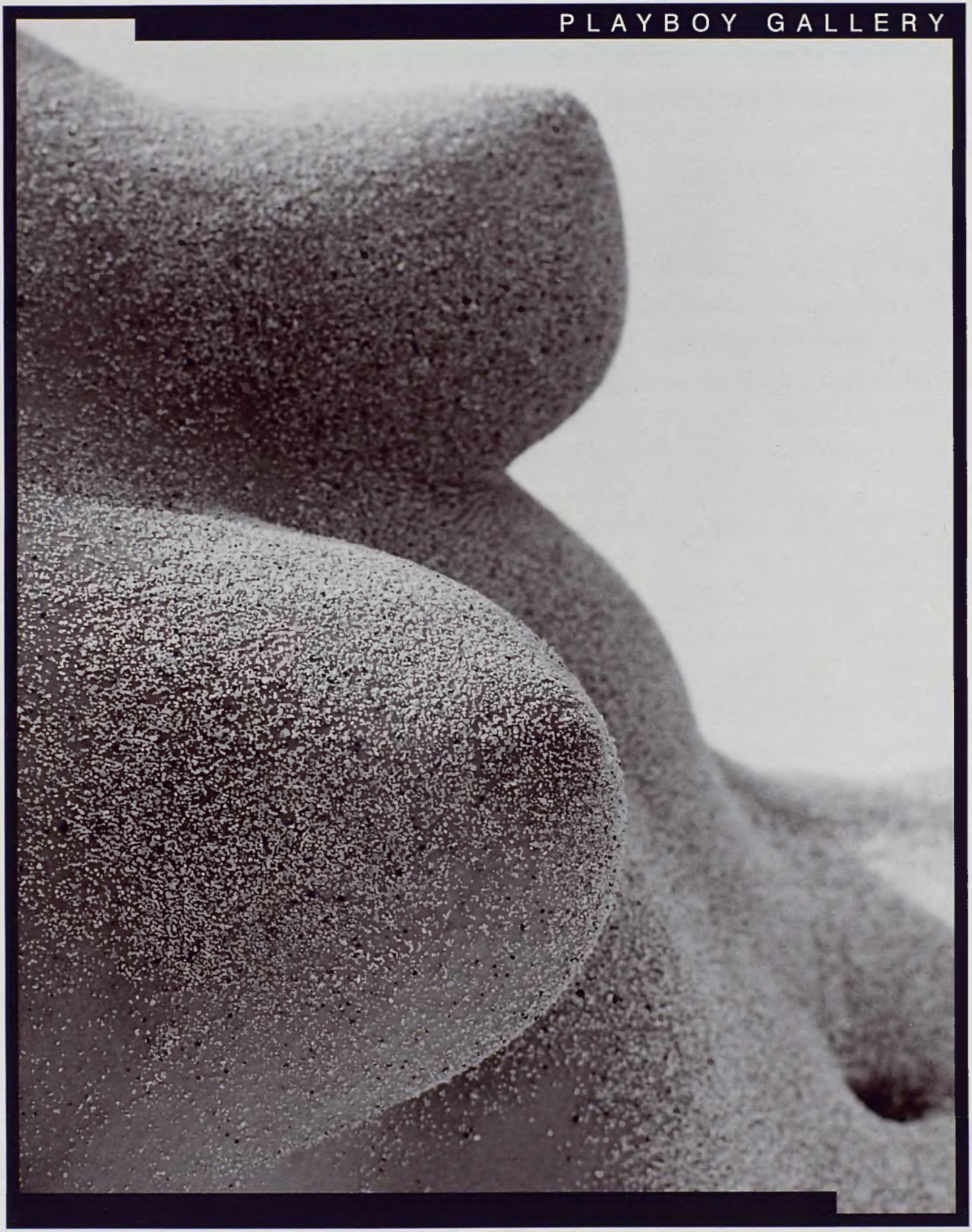
"I got a little too complacent. I definitely blame myself for it. I came out of Wharton and it was, like, boom! Fifteen years of unbroken success. One thing after another. And I got to thinking, This is easy. I got complacent. I just didn't work like I used to work."

And it wasn't:

"I relied too much on guys who were supposed to be experts. You can have a guy with degrees from Harvard and Wharton, who's amazingly knowledgeable and smart, who knocks your socks off with credentials, know what I mean? And if he doesn't have touch, you're screwed. I was turning over too much of my business to guys like that. I figured, Why should I do everything? Let those guys handle it. But you have to have touch. It's like Jack Nicklaus and putting. It's something you're born with. I'm convinced of that."

The real story is more complex. It was partly Trump's fault, partly not. He may have been the loudest, but he certainly wasn't the only builder and real estate speculator leveraged out the eyeballs in the Eighties. His string of early successes intoxicated bankers. He

(continued on page 92)



Cindy Crawford's face had graced just about every top fashion magazine that year. Herb Ritts had photographed Madonna, Kim Basinger and Tina Turner. Ritts and Crawford met on the sands of Kona and Kanapala, Hawaii. "Even before I saw one Polaroid from the shoot," said Cindy, "I knew it would turn out to be special." She was right—the portfolio generated plenty of summer heat for our July 1988 issue. The intimate landscape (above) was a scorcher.

DONALD TRUMP *(continued from page 90)*

Trump wasn't out on a ledge alone. His bankers were handcuffed to the legend they helped create.

signed his name and money poured his way—$400 million for the Plaza Hotel, $365 million to buy Eastern Airline's troubled Northeast shuttle service, $63 million for the Atlantis casino. His name was magic. Trump never intended to repay all this money by the formal terms of the loans. The game was to refinance strategically, keep dozens of balls in the air at once. Trump turned borrowing from Peter to pay Paul into an art form—the art of the deal. He took the sturdy station wagon of a fortune his father, Fred, gave him and drove it off like a fancy sports car, selling bankers and politicians on his dreams. From the start it was about fantasy, about bathrooms with marble walls and gold fixtures, about glass towers the color of gold, having the largest living room in the world, the coolest helicopter, the biggest yacht. People loved it. They paid more for Trump's condos and hotel rooms, and they flocked to his casinos. Trump's empire wasn't built on sand, it was built on fantasy.

Then the rules changed. Donald blames a lot of things for the collapse. There was "the stupid 1986 tax act," which limited depreciation. Real estate losses could no longer be offset to the same extent by increased earnings, which drove investors away and popped the inflated Manhattan real estate market like a balloon. Liquidity dried up. Anyone heavily leveraged was doomed. Trump says the act "destroyed the economy, destroyed the banks." Matters worsened in the wake of the savings and loan scandal, when the feds tightened lending practices. Then the junk bond market, one of Trump's favorite sources of cash, collapsed. "Boom! The curtain came down," Trump says. "I don't care how great you are, when you're bucking a three-year depression, you're going to have a tough time."

Behind the scenes in 1990, bankers were clamoring for interest payments Donald could no longer afford. Out front, he was still the great and powerful Oz, still boasting of his deal-making genius and continuing triumphs. His second book was a best-seller, he was planning to build the world's biggest yacht and the world's tallest building and was about to open the world's biggest gaming palace. But the curtain was pulled back when *The Philadelphia Inquirer*'s Atlantic City reporter, David Johnston, got hold of confidential financial statements Trump had filed with Atlantic City's Casino Control Commission in 1990. According to news reports, the financial analysis showed that Trump's holdings were worth only half of what he said, which meant, given all the money he owed, he was on a high ledge.

"Actually, it was worse than that," says Stephen Bollenbach, the gray-bearded wizard of corporate salvage who boarded the sinking *USS Trump* in 1990 at the insistence of Donald's lenders. "Donald was broke. He was worse than broke. He was losing money every day, and he was already hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars in debt. The truth was, he had been only a kind of paper millionaire to begin with. He owed lots more than he had, and he was getting poorer every day."

Trump was on a ledge, but he wasn't out there alone. Bollenbach's key insight was that Trump's bankers and investors were handcuffed to the legend they had helped create.

"Ironically, the fact that he was so overextended worked to his benefit when the real estate market collapsed," says Bollenbach. "He already had his financing. They were stuck with him."

The break in Trump's free fall came when he started calling his creditors' bluffs. Bollenbach remembers an $800,000 quarterly insurance premium for the *Trump Princess*. Trump was personally indebted $115 million to a Boston bank for the yacht. He assumed if he failed to make the insurance payment, the bank would seize the boat. Bollenbach argued that the yacht was worth a lot more to the bank as the *Trump Princess* than as just another 282-foot yacht with its own laser-lit disco and 13-nozzle shower carved in onyx. Who besides Trump would want or could afford such a thing? Since the bank effectively owned most of the yacht anyway, who would get hurt worse if it sank?

Bollenbach sent the bank a note "as a courtesy," he says, explaining that Trump, as a cost-cutting measure, would not be making the insurance payment. When he got the bank's response, Bollenbach strode down the hall to Donald's 26th-floor Trump Tower office and announced, "They made the payment."

"I can't believe it!" said Donald.

Here was the principle that would save Trump. The anchor of debt around his neck was heavy enough to sink a few banks if he went down. The banks knew it, and now Donald did, too. He still had many hard decisions to make. Bollenbach would corner him in his office with ultimatums.

"It was like, 'You can have A, B or C. You pick,'" he recalls. "Even months after I arrived, I think Donald believed he might be able to keep everything, that the world would get better if he only had more time. But after a couple of months of my beating on him, he realized the game was over. It got so bad that one day, when we were all boarding his helicopter for a trip to Atlantic City, the airlift facility refused to fuel the helicopter. One of the guys took out his own Mobil card and charged $2000 worth of gas."

Donald has said, "Once you have enough to eat and live, money is about ego." To survive, he had to let others manage his affairs, which was humbling enough. Harder still was giving up the fantasy, having to lose his public trophies. The toughest decision, Bollenbach says, was giving up the Plaza Hotel, a symbol of Manhattan luxury. Donald could see it fronting on Central Park from the window of his Fifth Avenue office. He would point to it from behind his desk when showing off for visitors. Part of him would always be the kid from Queens making good in Manhattan, and the Plaza was a tangible reminder of his success. It had to go.

The strategy was to dismantle the empire built on fantasy and rebuild it on sand, specifically Atlantic City sand. Methodically he sold off costly assets—the Trump Shuttle, the Plaza, his Connecticut mansion, the *Trump Princess*, the Grand Hyatt (his first big success)—in return for equity in the casinos, the Trump Castle, Trump Plaza and Trump Taj Mahal. Donald and Bollenbach (who left Trump in 1992) were betting that Atlantic City would save him. And they were right.

If there was a precise moment when Trump's comeback was complete, it was on September 30, 1996, when stockholders of his publicly traded company, Trump Hotels and Casino Resorts, agreed to buy the Castle—the laggard of his three Atlantic City holdings—for $485.7 million. That meant stockholders assumed a $354.8 million debt and directly paid Trump $130 million in stock and $885,000 in cash. He remains chairman of the company and owns 25 percent of its stock. He had successfully shucked the last vestige of his crushing debt. He was back.

Now even his most stubborn critics had to admit the Trumpster had done it.

(continued on page 162)

"I didn't say 'I'll eat an ol' lady,' ma'am. I was just yodeling!"

OUR KIND OF SPIRIT

miss may moves quietly at high speed

BETWEEN several sips of ice water at a chic Chicago watering hole, Lynn Thomas works intensely on her latest artistic endeavor—building a house of sugar packets. As a studio art major at a college near New York City, Miss May is more accustomed to working in a medium of sheet lead when she sculpts. But Lynn is a resourceful soul. "I'm going to start living after I get out of school," she says, explaining how she handles the challenge of an accelerated course load that will enable her to graduate in three years. "I'm future-oriented—driven, in a sense." She also conveys an air of mystery. This may partly be because of her alluring features, but it also may have to do with being, by her own admission, "very shy." Put these seemingly disparate qualities together, and it seems apt that her name in Vietnamese, Linh, translates as "spirit or intuition."

Lynn's parents met in Saigon, where her father was stationed during the Vietnam war, and settled near Virginia Beach. They divorced when Lynn was five, and her mother raised her and her older sister while working as a manicurist. "I call her a nail technician," Lynn says, "because she's really an artist." (The first time she practiced her art on Lynn was for Lynn's Playmate shoot.)

Lynn started out as a biology major, studying genetic engineering. Now majoring in studio art and management, she concentrates on both the human form and the bottom line.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR AND RICHARD FEGLEY

Lynn speaks of her mother with reverence. "My mom has had her share of tragedies. I don't know all the details—she speaks of her life in Vietnam in short interludes. I'd love to go there with her someday. We've gotten really close since I went away to school. She kept a tight rein on us growing up, but she's becoming more modern in her views."

Despite her rigorous academic itinerary, Lynn hasn't mapped her postgraduation plans. She might go to grad

Before she posed for PLAYBOY, Lynn had spent more time behind a camera than in front of one. "I took photography my first semester and loved it." She recently finished a course centering on "the two-dimensional aesthetic." We didn't pry, but we're sure she got an A.

school or enlist in Americorps. "I want it to be something interesting, different. Something I can learn from. So much of life is run by fear. You should live through things rather than be afraid of them." But lest you think Lynn is all seriousness, we should mention that she loves to shoot pool, ride motorcycles and jet-ski at night. "I have a daredevil side. I lack the naturally occurring euphoria chemical in my brain. I have to seek thrills to activate it." Lynn, seek and you shall find.

Despite her shyness, Lynn had no reservations about posing nude. Being in PLAYBOY, she says, has helped her explore her sexual side. "I feel very comfortable with nudity. I love the human body. But it's hard for me to project to the camera." Funny, you make it look easy.

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lynn Thomas

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 120 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 01/21/76 BIRTHPLACE: Newport News, Virginia

AMBITIONS: short term, I may endeavor to pursue graduate studies in the fine arts; long term, I hope to find a suitable niche in the work force.

TURN-ONS: creativity and imagination — the atypical, freedom, kindness, empathy, humor, passion, direction and decisiveness.

TURNOFFS: impatience, stereotypes, judgmental behavior, narrow-mindedness, instability.

QUALITY MOST VALUED IN OTHERS: Capacity to love.

NECESSITIES OF A STRONG RELATIONSHIP: strength in both parties, generosity, equality in every dimension, mental connection.

MOST IMPACTING STATEMENT: "ENVY IS IGNORANCE, IMITATION IS SUICIDE." — Emerson

MOST FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE: GOOD FRIDAY, SPINNING OUT IN RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC ACROSS A THREE-LANE HIGHWAY, BLIND BUT PLACID (IN RETROSPECT), THE FORCE OF STEERING WHEEL ACROSS MY STERNUM.

GOT MY GUARD UP

SENIOR PORTRAIT 1994

AWAITING THAT FABLED KNIGHT

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Sara," said the husband, "I just got a letter from the IRS. How should I dress for my meeting? In my Armani suit or in my jeans?"

"Jacob," his wife replied, "I'm going to tell you the same thing that my mother told me when I asked her whether I should wear pajamas or my sexy black negligee on our honeymoon. She said, 'Sara, it doesn't matter how you dress. You'll get fucked either way.'"

What's the politically correct term for a lesbian? A vagitarian.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A newlywed couple was flying to Miami for their honeymoon. Two drinks and an hour into the flight, the eager husband stole a few kisses from his bride. When she returned them with passion, he pulled a blanket from the overhead bin and placed it over their laps to offer privacy for more intimate expression. The undercover goings-on soon inflamed them. "Honey," he pleaded breathlessly, "we have to do it now! I've got an idea."

She moved onto his lap, then tapped the shoulders of the people in front of them. "Where are you heading?" she asked.

"We're going to Miami."

She turned to the people behind them. "Where are you heading?"

"Miami."

"Oh, yippee!" she shrieked, clapping her hands and bouncing up and down on her husband's lap. "We're all going to Miami! We're all going to Miami! We're all going to Miami!"

How many Microsoft technicians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? None. They declare darkness the standard.

A sales manager was complaining to a colleague about one of his salesmen. "Howard is so forgetful, it's a wonder he can sell anything. I asked him to pick up some sandwiches on his way back from lunch, but I'm not sure that he'll even remember to come back."

Just then, Howard burst into the room. "You'll never believe what happened!" he exclaimed. "I ran into the president of Acme Electronics at lunch. He hasn't bought anything from us in more than a decade. Well, we got to talking, and before I left he gave me a $5 million order!"

"See," the sales manager remarked, "I told you he would forget the sandwiches."

The indicted serial killer was asked to stand. "You are charged with murdering a young schoolteacher with a chain saw," the judge intoned.

"Lying bastard!" a man shouted from the gallery.

The judge fixed the unruly fellow with a stern stare, but continued. "You are also charged with murdering a housewife with a shovel."

"Damn tightwad!" the man bellowed.

"Sir," the judge warned, "you cannot disrupt the court like this. Explain these outbursts."

"I've lived next door to that miserable son of a bitch for 20 years," the man said. "Did he ever have a tool when I needed one?"

Jeff was mowing the lawn as his wife drove up. "Honey," she told him, "the doctor says I can't make love."

"Hmmm," Jeff pondered. "How'd he find that out?"

An elementary schoolteacher was visiting the zoo on her day off when she walked past the lion's cage and was amazed by what she saw. The king of the jungle was sleeping peacefully alongside several lambs. Recognizing the possibilities of teaching the true meaning of coexistence to her students, she sought out the zoo director. "How did you ever manage to accomplish such an extraordinary alliance?" she asked.

"It's actually quite simple, madam," the director replied. "We just add a few fresh lambs every now and then."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why did postage stamps go up to 32 cents? The high cost of ammo.

You seem to have more than the average share of intelligence for a man of your background," the lawyer sneered at a witness on the stand.

"If I weren't under oath, I'd return the compliment," replied the witness.

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"And for another $37.50 you get a T-shirt with my phone number on the back."

Suits And Tide

swimwear that shows your true colors

fashion BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Good news for a drab world: Designers are putting color back on the beach with vibrant suits and dive accessories. Neon signature patterns, which cunningly incorporate designer labels, are this year's most readable fashion statements. The other big trend is to go small. Leave your long, floppy jams in the closet of the summerhouse. This year's suits are fitted. Don't trends just make you crazy?

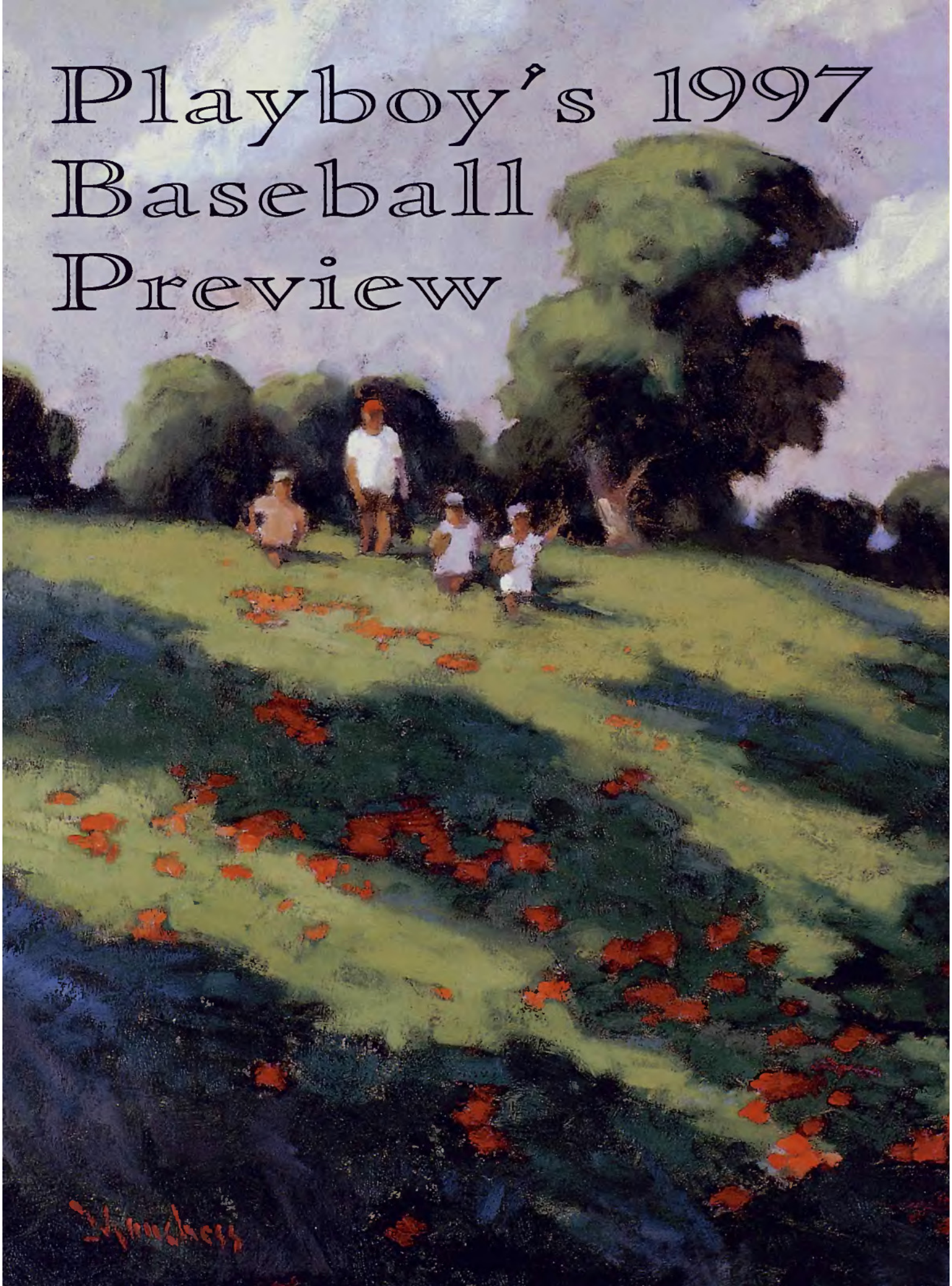
Wave raves (clockwise from top right): Go deep with the Oceanic Compass ($40). Underneath it, the terry-cloth knapsack is by Hugo Boss ($85). The Kenko New Marine Housing for disposable cameras is great for surf shots ($119). The logo-striped suit by Moschino Mare costs $76, and the Oceanways DVT fins are $30. The underwater flashlight is by Ikelite ($60). The striped suit is by Gottex ($52). The Citizen Aqualand Underwater Watch for $895 has a bold face. The U.S. Divers Tropic Diving Gloves feel good at $39. For a step up, try Sensi's $23 thongs. Nicole Farhi's violet suit is made of Lycra ($85). The silicone mask and snorkel set is from Speedo ($55). Emporio Armani's nylon-and-spandex suit has a neon leg band ($100). The TYP Technoflex Goggles cost $12. The dive watch with nylon band is by Guess Watches ($55).

ALL DIVE ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE AT PARAGON SPORTS, NYC
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Moschino
OCEANWAYS
DIVE
MAXIMUS
TROPIC
U.S. DIVERS

Playboy's 1997 Baseball Preview

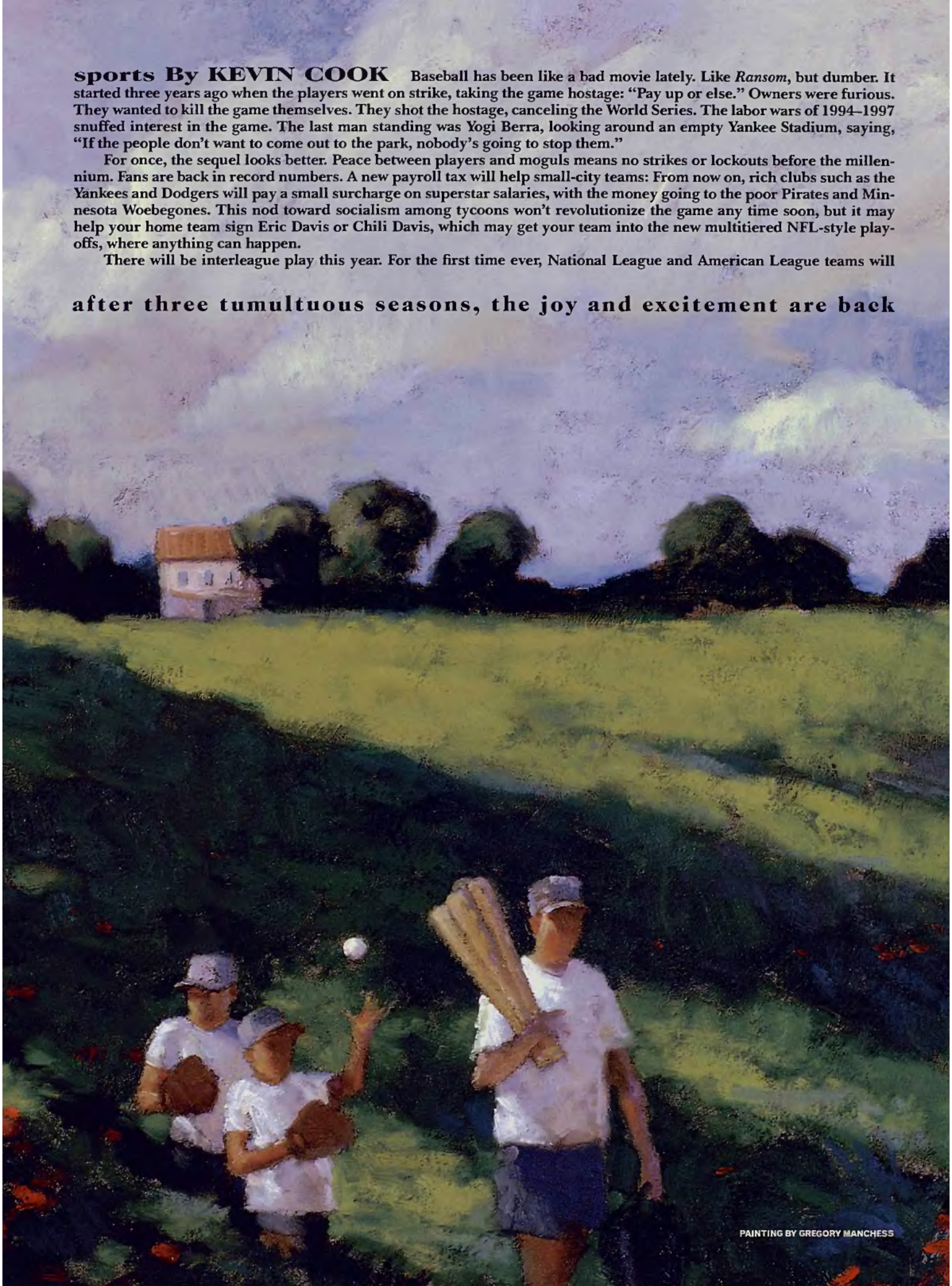


sports By KEVIN COOK Baseball has been like a bad movie lately. Like *Ransom*, but dumber. It started three years ago when the players went on strike, taking the game hostage: "Pay up or else." Owners were furious. They wanted to kill the game themselves. They shot the hostage, canceling the World Series. The labor wars of 1994–1997 snuffed interest in the game. The last man standing was Yogi Berra, looking around an empty Yankee Stadium, saying, "If the people don't want to come out to the park, nobody's going to stop them."

For once, the sequel looks better. Peace between players and moguls means no strikes or lockouts before the millennium. Fans are back in record numbers. A new payroll tax will help small-city teams: From now on, rich clubs such as the Yankees and Dodgers will pay a small surcharge on superstar salaries, with the money going to the poor Pirates and Minnesota Woebegones. This nod toward socialism among tycoons won't revolutionize the game any time soon, but it may help your home team sign Eric Davis or Chili Davis, which may get your team into the new multitiered NFL-style playoffs, where anything can happen.

There will be interleague play this year. For the first time ever, National League and American League teams will

after three tumultuous seasons, the joy and excitement are back



PAINTING BY GREGORY MANCHESS

meet in the regular season. Purists may moan about cheapening the World Series, but as Giants owner Peter Magowan says, "We don't market for the purists." Instead, owners and players market mostly for the networks. Baseball bleeds TV green, not Dodger blue. The game's $1.7 billion in deals with NBC, Fox and ESPN are its lifeblood. TV helped keep owners afloat when merchandising dried up during the labor wars. Since TV makes most of its money on the postseason, we can expect more playoffs. If TV had its way the postseason would start on Labor Day with the Midwest Division Wild-Card Sub-Playoffs, practically ensuring that the best team wouldn't be lucky enough to win. Such crass choices cheapen the game, make it less like what Willie Mays played, and more like Nintendo. Still, if our thrills are cheaper these days, at least we have more of them.

Two exciting marketing concepts, the Arizona Diamondbacks and the Tampa Bay Devil Rays, join the fray next year. That means even thinner pitching staffs and still more 12–10 games. The pinballization of the game goes full tilt in 2002 when two more expansion teams (Charlotte and Mexico City?) can join. Meanwhile, the globalization of baseball speeds up. We will soon see big-league stars playing in the Olympics. One sign of globalization is the Los Angeles Dodgers' pitching rotation: two Dominicans, a Mexican, a Japanese and a Korean. And as Japanese–American baseball relations improve, we may soon see the Dodgers' Hideo Nomo pitching against a countryman, Hideki Irabu, who throws much harder than Nomo. Irabu, just in from Tokyo, has 100-mph neon.

Oddly enough, the man who made this fun possible was the biggest grinch of all, Chicago White Sox owner Jerry Reinsdorf. He showed his regard for baseball in 1994 by signing his favorite hoops star, Michael Jordan, to a White Sox contract. The Sox owner was a boardroom Machiavelli in the labor wars, whispering to rump commissioner Bud Selig. Together they torpedoed a labor-management peace arranged by their own negotiator. Reinsdorf preached fiscal restraint. Then he signed Albert Belle, the man Chicago needed to bat behind Frank Thomas, for a record $55 million. That was the contract that broke the owners' backs. Reinsdorf's allies broke ranks and made peace with the players. Mighty Briefcasey has struck out. We can turn our attention to the field, where younger men do better things.

Nobody had a better perspective last season than the Mets' Paul Wilson. A bonus baby expected to vie for Rookie of the Year, Wilson sucked, won five games and lost 12. Whereupon he said he hated his performance but still could not imagine a better life than "being young and playing ball."

Good as it is, it's not the game our dads played. Baseball has probably changed as much in the Nineties as at any other time in its 130-year history. War, expansion, $50 million players and football-style playoffs, with interleague play and more expansion

(continued on page 116)

Cook's Picks

AL EAST	AL CENTRAL	AL WEST
Orioles	Indians	Mariners
Yankees	White Sox	Angels
Blue Jays	Twins	Rangers
Red Sox	Royals	Athletics
Tigers	Brewers	

AL Wild Card: White Sox

NL EAST	NL CENTRAL	NL WEST
Braves	Cardinals	Dodgers
Marlins	Astros	Rockies
Mets	Reds	Padres
Expos	Cubs	Giants
Phillies	Pirates	

NL Wild Card: Marlins

AL Champs: INDIANS
NL Champs: BRAVES

WORLD CHAMPS: BRAVES

"You're cheating, Eddie."

DISHING ON DBS

don't know dss from ussb?

here are the top contenders in

direct broadcast satellite tv

electronics

BY JONATHAN TAHIFF

Direct broadcast satellite dishes are popping up everywhere—from the rooftops of suburbia and the windowsills of urban towers. Most are no bigger than the average pizza, yet all are mighty enough to pick up signals from 22,000 miles in space. The allure is obvious: DBS systems deliver crystal-clear digital pictures and CD-quality sound, plus enough programming to satisfy even the most insatiable couch potato—up to four times what you can get on cable.

How prolific are direct broadcast satellites? Currently, they beam television programming to more than one in 22 households. By 2001, the converts should number one in seven homes, according to the Carmel Group, a media research organization that covers the satellite industry.

Leading the way is the Digital Satellite System, in nearly 3 million households. With DSS, you can choose among 200 channels of programming from DirecTV (175) and U.S. Satellite Broadcasting (25). DSS also has the biggest presence in electronics stores, with 18-inch dish–and–receiver packages available from a dozen major manufacturers. (See "DSS: Getting in Gear" on page 151 for a breakdown of some of the top equipment.)

Second in popularity is the 160-channel Primestar. Although Primestar doesn't demand an up-front equipment investment like its competitors do, it does require you to plant a larger, 27-inch dish in your backyard. Close to 2 million rural and suburban homes have signed on for Primestar's "about $1 a day" (and up) leasing and program package, which is backed and serviced by the nation's top cable companies.

Running an aggressive third is Echostar's Dish Network, feeding more than 88 digital video channels to about half a million homes. Like DSS, the Dish Network also beams programs to 18-inch satellite dishes and receivers, which cost upwards of $200.

Both the Dish Network and Primestar offer one-stop shopping for hardware, programming and service. In the somewhat complicated world of DSS, subscribers get separate monthly bills from DirecTV and USSB, and may also have to ring up a third party—their receiver manufacturer—to resolve technical problems.

MOVIES, NEWS AND MUSIC

What sells DBS, of course, is all that programming. DSS, for example, dedicates 55 DirecTV channels just to pay-per-view flicks, plus another 15 USSB channels to commercial-free movie services. You can't watch them all, but with staggered repeats of the hottest films and East Coast–West Coast alternatives of the HBOs and Showtimes, you have a much better chance to see what you want, when you want.

All the DBS satellite services offer multiple news and variety outlets, as well as specialty channels for history, weather, comedy, music videos, cartoons and more. DirecTV and Primestar host Playboy TV around-the-clock. You also get commercial-free digital music—up to 31 channels delivered to your TV and stereo by category (alternative rock, blues, reggae, rap, etc.).

To make surfing these channels easier, each of the systems offers an on-screen menu. With DSS, for example, you use the remote to zero in on grids that are subdivided by hour, channel or program genre; some guides have one-touch tuning and VCR recording capabilities. If you prefer to plan ahead, DSS is supported with several printed program guides—the monthlies *Satellite Direct* and *Satellite Choice* and the weeklies *TV Plus* and the DSS version of *TV Guide*. Primestar and Echostar each offer a single monthly guidebook.

The downside is that none of the DBS services beam local broadcasts; you need an auxiliary antenna or basic cable for those. While a simple roof antenna or rabbit ears may suffice, several companies offer variations that attach directly to the satellite dishes. We tried the Freedom Antenna by Antennas America, a $70 solution that worked well. If, for some reason, you still can't get clear reception of local channels, you can pay an extra $5 per month for Prime Time 24, a programming option that includes both East Coast and West Coast feeds of CBS, NBC and ABC, plus national PBS and Fox channels.

JOCK ITCH

Did we mention sports? For millions of guys, satellite TV's feast of football, hockey, basketball, baseball and more is Valhalla, but it isn't cheap. A subscription to DirecTV's most expansive sports roster could set you back as much as $1200 a year—and that doesn't include the pay-per-view boxing and wrestling specials carried on DirecTicket and USSB.

What does it include? You get regional sports as part of the basic monthly programming package from DirecTV, Primestar and Dish Network. This alone lets you choose among home-team pro and college games, as well as a mix of away games, sports news, hunting and fishing shows, auto and horse racing, soccer, tennis, bowling and surfing competitions.

Core program packages for all three DBS systems include ESPN and ESPN2 plus sports-heavy TBS, TNT, USA and TNN, with the Golf Channel as a universal option (for about $7). The Dish Network is the sole carrier of the baseball-minded superstations WPIX New York (planning to carry the Yankees), KTLA Los Angeles (Dodgers) and WSBK Boston (Red Sox, and the Celtics, too). And Dish's unique Spanish-language package includes Fox Sports Americas and Telemundo, both heavy with soccer.

Each satellite system is aligned with a different sports news service—Dish Network with ESPNews, Primestar with CNN-SI (for *Sports Illustrated*) and DirecTV with Newsport. DirecTV and Primestar let you relive great events of the past on the Classic Sports Network, hit the trails on the Outdoor Life channel or buzz the raceway on Speedvision.

Better still is the season-ticket action on DirecTV and Primestar. Now a native New Yorker lazing away in Margaritaville can keep tabs on the Knicks. Or a diehard Dolphins fan relocated to frigid Detroit can bask in the Miami stadium on Sundays.

This season, Primestar promises program parity *(concluded on page 151)*

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

COMPUTER ILLUSTRATION BY TONY KLASSEN, SEGURA INC.

Baseball (continued from page 112)

Why expect the Orioles to topple the world champs? The pivotal player will likely be Alomar.

coming next year. Purists may bitch, but the game is not endangered. It is evolving.

Each year in their fine new ballpark the Colorado Rockies sell out 81 fun experiments in moon baseball: *It's a pop-up . . . the shortstop settles under it . . . it's gone!* Coors Field is but one monument to a modern renaissance in ballpark design, a trend that has replaced ratty stadia with fab new venues in Baltimore, Denver, Cleveland and Texas.

The Atlanta Braves are moving to a new home, too. I expect them to win the World Series this year, but don't bet on it. The Braves have spent the Nineties proving that in postmodern baseball the best team often doesn't win.

Baseball's unpredictability is more than my excuse for missing my World Series pick every year. It's a reason to love summer, box scores at breakfast, carrying a radio all day, dancing at eight to ESPN's *Baseball Tonight* theme. On any given night you might discover Wendell Magee Jr., who was cut three times from his high school baseball team but finally made his debut as the Phillies' center fielder last summer. That night, with two out in the ninth inning, the Dodgers' Tim Wallach hit a blast over the fence. A game-tying two-run homer? Not when young Magee leaped over the wall to snag the ball, ending the game with the play of the year.

Another rookie made the postseason play of the year. Twelve-year-old Yankees fan Jeff Maier, playing hooky, reached out of the stands in the AL Championship Series to steal Derek Jeter's fly ball from Baltimore outfielder Tony Tarasco. An ump erroneously called it a home run, helping send the Yanks to their first World Series in 15 years. The Series began with the worst Yankees loss in their long, grand postseason history, a 12–1 blowout won by the Braves. Yanks fans surrendered all hope in the fifth inning that night, chanting, "Let's go, rain."

Three nights later they were on the brink of a three-to-one deficit. Substitute catcher Jim Leyritz couldn't decide which bat to use against Atlanta fireballer Mark Wohlers. He took one of Darryl Strawberry's heavier bats to the plate.

Leyritz' plan was simple: Look fastball. As soon as his leg goes up, I'm swinging, he thought.

Leyritz and almost everyone else knew he couldn't hit Wohlers' fastball. But on a 2–2 count Wohlers inexplicably threw a slider instead, and not a good one. Such a pitch takes a hundredth of a second longer to arrive. Leyritz, swinging Strawberry's heavy bat, took an instant longer to swing. *Boom*. New York goes on to win game four, deadlocking the Series at 2–2, then wins two more to leave 50,000 Yankees fans singing *New York, New York*.

Yankees manager Joe Torre had every right to be emotional the night he won the World Series. His club had weathered a midsummer challenge from the Orioles while the tabloid press called for Torre's head. The Yanks survived the playoffs, rose from the dead in the Series and brought the world title back to Babe Ruth's house. And through it all Torre worried about his brother Frank, a former big-league first baseman who had a heart transplant during the Series. One night, with his team staging one of the best World Series rallies ever, Torre could barely contain his emotions. Thinking of his brother, his own 18-year playing career, his team's long fight to get here, where history beckoned, Torre turned to crusty dugout advisor Don Zimmer and said, "Isn't this great?"

Zimmer replied, in the best baseball tradition, "Ah, shut up."

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

Disappointed by last season's near miss, the **Orioles** have a spitting-image problem. Is their second baseman elegant All-Star Roberto Alomar or his evil twin, the unsplendid spitter? Luckily for Alomar, Baltimore fans, who have been salivating for a pennant since 1983, are ready to forgive. They endured a Looney Tunes year in which general manager Pat Gillick gave up hope in July with the Orioles 12 games behind the Yankees. Gillick wanted to play for the future, dealing off such expensive veterans as Bobby Bonilla and David Wells to clubs that had a chance to win. But owner Peter Angelos wanted a pennant race and bought one, backing trades for more expensive vets. Baltimore won the wild card and may have made the Series if not for 12-year-old Jeff Maier.

Now Angelos, Gillick and manager Davey Johnson's team have a new old vet, Eric Davis, replacing Bonilla in the lineup. Murray is gone, but Pete Incaviglia can handle DH. There is a new third baseman, too: Cal Ripken Jr. His move from shortstop allows signee Mike Bordick to join Ripken, Alomar and Rafael Palmeiro in one of the game's best infields. The outfield features the fragile Davis, who saved his career with a 26-homer year in Cincinnati, in right field. Steady B.J. Surhoff mans left field, with Brady Anderson in center. In the three years before 1996 Anderson hit 13, 12 and then 16 homers. But last year Anderson hit bunches. He parked 50, to go with a career-best .297 average and 110 RBIs. Pitchers responded the way you'd expect. They hit him a league-leading 22 times. Now the black-and-blue Oriole leads a team that blends power, decent speed and improved defense. A pitching staff led by Mike Mussina is minus left-hander Wells but now boasts ex-Yank Jimmy Key in the number two slot. In 1996 Mussina won 19 games for the second straight year but saw his ERA jump from 3.29 to 4.81. Key was but 12–11, and with closer Randy Myers aging fast, the rest of the staff won't be worth spit until Gillick nabs another arm (Curt Schilling?).

Why expect the Orioles to topple the world champs? Three reasons. First, better glove work. Second, Gillick's GM work. Just as he did in Toronto and last year here, Gillick will bring in a pivotal new famous face for the pennant race. But the pivotal player will likely be Alomar. The bet here is that a determined, dry-mouthed Alomar becomes this year's Most Valuable Player.

With John Wetteland trading his salt-stained **Yankees** cap (he never gets his sweaty game hat cleaned) for a new red one in Texas, Mariano Rivera becomes New York's closer. No problem. Rivera will save 40 games. But while manager Torre worries about the toll last season's 100-plus innings exacted on the 27-year-old's arm, he must also replace all those brilliant Rivera outings in the seventh and eighth innings. Big problem. That's the main reason to look for the Yanks' division-leading pitching to suffer. There are positive signs for the Yanks—including their other Rivera, outfielder Ruben, poised to kick some major butt as soon as he has a full-time job. Yet with a mediocre attack and anorexic pitching (baseball's plague outside Atlanta), this is not the sort of juggernaut that wins back-to-back World Series.

You have heard that signing Roger Clemens gives the pitching-rich **Blue Jays** the AL strikeout king (Clemens), the league's Cy Young Award winner (Pat Hentgen) and its ERA leader

(continued on page 152)

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Cyndi Wood*

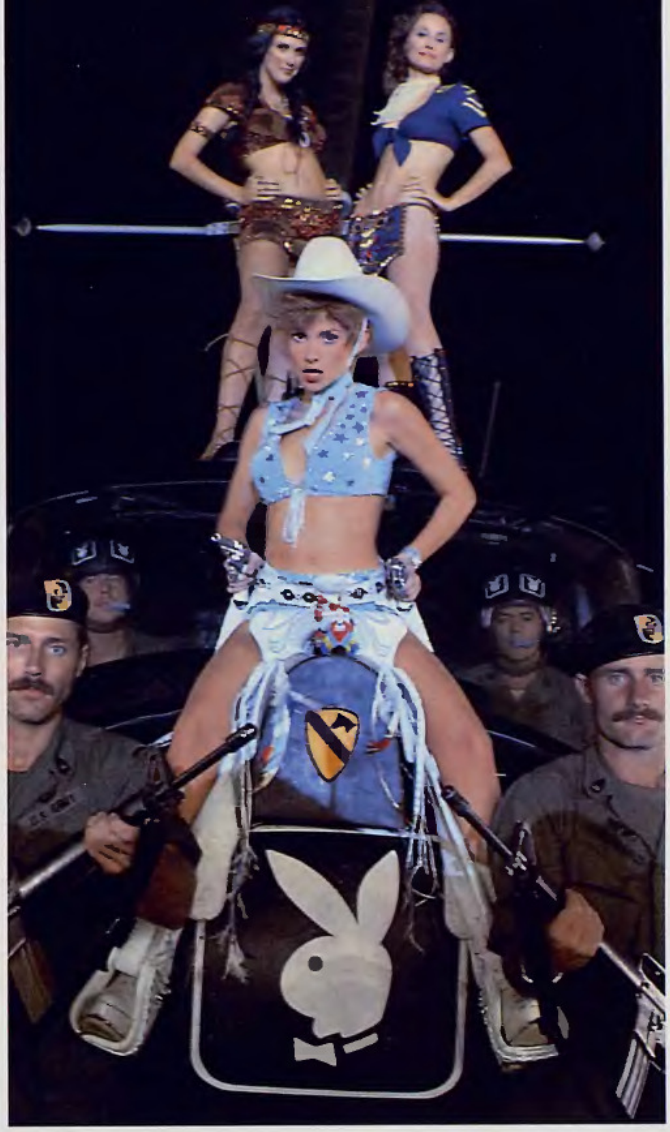
our 1973 "class act" only gets classier

Cyndi's centerfold (top right) presaged her 1974 Playmate of the Year honors. While she never lived up to the noun on her studded T-shirt, above, she certainly became enriched. As PMOY, Cyndi copped a Mercedes coupe and a Harley-Davidson—both in Playmate pink.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, Cyndi Wood was so sure she was "too ordinary" to appear in PLAYBOY, she didn't even submit her own photograph to us—a girlfriend mailed one in for her. Thank you, girlfriend. Cyndi's February 1973 centerfold won our hearts and inspired millions of Wood-worshipers worldwide. But it was just the beginning. Cyndi, a singer-dancer-actress with a smile to die for and energy to spare, went on to capture the Playmate of the Year crown for 1974.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

"I haven't really decided an a career, and I'm in no hurry," Cyndi told us back in 1974. Today (right), she runs her own audio productian hause, cruises the Internet (where she plans to have her awn Web site) and is chasing down a doctorate in psychology.



When she wasn't singing in the studio or appearing an billboards, Cyndi was an actress. One of her early acting stints was her portrayal of a PMOY inspiring troops in Francis Coppola's Vietnam war epic, *Apocalypse Now*. Not surprisingly, she nailed the part.

Men are angry because they aren't getting it and it's advertised everywhere.

paid by the hour.

GRAY: Women make a big deal out of a two-minute hand job. Two minutes! That's all it takes. It can make the guy's day, make him feel happy, and it can save your marriage. But she wants him to do something for her, to clean up or do this or that. She's pissed off because she's not getting what she wants, and she's using that as an excuse for not getting him off. But she'd get more of what she wants if she would take the time for a quickie. And I'm not talking just hand jobs. He'd resent it if all he got were hand jobs. How about a blow job? Or intercourse. A quickie. What's the big deal? Sometimes I pick up everything at the cleaners, take care of the kids, and she goes for a walk. You do things for your partner.

PLAYBOY: What if the woman is simply too tired?

GRAY: That's an excuse, complete baloney. That attitude ruins marriages.

PLAYBOY: According to the women we know, it isn't baloney. Women have other demands on them, and sex isn't always the highest priority.

GRAY: If she can't imagine doing a quickie, she should give him a blow job. If nothing else, a hand job. It takes two minutes.

PLAYBOY: You've said that a few times. It usually takes more than two minutes.

GRAY: The point is, everybody's needs should be met, and sex should not be neglected. Do you want to know why there's so much violence? Men are out of work; women are competing with men; we have new expectations; we have more pornography; we have more romantic novels; we have unrealistic images of what's real. But the bottom line is that a lot of men want to have sex with their wives, but their wives don't want to give them sex. They've always got reasons: "I'm bloated. I'm sick. I'm having my period. I have a headache." Any somewhat sensitive man is going to go, "OK, well, I don't want to make you have sex if you don't want to have sex." But this has all been in the past 30 years. I'm not talking about a woman who is abducted on the street and raped. I'm talking about a woman who's married to a man. The man goes out and risks his life for this woman. He works hard for his family. What does she do for him? She has sex with him whenever he wants. That's what sex used to be. Sex was always for the man. What's this sex-for-the-woman thing? Now, I'm all in favor of sex for the woman, because women are discovering they need their orgasms. It takes 30 minutes for them to have a real sexual experience. How do you have sex for 30 minutes every day in a busy life with kids? You don't. But you can do two minutes whenever the man wants sex. I tell my wife that I sometimes can't sleep because I'm so horny, but I don't want to wake her up. "Oh, honey," she says. "You should just come to me. I'm your wife. That's what I'm here for." Thank you, God, that I married this woman. Women are now brainwashed with all this feminist stuff: "I didn't get my 20 minutes of clitoral stimulation. How can you think about penetrating me?" It's OK. I'm not against it. Women should have great sex. It will make better marriages for men. Sometimes you go slow. Sometimes you take 30 minutes. Sometimes you have a romantic evening, an emotional getaway, a romantic getaway, and you have great sex. That's all making sure she gets what she needs. Other times, what a man needs is zero to 60 in four seconds. He needs his quickies, and what a gift to give him. Men are simple.

PLAYBOY: So what do you have against masturbation?

GRAY: If a man has a partner, she should be a part of it. She should be happy to love him to whatever extent she can.

PLAYBOY: Won't women be the ones who are resentful, then?

GRAY: They will be if the whole deal isn't done. That means once a month he has to take her away and romance her, plus they have to have half-hour sex at least once a week, so her basic sexual and emotional needs are met. Her superromantic needs must be met once a month. I mean, I don't think that it's realistic or possible for any man to stay attracted to his wife if he doesn't take her to a hotel or at least get out of the house and have sex with her someplace else. They have dinner out, or maybe he makes dinner for her and she feels like she's being waited on. She's special, she's the jewel; he creates the setting. She gets that once a month.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about married men. How should single men satisfy their sexual needs?

GRAY: Men are angry because they aren't getting it and it's advertised everywhere. It looks as if everybody is getting it, so why isn't he? Why is he meeting women who are saying no or wanting to wait? That makes men angry because they feel they're not getting what they need. My message to those men is to not have sex. They can sublimate that energy into creativity—music, writing or sports.

PLAYBOY: Married men should get all the sex they want but single men should go jogging. Single men must hate you.

GRAY: You need to take that energy from the sexual center into your heart and head, and you will then have the charisma to attract a woman into your life. You have to move it to make yourself more attractive. If men aren't getting it, I tell them: OK, use that energy. Masturbation is fine, but some people masturbate excessively. If you're masturbating that energy away, you're never going to build it up so you become magnetic. It sounds unscientific to say people become magnetic, but we all know there are magnetic personalities. We know there's a force of attraction between men and women.

PLAYBOY: And you actually believe that men get magnetic personalities by not masturbating?

GRAY: If you sublimate your energy, your urge for sex lessens. That energy moves up into the heart and head. On the other hand, it can be addictive to have sex with women you don't love. The sexual energy doesn't go up into your heart. Your energy is actually depleted. When the natural urge for sex comes up, you're attracted to women you don't love. I don't want to be too idealistic and tell a man he should have sex only with the woman he wants to marry. But I suggest you wait until you at least feel love for her—when you realize she's a quality person who resonates with your good qualities. Then have sex with her. I've talked with guys who say, "I can't stand her, but she's great in bed." If you keep having sex with people you don't connect with emotionally or mentally, you'll lose your ability to be attracted to the right person.

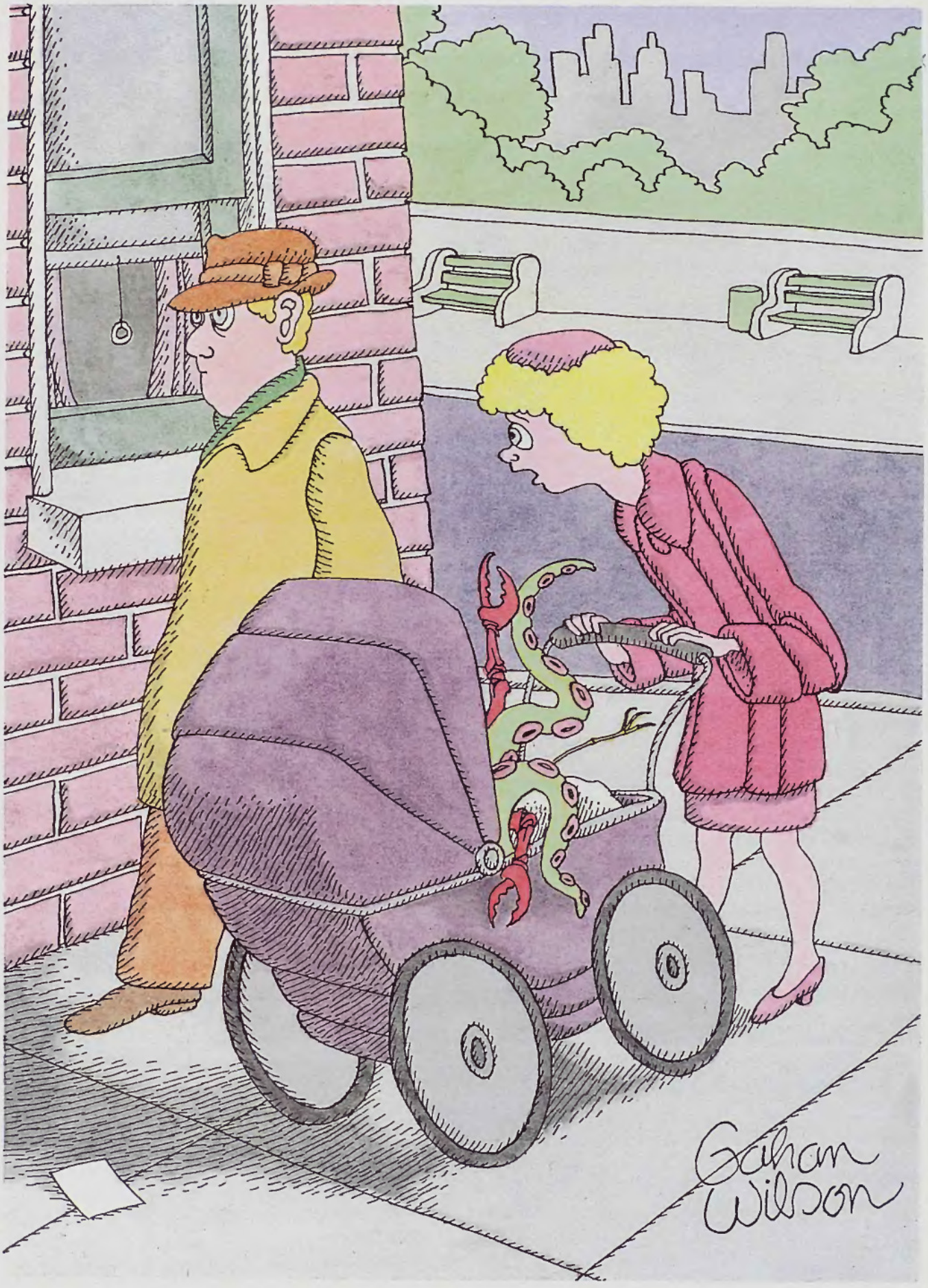
PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting monogamy for everyone?

GRAY: Most people who aren't in a relationship are looking for one. Sure, there's a time when you are young and want to play around and experiment. But eventually you will want a mature relationship.

PLAYBOY: But some men are happy being single.

GRAY: I hear all the time from men who have been happy being single but no longer are. These men want something more—something deeper. But they can't get it.

(continued on page 159)



"I think something's wrong with the baby, dear!"

we danced the macarena over flat cd and concert sales. meanwhile, madonna resurrected evita, tupac was shot, courtney simmered on-screen and sheryl was censored by wal-mart

1996 PLAYBOY MUSIC

THERE ARE two ways to look at the music of 1996. Al Gore dancing the macarena is one. The other is to think of 1996 as a transition year. If alternative is passé, then what's next? Music lovers voted on the year with their dollars—they didn't spend them. There were a few surprises—Celine Dion, LeAnn Rimes, No Doubt—and a lot of recycling. Kiss' comeback was a hoot and a financial success, Patti Smith's was poignant and the Sex Pistols' a flop. It's not enough to be in it for the money. The Beatles had a great year, Michael Jackson an off one, and Prince surprised everybody by making a three-CD album that wasn't a bomb.

It was a good year again for the women. Madonna found a new way to get our attention. Alanis Morissette's CD went platinum 14 times by the end of 1996. Keeping up in the honorable mention category: Toni Braxton, Sheryl Crow (fueled by the Wal-Mart ban over these lyrics: "Watch our children as they kill each other/With a gun they bought at Wal-Mart discount stores"), Mariah Carey, Jewel, Shania Twain and the women the critics loved—Ani DiFranco, Tracy Chapman, Tracy Bonham, Anita Cochran and Fiona Apple.

Country responded to a drop in sales by moving a little to the offbeat—Junior Brown, BR5-49, Gillian Welch, Iris DeMent and the 14-year-old phenom with the huge voice, LeAnn Rimes. Bill Monroe died, leaving the bluegrass music he popularized to be carried on by Allison Krauss and friends.

This was the year that rap imploded. Tupac Shakur died in a hail of bullets, as if fulfilling his gangsta destiny. Dr. Dre took a hike, changing labels and direction. Snoop was acquitted of murder. Just when we wondered if rap could survive its old ways, a strong new direction appeared in the music of Fugees and Bone Thugs-N-Harmony—melody and (occasionally) a more uplifting attitude.

Things changed in R&B, too. Babyface's success at producing, writing and performing seemed to remind others—D'Angelo, Maxwell, Tony Rich, Faith Evans—how to do what Whitney, Toni and Mariah have perfected. College students discovered P-Funk this year. Not too long ago, George Clinton was happy just being sampled. Now everyone's got the funk.

Rock's strongmen—Beck, Smashing Pumpkins, Bush, Oasis, Pearl Jam, Dave Matthews Band, Hootie—did not emerge with one particular lyrical or musical point of view this year. That bodes well for the future. Even the warhorses—John Mellencamp, Sting, David Bowie—looked for new ways to say things to their listeners.

And what about jazz? Is it coming back? Is it already here?

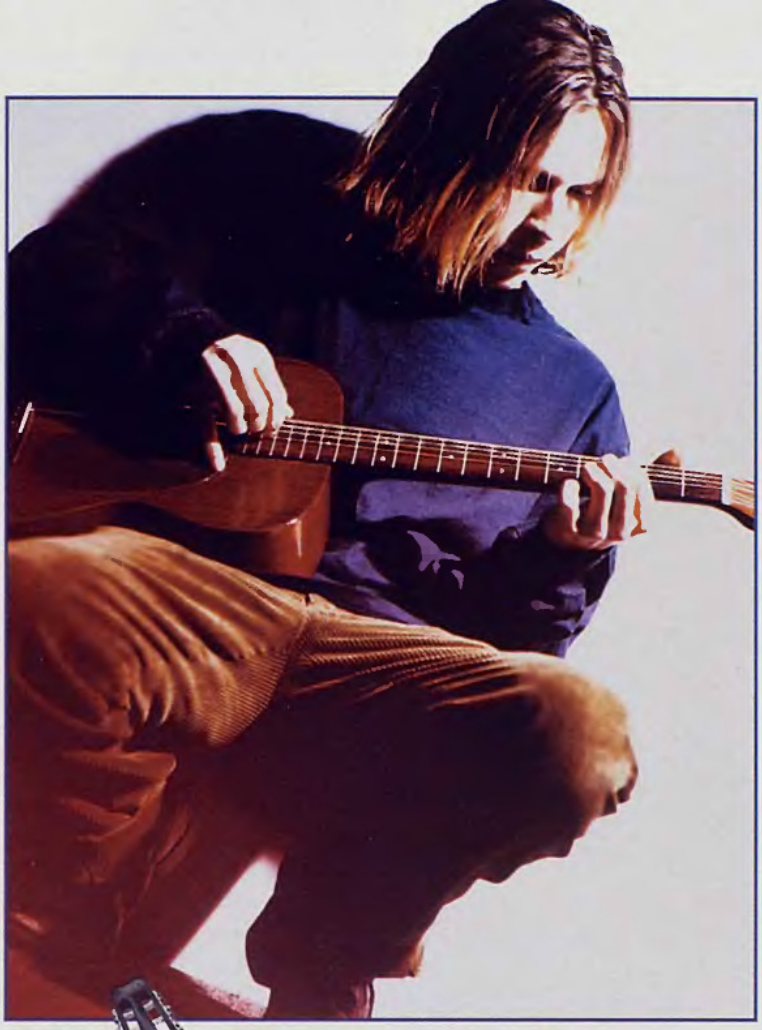
COLLAGES BY POLLY BECKER

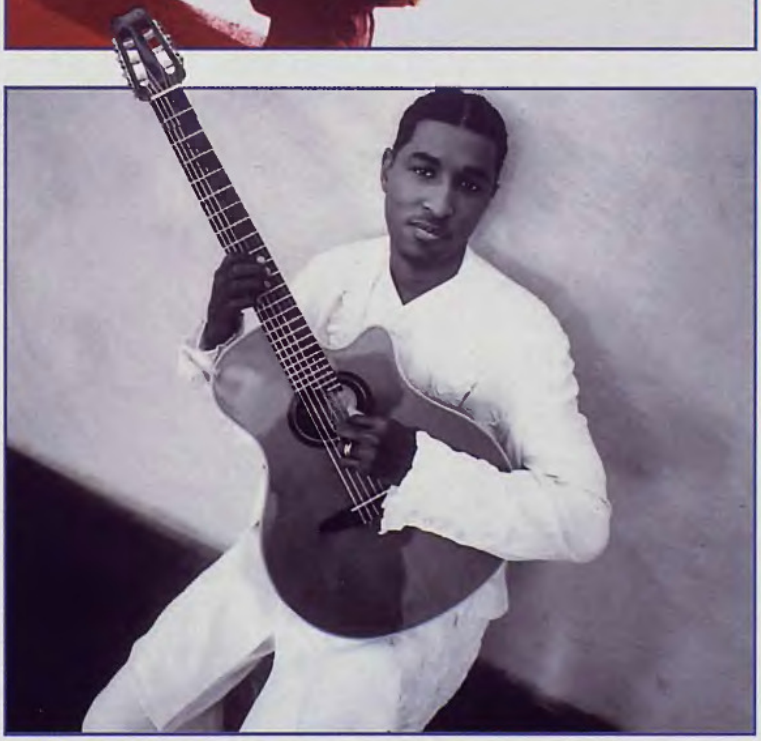
"Fuck yeah, man! I'm a rock star girl!"
"Power is a great aphrodisiac, and I'm a very powerful person."
DEATH ROW
RECORDS
HUSTLER
1-800-666-HOTT
HUSTLER
"I don't want it to be about violence. I want it to be about money."

Dead? Each year the same question is asked and remains unanswered. Certain musicians—Harry Connick Jr., Tony Bennett, Kenny G, Quincy Jones, Wynton Marsalis—have broken through. Everyone knows them, if not their music. But what about the others? Cassandra Wilson, Cyrus Chestnut, Joshua Redman? Some of them appeared in Robert Altman's *Kansas City*. The soundtrack received more attention than the film. And even if BET on Jazz, the jazz cable channel, doesn't have MTV's audience, the death of the first lady of song, Ella Fitzgerald, touched everyone.

We think we've finally figured out the appeal of soundtrack CDs. They give the buyer what radio used to provide—a little variety. People who won't see *Evita* in the theater will buy the CD to hear what Madonna made of it. People who love R&B bought *Waiting to Exhale*. We bought the *Supercop* soundtrack to hear Tom Jones sing *Kung Fu Fighting*. Even Beavis and Butt-head's soundtrack has an avid audience.

We also witnessed the revival of heroin as the drug of choice among musicians this past year. This, of course, is not new. Jazz in the Forties and Fifties was the background music for a heroin epidemic. Rock in the Seventies faced it, too. There were musicians who did not survive it—Janis Joplin, Jerry Garcia, Kurt Cobain, Jonathan Melvoin—and those, such as Scott Weiland, who are trying to beat it. The music establishment hasn't come to grips with the problem, though it debated the subject endlessly during the year.





Music Men: Beck (top) didn't suffer any sophomore slump. *Odelay*, which has gone gold on the charts, was hailed by both critics and fans. Babyface (bottom), the king of everything he touches, did something for himself—*The Day* went platinum. His skills as a producer and a composer work for him, too.

The other highlights in 1996? The Memphis Symphony premiered the *Elvis Overture* on the King's 60th birthday. Sufi religious music went pop when Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan became the Ravi Shankar of the Nineties. *Rent* opened on Broadway so that theatergoers who would not be caught dead strolling in Tompkins Square Park could have an alternative moment in $65 seats. The Ramones split up. The Who reunited and took *Quadrophenia* to the stage. The Olympics relied on Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis to give the opening ceremony a contemporary feeling. Warner Brothers resigned R.E.M. for a cool $80 million. Bruce Springsteen told the Dole campaign to lay off *Born in the U.S.A.* Chuck Berry turned 70. The Monkees played together again. Hole's Courtney Love reinvented herself, as an actress. And it all worked.

So what did we like? Junior Brown's yodel, Jakob Dylan's Wallflowers, Gwen Stefani's outfits, Lou Reed's better mood, Beck's loopy energy, Poi Dog Pondering's huge sound, Morphine's saxophone, the return of the Rolling Stones' *Rock and Roll Circus* and Anglo-Irish band the Big Geraniums. What did you like? The answer to that will tell a lot about 1997. This year you voted by staying out of the concert halls and record stores. Musicians and the record companies want to get you back. We bet they will. —BARBARA NELLIS

MUSIC POLL RESULTS

MUSIC VIDEO

TONIGHT, TONIGHT
SMASHING PUMPKINS

SOUNDTRACK

THE CROW:
CITY OF ANGELS

CONCERT

KISS

ALBUMS OF THE YEAR

ROCK

TRAGIC KINGDOM
NO DOUBT

•

COUNTRY

BORDERLINE
BROOKS & DUNN

•

JAZZ

Q'S JOOK JOINT
QUINCY JONES

•

R&B/RAP

GANGSTA'S
PARADISE
COOLIO

VJ

DAISY
FUENTES
MTV

HALL OF FAME • HANK WILLIAMS

Born Hiram King Williams in Georgiana, Alabama on September 17, 1923, Hank Williams had a vocal style—which he called "moanin' the blues"—and durable songs that established him as one of country music's greatest entertainers. *Your Cheatin' Heart*, *Hey Good Lookin'* and *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* are among 125 songs in Williams' vast catalog of hits. Hank Williams was influenced by the gospel music of Ernest Tubb and Roy Acuff as well as the sounds of black music that he heard from street singer Rufus Payne. But his life came to an end at age 29 when Hank Williams died of a heart attack in the backseat of his Cadillac on the way to a show in Canton, Ohio on New Year's Day 1953. PLAYBOY salutes a pioneer of country music.

SCULPTURE BY JACK GELSOMIN/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SYMOUR MEDNICK

1997 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL WINNERS

❶ Harry Connick Jr., Male Vocalist—Jazz ❷ Wynton Marsalis, Instrumentalist—Jazz
❸ No Doubt, Group—Rock ❹ Garth Brooks, Male Vocalist—Country
❺ Carlos Santana, Instrumentalist—Rock ❺ Shania Twain, Female Vocalist—Country
❷ Toni Braxton, Female Vocalist—R&B/Rap ❺ Brooks & Dunn, Group—Country

❾ Jerry Gonzalez & the Fort Apache Band, Group—Jazz

❿ John Mellencamp, Male Vocalist—Rock ⓫ Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Group—R&B/Rap

⓬ Sade, Female Vocalist—Jazz ⓭ LL Cool J, Male Vocalist—R&B/Rap

⓮ Alanis Morissette, Female Vocalist—Rock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE FOURNIER

A Few Words From Billy Corgan

PLAYBOY: What effect does Smashing Pumpkins have on its listeners?

CORGAN: We're like a really nice drink. We help people get through the day—we make life a little sunnier. I don't think we have any profound effect. If anybody has had a profound effect, it's the Beatles, and their effect is still minimal. There are things in the world way more important than music. Family is 50 times more important than music.

PLAYBOY: When you appeared on *The Simpsons*, Homer gave you this glowing praise: "Thanks to your gloomy music, my children have stopped dreaming about a future I can't possibly provide." Did he get it right?

CORGAN: Things don't seem to be getting any better, do they? People always called the Cure gloomy, but listening to the Cure made me happy. There was something about the gloominess that gave me comfort, and I think we're the same way.

PLAYBOY: You have a fondness for the rock of the Sixties and Seventies. Has current rock music become more about its marketing prospects and less about the creative process?

CORGAN: Some of the best rock music was made to sell records. But record companies realized there were bands that could sell half a million records and basically pay the bills. When I gave the induction speech for Pink Floyd at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, every heavy in the record business was in the room. And here was a band that's never really had a hit song but has one of the biggest-selling albums of all time. The point is, rock music is not always about what it seems to be about. I've had hit songs, but I've also been able to have artistic indulgences. I can fully appreciate both opportunities.

PLAYBOY: The members of Smashing Pumpkins have not been known to get along with one another. In fact, you first hired the Pumpkins' bassist, D'Arcy, after a fierce argument with her on a Chicago street. What do you learn about somebody in an argument that you wouldn't learn otherwise?

CORGAN: You realize that they're as stupid as you thought they were. They're just confirming it. And I know they're thinking the same thing about me. The Smashing Pumpkins is just like a family. Not everyone gets along, not everybody's cool with one another all the time. We get under one another's tits. D'Arcy has given me the finger onstage and told me to go fuck myself. And I've told her to get the fuck offstage. We're just being ourselves. If you were in a band with people long enough, you'd tell them to go fuck themselves, too. It's inevitable. And the next day we're back to normal. I think it's healthy.

PLAYBOY: You originally intended the video for *1979* to end with a riot, with the kids trashing the convenience store and attacking the clerk. What made you think of that? Did you think it fit the thematic conclusions of the song, or did you just want to see it happen?

CORGAN: My original idea for the video was a little more over-the-top. It's not that the song is about that, but I just wanted something that was hard-core. The directors of the video steered it into something a little more general and a little more nice. Their intuition was right. Trashing the convenience store at the end was completely not in line with the tone of the video. It was probably more in line with how things really are.

PLAYBOY: Before the release of *Siamese Dream*, you suffered a bout of depression. What did you learn about yourself from that experience?

CORGAN: That there's no point in being depressed. Most of the depression I've ever had is my wishing I were something else. My life's not so bad. There's a difference between depression and sadness. Depression is a form of abuse. I'm in a good place, but four years from now, I might feel depressed again. I think people's focus on this is silly, because it's a part of life. People die, people change, relationships fall apart. You don't even know why. Life is always about change, and change is sad. You have to deal with those changes the best you can.

PLAYBOY: Has your tremendous success allowed you to indulge in any guilty pleasures that you weren't able to indulge in before?

CORGAN: Bulls tickets. Michael Jordan is the man. Not only is he the most gifted athlete in sports, he's also the most determined. That's an amazing combination, because usually the two don't go together. It's like pretty girls and brains.

PLAYBOY: If you asked the Magic Eight Ball if the Pumpkins will still be together in 30 years, what do you think it would say?

CORGAN: "Very doubtful." I'm committed to letting the band come to its organic end. I've considered doing different things, but the form and function of the band allows me to do whatever I want. They're good people, and I'll continue playing with them as long as we can stay focused on the same thing. What scares me more than anything is letting go of that zealousness. There's something about cars and houses and age and wisdom that makes you realize that rock and roll is not so important. That's why I've started talking about changing the way the band works and changing our musical direction. I don't want to be competing against imitations of myself or my former peers. I really take heart from Tom Waits and Neil Young, who continue to be innovative and inventive in their older years. They haven't let go of that pursuit. It's a shame when you see people become caricatures of themselves.

—ERIC SPITZNAGEL AND CARMEN ARMILLAS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY YELENA YEMCHUK

"Didn't you tell me you wanted our encounter to be a day you'll never forget?"

SUPER MODELS

the best fashion event isn't a runway show—it's playboy's class of '97

IT ALL STARTS with Cindy. Although the term supermodel has been floating about since the Forties, the modern definition arose by necessity to describe the break-out success of Cindy Crawford. Helped by her July 1988 pictorial in PLAYBOY, Cindy became a celebrity first and a model second. In the ensuing decade, new members of the supermodel genus (*Vulpinus majoris*) were identified. There were the girls-night-out trinity of Linda Evangelista, Christy Turlington and Naomi Campbell, and our cover girl, Claudia Schiffer, who in any given year can lay claim to being the highest-paid supermodel ($12 million in 1993 alone). Supermodels made fashion superhot. MTV, or Model Television, caught on with its *House of Style* and runway–meets–dance party events. Even stodgy VH1 began taping fashion-award shows. Now, as the curtain rises on PLAYBOY's second annual rite of spring, you'll see our collection has a goddess for every supplicant. The year of the supermodel has turned into the decade of the supermodel.

KATE MOSS

Arguably the sexier half of a truly glam couple, Kate Moss has added heft to her reputation (if not to her frame) as a model with the right strut. When she's not with Johnny Depp, she's usually on the catwalk. At left, she models what looks like a portable couch by Vivienne Westwood.

CINDY CRAWFORD

Those lips, those eyes, that mole: Cindy Crawford (right) stole our heart nine years ago and hasn't given it back. Fresh from her debut star turn in *Fair Game* with Billy Baldwin, she has a two-picture deal with Warner Bros. We're always ready for your close-up, Ms. Crawford.

SHANA PHIPPS

No, it's not Lady Godiva and it's not Cindy Crawford, either. It's Shana Phipps, née Zadrick, a former Guess jeans girl who is commonly mistaken for the former Mrs. Gere. A ranchy type at heart, Phipps has a delightful penchant for riding bareback.

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER

What makes Claudia Schiffer? A little sleight of hand from David Copperfield, apparently. This photo is for everyone who has wondered how she looks at home as she prepares to be sawed in half. We'll take her whole.

JENNIFER DRIVER

Though it may seem physically impossible, get ready to see more of Jennifer Driver. Another Guess jeans alum, Driver is an up-and-coming runway model with cinematic flair. Check out her first effort, *Call Girl*, which is out on video.

IMAN

Call her Mrs. Lady Stardust. Iman's got legs—she's been in the spotlight for years. As her husband, David Bowie, celebrated his 50th birthday this year, Iman garnered exposure by appearing in ads for milk and Donna Karan.

TYRA BANKS

Tyra Banks is one of the busiest young supermodels. This popular *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit siren also starred in *Higher Learning*. She's been romantically linked with that film's director, John Singleton, and, most recently, Little Penny.

ELLE MACPHERSON

To borrow a phrase from the Foster's lager ads, Elle Macpherson is Australian for Holy Sheila, Batman. Since she caught the acting bug, she's had roles in *The Mirror Has Two Faces* and *If Lucy Fell*. Next she'll appear in *Batman and Robin*.

EVA HERZIGOVA

Eva Herzigova put the Wonderbra on the map—or was it the other way around? Then again, who cares? She doesn't need underwear anymore. The latest development in her life is her marriage to the multitalented Tico Torres, drummer for Bon Jovi.

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR

For years, Stephanie Seymour has been Victoria's secret weapon. She also posed—tattoo and all—for PLAYBOY in photos by Sante D'Orazio. This hot mama recently had a child with *Interview* co-owner Peter Brant.

NAOMI CAMPBELL

Naomi is all you'd expect from o supermodel. Her sociol life fills the gossip pages, she hongs out with a pop bond (U2) and she moy or may not hove a bad rep among designers. It depends on who needs her to have their clothes seen---or seen through.

AMBER SMITH

Amber Smith is the runway model with the body of a Playmate. After she posed nude for Bert Stern, she participated in one of the sexiest love scenes of 1996, in *The Funeral*. Her allegedly real performance is enough to wake the dead.

zero minus ten

(continued from page 84)

The woman attacked, screaming a war cry. The move so surprised Bond that he lost his balance.

guard was looking out of the door into the hallway, the gun half trained on Bond.

Bond quickly removed the pry tool from his left shoe. He snapped open the heel and removed the plastic dagger. He slipped on the shoe, snapping the heel back in place as he did so. He tucked the dagger under the flexible Rolex watchband on his left wrist, then slowly raised himself up off the floor.

The guard gestured with the AK-47 for Bond to leave the room. Another guard stood in the hall and moved toward the lift.

The lift descended to the basement level. They came out in a stark white hallway, at the end of which was a locked steel door. The lead man unlocked it and held it open for Bond and the other man to go through, to another long hallway lined with five or six other steel doors. Each of these contained a small barred window at eye level, obviously opening into cells. Bond wondered how many individuals entered this building and never came out. If he was going to make a move, Bond knew it had to be now.

The guards turned right and led him to the end of the hall. The first man unlocked the door there and held it open. Bond reached for his left wrist and firmly grasped the small handle of the plastic dagger. He knew that his timing had to be perfect or he would be a dead man.

Bond turned to the man holding the AK-47 behind him and said in Cantonese, "Would you mind not pushing that thing into my back?" The guard relaxed, giving 007 the space he needed. He pushed the AK-47 away from his body with his left hand and simultaneously swung the dagger straight up with his right. The three-inch blade pierced the soft skin of the man's jaw just under the chin, thrusting up and into the mouth. In the next half second, Bond grasped the machine gun and chopped the man's arm with a right spear-hand, causing the guard to release his grip on the weapon. By now, the other guard had begun to react by pulling a pistol from a holster on his belt. Bond swung the AK-47 around and fired one quick burst at the second man, throwing him back into the open cell. The first guard was now clutching at the dagger in his jaw, an expression of surprise, pain and horror on his face. Bond used the butt of the machine gun to smash the man's nose, knocking him unconscious. He moved quickly into the cell to inspect the guard he had shot. Four bullets had caught him in the chest. He was quite dead. Next Bond retrieved his plastic dagger, wiped it clean on the first man's shirt, then replaced it under his watchband. He prayed there were no other guards in the basement. The burst of gunfire had been quick. He hoped the noise had not penetrated to the upper levels of the building.

Bond had to get out and find Li Xu Nan's men, who must be watching the building. It was not going to be an easy escape. First, however, he had to accomplish the task he came to perform. He had to go back to the third floor and get that document.

He was still bleeding, and the pain was nearly unbearable. He stepped into the cell and removed his trousers again. He slipped off the right shoe and again pried open the heel. He used a sheet from a cot to dab himself, then did his best to apply antiseptic to the wounds. He ripped the sheet into strips and layered them around his thighs and buttocks. It would have to do until he could get medical attention. Bond then swallowed a couple of painkillers, replaced the items and put his shoe back on.

Bond left the cell holding the AK-47, prepared to blast the first obstacle that stood in his way. He used the guard's keys to open the main door and entered the hallway leading to the lift.

Once he was back on the third floor, Bond silently made his way toward Wong's office. The hallway was unusually quiet and empty. The general's staff was obviously not a large one.

The office door was closed. Bond put his ear to it and heard a woman moaning with pleasure. The general was having a little afternoon delight. Good, Bond thought. Now it would be the general's turn to be caught with his pants down.

Bond burst into the room and trained the machine gun on the couple behind the desk. General Wong was sitting in his large leather rocking chair, and a woman in her 30s was sitting on his lap, facing him. Her skirt was pulled up above her waist, and her legs were bare. Wong's trousers were around his ankles, and the look on his face was truly priceless. The woman gasped, frozen. Her military blouse was unbuttoned.

Bond closed the door behind him. "Get up," he said in Cantonese to the woman. When she didn't move, he shouted, "Now!" The woman jumped up and hurriedly put herself back together. Wong sat there, exposed.

"What's the matter, General?" Bond asked in Cantonese. "Is the humidity causing you to wilt?"

"What do you want?" Wong said through his teeth.

"Open the safe, and be quick."

Wong stood. "I pull pants up?"

"Slowly. First place your pistol on the desk with your left hand."

The general carefully took the pistol from the holster on his belt and laid it on the desk. It looked like a Russian Tokarev but was most likely a Chinese copy. Then he bent over, pulled up his trousers and fastened them before turning to the safe in the wall and opening it. "The document," Bond said. "Put it on the desk." The general did as he was told.

Bond didn't expect the woman to come to the general's defense. She attacked him, screaming a bloodcurdling war cry. The move so surprised him that he lost his balance. The woman successfully tackled him, and they fell to the carpet where only a little while ago Bond had been lying in agony. She went for the gun, obviously quite prepared not only to sleep with her general but to die for him as well. Wong moved around the desk and kicked Bond hard in the face. The woman managed to wrestle away the AK-47 as Bond rolled away. Wong took the machine gun from her and pointed it at Bond.

In one swift, graceful maneuver, Bond took hold of the plastic dagger, rocked back on his shoulders, lunged forward and threw the knife at the general. The blade spun across the room and lodged in Wong's throat, directly below his Adam's apple. His eyes widened, and for a moment he stood as stationary as his terra-cotta statue. The AK-47 fell to the carpet as he reached for his neck with both hands. He made choking, gurgling noises as blood gushed out of his mouth.

Bond took no chances. He grabbed Wong's shirt to steady him and punched the man hard in the jaw. Wong fell back across the desk and rolled over onto the floor. Bond turned to the now-terrified woman. He was so full of violence and fury that he might have killed her, too, had she not been unarmed. Instead, he backhanded her, knocking her unconscious.

The general was still writhing on the floor. He had pulled the knife out of his

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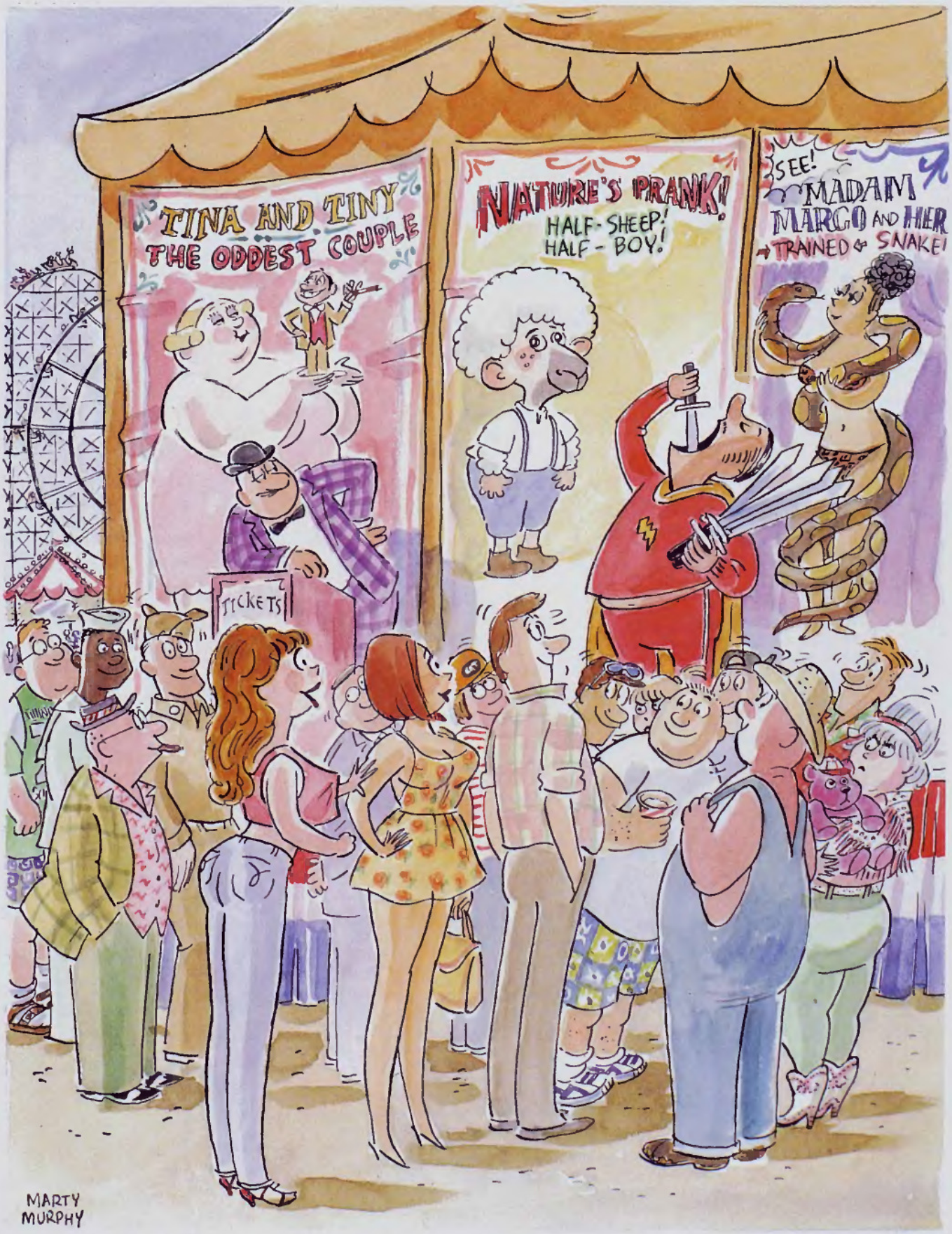

"We have got to find out how he does that!"

20 QUESTIONS

LUCY LAWLESS

What do you say to a woman with jet-black hair and piercing baby blues who also wears a leather battle dress, twirls a sword and gives you a saucy don't-fuck-with-me smile? We don't think it's "spank me," even if you've done something very wrong. Better to back up quickly. That's what most foes do weekly on "Xena: Warrior Princess," starring New Zealand actress Lucy Lawless. Spun off from "Hercules: The Legendary Journeys," "X:WP" quickly became a top syndicated show. According to "Ms." magazine, its mythical heroine is a role model for women of all ages, everywhere. There's also plenty in "X:WP" for guys who appreciate a postmodern kick-ass warrior gal from across the sea of time. Lawless, 29, plays Xena with grit and style, doing many of her own stunts. Plus, she gets to love and loathe gods, battle tyrants and Cyclopes and ride the classical world while her trusty sidekick Gabrielle (Renee O'Connor) walks. The show is funny, too. And using the relationship between Xena and Gabrielle, it doesn't mind playing with your fantasies, either. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin, who never misses the show, to meet with Lawless. She was recuperating from the pelvis-fracturing fall she took last October while filming a skit for "The Tonight Show." Says Rensin, "Lucy may have an American accent on the show, but in person she speaks flawless New Zealand English. She glided to the front door in a wheelchair and welcomed me with hearty good cheer. Then she asked me to get her a rolling office chair, switched seats and prepared a delicious brunch of garlic and tomato on toasted shepherd's bread. I kept my eyes peeled for the sword, though."

our favorite mythobabe sounds off on pantheism, what labors she'd make hercules do and domestic life with a centaur

1.

PLAYBOY: How much fun can you have with a name like yours?

LAWLESS: I did toy with Rita Reckless for a time, but that's not as good as Lucy Lawless. Lawless is my ex-husband's name. The implications never occurred to me until after I got married. I recall holding my head in my hands, sobbing, "Oh no, people will never take me seriously with a name like this!" I got over it. It's actually a good name. In fact, I believe that I couldn't have thought up a better name for somebody who plays a warrior princess.

2.

PLAYBOY: Xena's costume is not only aesthetically compelling, it's also a marvel of structural engineering. Were other styles tried? What's more flattering, a Wonderbra or a breastplate?

LAWLESS: The first time Xena appeared on the *Hercules* series, her costume was black and malevolent. It had big claw-like epaulets and a cape. The producers thought it was too evil for a hero, so we changed it to brown and made it a little more audience-friendly. However, I miss the original outfit because it was *sexy*! I also miss it because it was more comfortable. The current costume has a longer bodice, and it feels like my whole abdomen is in a straitjacket. The first left me more free to move. The Wonderbra and the breastplate work together just fine. You can't have one without the other. In fact, Xena has only one costume. She's a minimalist. Besides, you can't just buy these things off the rack, now or in ancient times.

3.

PLAYBOY: What did you have to do to land the role that made you famous? Were the gods looking out for you?

LAWLESS: I didn't even know about Xena. The role fell to me. Everyone the producers tried to give it to got sick or pulled out. I got it because I was there and had done a couple of non-Xena parts in *Hercules* TV movies. When the call came I was on holiday, fighting the flu, trying to give my daughter the camping experience. We were in some Podunk town. They had shut down the paper for three days, and in the last edition were the three days' horoscopes. We were reading these things and laughing our heads off. Mine said: "Fame and fortune await you. Overseas travel. This could be the big one. You'll get a call from overseas." I got the call to be Xena that day.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you now regularly consult the stars?

LAWLESS: I'm loath to believe in New Age mumbo jumbo. It wouldn't occur to me to consult my horoscope unless it came across my gaze as I was flipping to the comics. But these things do happen. When I was in Turkey during our last hiatus, we were told that a young girl—the cousin of the wife of our guide—had a prodigious talent for telling fortunes from coffee grounds. You drink thick Turkish coffee from small cups, leaving the sludge. You put a saucer on top and flip it all over and leave it to cool. Then the fortune-teller lifts the cup, and the more suction, the stronger the fortune inside or the more potent the news. My cup would hardly come off. She said, "You'll do well for yourself and make a bunch of money," and all sorts of other stuff, things about people dying and other things I had no interest in believing. But later, after the accident on *The Tonight Show*, my traveling companion came to see me in the hospital and said, "How about that fortune-teller?" I said, "Well, she talked a lot of crap, didn't she?" He said, "But remember how she said there would be a man with a big chin or a long face [Jay Leno] and that pain would be involved?" I said, "Oh my God!"

5.

PLAYBOY: What's your best advice for anyone who has to deal with the gods? Does pantheism make for a more interesting life than monotheism?

LAWLESS: If you piss off the gods, you have to have a good escape route. They're an argumentative bunch, and if you're smart, you can turn them on one another instead of on yourself. Monotheism is a lot simpler. You have only one god to bother with. But pantheism has its advantages because people can blame lots of other influences for their own behavior. Personally, I'm still dealing with this god concept. I am a recovering Catholic. Still, I don't want to have a lot of gods. Imagine having to assuage all those egos. One is more than I can handle.

6.

PLAYBOY: You are fair-skinned. How come Xena is so tan?

LAWLESS: It's partly my fault. In the beginning I pushed for her to look busty and sexy and dark, like those statues in Madrid—big and curvaceous and bronzed, with a mane of hair. I imagined something Gabriela Sabatini–esque, but with brains. So they paint on the tan with a sponge and it takes about five minutes. It takes a lot longer to get it off. My bathroom is a mess, and I hate cleaning tile grout.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANA FINEMAN

7.

PLAYBOY: Xena has to sleep on the ground. Do you recommend it?
LAWLESS: The woman's mad. I like the Four Seasons Hotel in Chicago, the ancient, mythological equivalent of which would be some bum boy following you around laying his cape over puddles.

8.

PLAYBOY: During the show's first season, *Ms.* suggested that Xena was a feminist icon for our times. In this postfeminist era, what does feminism mean to you?
LAWLESS: The maturing of women, who are 51 percent of the society. There will come a day when women will say, "What do you mean, subjugated?" When I came here and was hit with all this "You're an icon, we need you," I was taken aback because it had never really been an issue in my life. People may find it hard to believe, but I am blessed to be the recipient of nearly a hundred years of suffrage in New Zealand. Women in New Zealand had the vote before other women anywhere else in the world. My mother is an influential woman in the community. I'm not saying that women in New Zealand are treated better than they are anywhere else. But I am saying that we're pretty strong because it was a hard land to colonize. We've retained that get-on-with-it attitude.

9.

PLAYBOY: If Xena were to marry Hercules, what labors would she require him to do around the house?
LAWLESS: He would be very handy for picking up that centaur poop. However, no one's yet written that episode because it's so, well, unattractive. She'd have him in a French maid's outfit. She'd subjugate him, make him wear a collar. Actually, I doubt the wisdom of a match between Xena and Hercules. He's innately good-natured, and her pendulum swings violently. It would just be a vortex of misery. Xena would be whining to Gabrielle, "He's not passionate enough! He's so nice." I see a match made in hell.

10.

PLAYBOY: Clearly the show likes to provoke its audience. For instance, in some women's prisons, inmates reportedly enjoy *Xena* nights. Even though Xena and her trusty sidekick Gabrielle have male lovers, their relationship seems intentionally ambiguous. Is it?
LAWLESS: *Xena* nights in prisons? Good lord. Although we're very happy to have every constituency under the sun, we never pander to any particular section of our audience. We simply want to make a show that we, the twisted individuals who make it, want to watch. We like to shock, but not too hard. We don't want to alienate. We don't have to be moralistic, either. We're not trying to change the world, we just want to entertain. We take delight in twisting it just a little when the audience is getting comfortable. We want to shake them up. For instance, the first couple of episodes this season were gentle, emotional, heartstring pullers. And then we wrote a fast-paced, almost rock-video-girlie-vampires-on-the-moon Halloween episode in which Gabrielle bites Xena on the neck. We shot in slow motion, close up. We laughed so much when we did that.

11.

PLAYBOY: Gabrielle is a great friend, almost a sister, perhaps more. She and Xena will defend each other to the death. But can she borrow your cloak?
LAWLESS: No. She can get up on my horse, but she can't touch my weapons. She has to keep her hands off the chakra. She's allowed to rub my shoulders, but she's not allowed to play with my hair. She can't use my toothbrush. That's reserved for the fourth season.

12.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about interspecies mating. In one of the early *Hercules* TV movies—before you were Xena—you played the bride of a centaur. What are the wifely duties when your husband is half man, half horse? What do you do when he's feeling his oats? Does neigh really mean nay to a centaur?
LAWLESS: First, you've got to carry around a spade. It's like owning a dog in Los Angeles. You also have to pick stuff out of their feet and keep laying down new straw. When he feels his oats you sow them, but neigh really does mean nay, even in ancient times.

13.

PLAYBOY: What sort of ancient decor do you have in your home?
LAWLESS: I have some breakaway Grecian urns for smashing people over the head. And I always keep a sword from the show in the back of my car. It's rubber-covered metal and quite weighty. I need to practice a lot.

14.

PLAYBOY: Have you been invited to lecture to university classics departments?
LAWLESS: No. [*Smiles*] I get letters from professors, but none with university logos on them.

15.

PLAYBOY: Name three things that start with x, not including xylophone, Xerox or X ray.
LAWLESS: A good question, but not quite fair. Let's see: xenophobia, Xavier . . . oh, what's another one? I'll kick myself. I don't know. But I'll tell you this story: The reason Xena is spelled with an X is that Rob Tapert, the show's executive producer and co-creator, learned it from Dino De Laurentiis. De Laurentiis said that if you spell the word with an X, "kids will understand." And he's right. I remember so clearly being a kid and thinking that Xs were really attractive. They're not used much and they're a cool symbol. And only interesting words start with an X. It has kid appeal, and everybody has a kid inside somewhere.

Besides, what does a Z mean? It means sleep. Zzzzz. Snoring.

16.

PLAYBOY: As a princess of sorts, what's your advice to other royals? Should Diana and Fergie get real jobs? Should they go out and fight evil?

"Not to worry, Robinson. Some of our people do their best work under house arrest."

PLAYBOY

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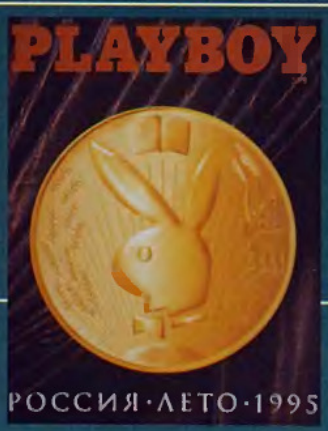

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LAWLESS: Should they lop off their ex-husband's heads? Knocking of royals is part of a proud tradition. Yeah, definitely, get a bloody job. Keep out of the tabloids. Learn a bit of discretion. Or, they could just abolish the monarchy.

17.

PLAYBOY: Even though New Zealanders and Americans technically speak the same language, there are probably words that are innocent in one country but faux pas in the other. What should the American traveler not say?

LAWLESS: Fanny pack. We say bum bag, because fannies in New Zealand are not located at the back. They're at the, uh, other side, round the front. [*Laughs*] Also, knickers are underpants. And all my life I've heard people say, "Oh, bugger off" or "Well, bugger me!" In my country no one thinks about what that really means. It's just an expression, like "Blow me down with a feather." But in America it's a different story. We also say "Good on ya" a lot. It's like a blessing—"Good for you," a word of encouragement. One American producer thought we were saying "Get on ya," and he'd reply, "Well, get on me, then!" He would laugh and we'd try to be polite and go "Haha—what the hell is he laughing at?" It took us a year and a half to figure that out. Also, people down under don't understand the generosity of the American spirit. In America, if you catch somebody's eye you'll say, "How are ya?" If you do that in New Zealand—and I've seen this time and time again with Americans who come down—people turn away quickly. They're embarrassed. Eye contact with strangers is impolite.

18.

PLAYBOY: What would a shrink tell Xena?

LAWLESS: "Lighten up!" The devil's in her gut and the angel's in her heart, and her head has to get the two together. Her gut reaction is fight, not flight. I think she realizes she has to change. No, she realizes there's a need for redemption, but she doesn't recognize that she has to change. I like the way the audience thinks it knows her better than she does. The audience feels closer to her than she does to herself. She's a good person who doesn't think she is. I love her just as she is. I'm astounded when people say she's moody or grim. The shrink just better hope she doesn't bring her sword to the office. One mention of Prozac and she'd take him out.

19.

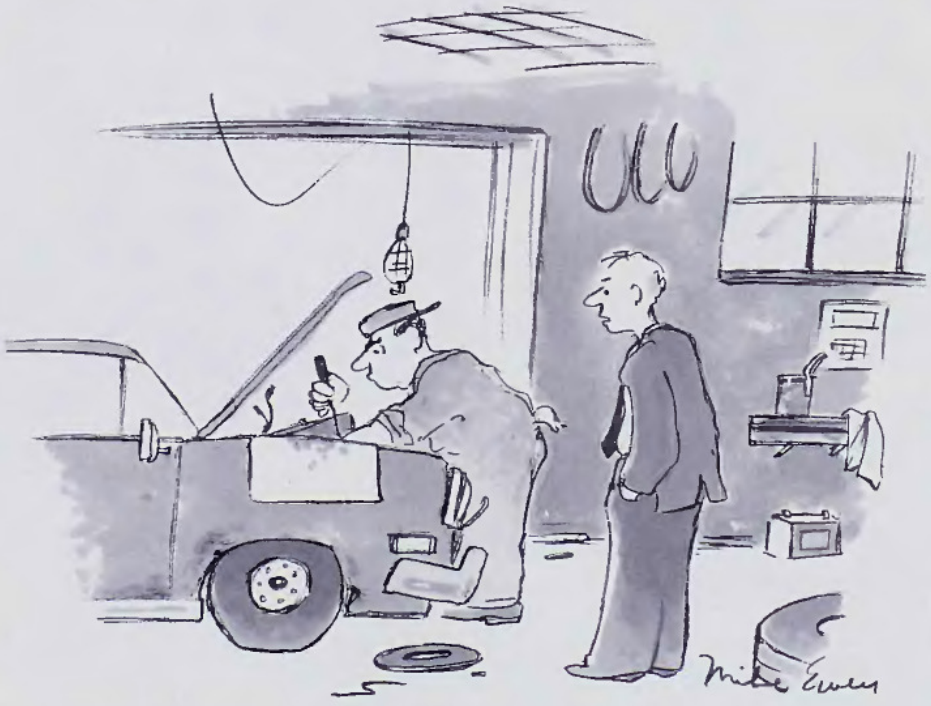
PLAYBOY: How did you come up with Xena's battle cry?

LAWLESS: It's a really good sound. You don't want to do it in a small space. Our executive producers wanted the Arabic warble—the tongue goes from side to side and then up—but it's a difficult movement that I couldn't master. But this one came easily and I can do it loud and prolonged without ruining my throat. It seems useful. Some people hated it at first, but it's like Tarzan: You need these gimmicks. Same reason Xena does acrobatic flips when she could walk. More gimmicks. Let's face it.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's Xena's vacation fantasy?

LAWLESS: A biennial sailing trip to Lesbos.



"No heroic measures, please."

zero minus ten

(continued from page 142)

throat and was struggling for air. His trachea had been severed and his lungs were filling with blood. Bond stood over him and watched him die. It took three long, excruciating minutes.

Bond grabbed the document and stuffed it into the briefcase he had brought with him from Hong Kong, which was still sitting where he had left it earlier. He took the AK-47, then picked up the dagger and returned it to his shoe.

His trousers were wet with blood. The sheet strips had not lasted long.

How the hell was he going to get out? He glanced out the window that overlooked the front of the building and counted four guards outside by the gate. Across the street was the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall. Maybe he could make it over there somehow and hope that Li's men were close by.

Bond opened the office door and looked into the hallway. All clear. He crept to the lift and pushed the button. When it opened, a guard stepped out. Bond killed him swiftly and quietly and entered the lift. At the ground floor, flattening himself against the side of the car, he pressed the OPEN DOOR button and held it.

The ruse worked. When a lone guard got curious and decided to see why the lift door hadn't closed, Bond brought the man's head down hard on his right knee, then hit him on the back of the neck with the butt of the AK-47.

Two armed guards stood in the building's foyer. They saw Bond and immediately pulled their pistols. Bond acted with split-second timing, boosted by the adrenaline rushing through his body. He opened fire and the two guards slammed back against the wall, leaving bloody trails as they slid to the floor.

Bond stood there a moment, breathing heavily. He was still filled with rage, an emotion he usually tried to avoid because it could cause recklessness. This time, however, it served as a goad. Blasting away the guards had actually felt good. My God, he thought. This is what he lived for. It was no wonder he inevitably became restless and bored when he was between assignments. Living so close to death was what invigorated him and gave him the edge that had kept him going for so many years.

Feeling invincible, Bond walked into the broad daylight of the courtyard. He didn't care that his clothes were wet and bloody. He didn't care if the entire Chinese army were waiting for him. He was quite prepared to blast his way out of Guangzhou until he had no more ammunition or he was dead, whichever came first.

There were only the four guards at the gate. They looked up and saw Bond.

Their jaws dropped. So stupefied were they at the *gweilo*'s appearance that they were unsure of what to do. Bond trained the machine gun on them. They slowly raised their hands above their heads.

"Open the gate," Bond said to one of them. The guard nodded furiously, then did as he was told. Bond walked backward out of the gate, keeping the gun trained on the soldiers.

It was midafternoon and traffic was quite heavy. Bond looked in both directions and quickly calculated when he might make a mad dash across the street. When the moment came, he turned and ran. The guards immediately began to chase him. Their timing wasn't so good, and they had to dart between vehicles to get across.

Bond ran up the steps past the statue of Sun Yat-sen and into the Memorial Hall. The lobby was narrow and dimly lit. He went straight into the arena-style auditorium, which had two balconies and a stage at one end. It was dilapidated and had a decidedly musty smell, and it was empty and dark.

He ran down the center aisle to the stage, jumped up to the apron and ran stage right to the wings. A staircase led down to some sort of greenroom. He heard the guards enter the auditorium above, calling out to one another. Sooner or later they would find him.

Bond made his way to the other side of the auditorium basement, then slowly climbed the staircase there to the other side of the stage. The guards were searching the aisles. He slid along a counterweight system to the back of the stage behind a faded, torn cyclorama. What he was looking for was there—a loading door for bringing scenery in and out. Bond pushed back the bolt and kicked the door open. He jumped down to the pavement and ran around the side of the building to a parking lot. Tourists were walking from their vehicles to the front of the building. Many of them stopped and stared at the bloody Caucasian running across the pavement.

It was then that a black car screeched into the parking lot and stopped in front of him. A Chinese man in a business suit jumped out and held open the back door.

"Get in, Mr. Bond!" he said in English. "Hurry!"

Bond jumped into the backseat, and the car squealed from the parking lot out to the busy street. There were two of them—the driver and the man who had spoken. Bond thought they looked familiar, then realized he had seen them at the initiation ceremony in Kowloon.

The man in the passenger seat looked back at Bond. His brow was creased.

"What happened to you?"

Bond was not sitting down. He was on his knees, facing out the rear window.

"They gave me a beating," Bond said. "Where are we going?"

"Back to Kowloon, of course. Try to relax. It's a three-hour drive."

Bond didn't know how he could possibly relax in his position, but he had to admit he felt a hundred times better just being out of the hellhole from which he had escaped.

Bond watched the traffic behind the sedan and saw no signs of pursuit. It was curious that there hadn't been many soldiers at Wong's building. He counted himself extremely lucky. If an entire regiment had been there, he would probably be dead by now.

The man in the passenger seat dialed a cellular phone and spoke Cantonese into it. Bond heard him say they had picked up the *gweilo*. The man turned to Bond.

"Mr. Li wants to know if you got it."

Bond said, "Tell him I have what he wants."

The automobile spent the next half hour navigating the crowded streets of Guangzhou and finally made it out onto the open highway, heading southeast toward Dongguan and Shekou.

•

By the time the hovercraft from Shekou had arrived at the China Ferry Terminal in Tsim Sha Tsui, many of the

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world's governments had learned of Bond's actions that day. The story, relayed over hotlines all around the globe, was that General Wong Tsu Kam had been murdered by a mysterious Brit. There was speculation that it was the same Brit who had killed the two visiting officials in Hong Kong on June 13. China was accusing England of espionage and murder. Four witnesses in the Chinese military force testified that they had been forced by an armed but wounded Caucasian to let him leave the governmental building in the heart of Guangzhou. Several soldiers had been killed inside the building. For the time being, China was keeping the news from the press, but there was no telling when it might be leaked.

The prime minister attempted to assure China that no British hit man was operating on its soil. The idea was absurd—England certainly didn't want a confrontation with China. China refused to listen.

Adding fuel to the fire was the release of James Pickard, Esquire, at six P.M. He had been blindfolded and taken from an undisclosed location in Kowloon to Kai Tak Airport to be left standing on the departures level. He was unharmed, but he went immediately to the police and reported what had happened to him. An hour later, he was surrounded by reporters and photographers. He would receive his 15 minutes of fame, and then would be shipped back to London in the morning. This bit of public spectacle only added to the mysteries that had plagued Hong Kong over the past month.

Government officials in Hong Kong were alarmed. What if the allegations were true? The Chinese troops along the border were under new command within the hour, and word had it that tanks were now moving up to the line. An early takeover was a frightening possibility. It was important to keep the people in the dark, but it was entirely likely that some reporter would stumble across the news at any time and splash it across the papers. A colonywide panic had to be avoided at all costs. The Royal Navy was due to move into Victoria harbor within 24 hours, joining the Hong Kong naval forces. Britain had sent a destroyer and two Duke-class Type 23 frigates to join the three RN Peacock-class patrol craft permanently deployed in Hong Kong. The colony's own naval force was operated by the Marine Region of the Royal Hong Kong Police, mostly a Coast Guard force responsible for the territorial waters of Hong Kong and all surrounding islands. As far as the public was concerned, the Royal Navy's intention was simply to be on hand for the transition, but in reality it was on full alert. The Royal Marines had been dispatched and would form a line south of the Chinese border. The U.S. issued a private statement urging restraint, but her nearby fleets were watching and waiting. The Japanese government offered to mediate, but China refused to acknowledge the gesture.

•

As for James Bond, getting out of China had been relatively simple. The car had been driven to Dongguan, where they stopped at a small hotel so Bond could shower, dress his wounds and change clothes. Li had sent yet another Armani suit for 007 to wear. After a stand-up meal at a food stall, the group continued along the highway to the rapidly expanding Shekou. There they boarded a hovercraft to Kowloon. A new passport had been prepared for Bond (complete with a false exit stamp from Hong Kong immigration), this time in the name of John Hunter. The presence of the ethnic Chinese deflected any suspicions on the part of Chinese immigration that Bond might be the man wanted for General Wong's murder.

A car drove Bond from the hovercraft terminal to Li's office building in Kowloon. The Cho Kun greeted him as an old friend. He smiled broadly and clasped Bond's hand.

Bond handed over the document. He was tired and in pain, and didn't relish the idea that he had done something to help a Triad. He was angry with himself.

"Here it is," Bond said. "I can't imagine it's worth much now."

"You'll find we run a pretty tight ship here, Monahan."

DBS

(continued from page 114)

with DirecTV's Major League Baseball Extra Innings ($139) and NBA League Pass ($149). Both deals offer about 35 out-of-town games a week. And Primestar will match DirecTV's regular-season offer of 500 NHL Center Ice hockey games for $129.

Pro football and college sports loyalists have just one small-dish option. For the third straight season, DSS' DirecTV holds the exclusive on NFL Sunday Ticket, with your choice of 200 regular-season games in this $159 feast of pigskin. (Be warned: Games not sold out are blacked out in the home market.)

DirecTV is your sole small satellite source for 400 nonnetwork college basketball telecasts carried under the banner of ESPN Full Court ($79). Likewise beaming exclusively to DSS dishes is ESPN Game Plan, a $79 package of about 100 college football rivalries nabbed Saturdays in the fall from ABC regional and syndicated telecasts.

FUTURE SHOCK

The biggest problem with satellite TV is the lack of local broadcasting. Echostar's Dish Network is offering various solutions. Its new 5000 receiver has a separate analog tuner for integrating local off-air reception and an on-screen guide that incorporates local stations in prime time. Come fall, Echostar will launch an additional satellite that's expected to beam local stations to subscribers equipped with an additional 12-inch dish. ASkyB, a fourth DBS system that News Corp. and MCI Communications will launch next year, has been designed to beam local programming. News Corp. recently purchased a 50 percent stake in Echostar and chairman Rupert Murdoch hopes to merge ASkyB with the Dish Network. Should that happen, the combined DBS system, called Sky, will offer 500 channels, thus bumping DSS from the dominant slot.

All of these DBS players see a big future delivering Internet content, as the satellite pipeline is huge and the download time can be superfast. Hughes Electronics has already introduced a slightly larger dish-and-receiver set that delivers music and video programming to the TV and Internet data to a PC at a rate of 400 kilobytes per second. And before the year's end, DirecTV is expected to beam about 2000 "Best of the Web" sites plus multimedia magazines as part of its regular DSS feeds. This service will be downloadable to multimedia personal computers equipped with special DSS adapter cards and also to a new breed of DSS-ready multimedia PCs from Gateway and IBM. Looks as if that 500-channel future is just around the bend.

DSS: GETTING IN GEAR

DSS is the only direct broadcast satellite system that offers a variety of equipment by top electronics manufacturers. While the 18-inch DSS dishes are virtually identical, not all receivers are created equal, and competition keeps pushing this product forward. To help narrow your hardware choices, we've highlighted key differences among our favorite models. Note that the microprocessing speed of the various DSS receivers ranges from 8-bit to 32-bit. As with computers, the faster the processor the better, especially when you are accessing the various on-screen program guides.

Hitachi HDS-120S

- 16-bit microprocessor
- On-screen guide color-codes programming by category (movies, sports, news, etc.).
- Illuminated remote control has exclusive Alpha Tune channel selection, which allows you to punch in station call letters such as HBO.
- Nine programmable channel buttons on the remote provide instant access to favorite stations.

Price: $500

Hughes Convergence Dish

- 16-bit microprocessor and PC adapter card
- Slightly oversize convergence dish has separate feeds that send DSS signals to your DSS receiver and Internet data to a PC.
- A single-channel guide lets you view an evening's worth of programming on the channels of your choice.

Price: $700

Panasonic TZ-DBS20

- 8-bit microprocessor
- Includes a function that allows four people in the household to create their own viewing profiles.
- The Director backlit home-theater remote has presets for Panasonic and other brands of home entertainment gear.

Price: $600

Proscan PS84360A

- 8-bit microprocessor
- Channel Select feature allows for multiroom distribution; transmits DSS signals through the home's existing cable wiring.

Price: $700

RCA DS4430RA

- 8-bit microprocessor
- Provides function for programming four personal viewing profiles. Allows you to create cute cartoon-face icons for accessing individual profiles.

Price: $550

Sony SAS-AD2

- 32-bit microprocessor delivers the fastest menu and menu-to-channel jumps.
- Multiple on-screen guides are easy to navigate.
- Has digital audio output for recording onto CD, minidisc or DAT.
- Comes with a radio-frequency or infrared Remote Commander that can operate your system from any room in the house.
- Signal Seeker LED on dish makes self-installation easier. (When the LED flashes, the dish is in line with the satellite.)

Price: $700

Toshiba TSS-222

- 8-bit microprocessor
- Receiver accommodates four personal viewing profiles.
- Backlit remote control operates the TV, VCR and audio system.
- Options include an off-air antenna priced at $130 and a device called the Glass Link connector ($100–$130), which allows DSS signals to travel through a closed window from the dish to the receiver—no drilling required.

Price: $500

Uniden USD200

- 32-bit microprocessor
- Front-panel display lists channel or time.
- Allows you to select small or large fonts for on-screen menus.
- Radio-frequency universal remote also controls up to two TVs, two VCRs, a cable box and a laser disc player. Remote has switchable coding for operating multiple DSS receivers.
- This is the only receiver with an extra AC outlet built in.

Price: $600 —J. T.

Baseball (continued from page 116)

Colorado's pitchers labor in a near vacuum where pop flies can travel a mile. Detroit's pitching is inexcusable.

(Juan Guzman). Toronto fans figure three aces can beat the long odds in the East. What's less noted is that only a year ago Clemens, Hentgen and Guzman had 24 wins against 33 losses. Clemens' ERA was a passable 4.18 but Hentgen's was 5.11 while Guzman's was a hideous 6.32. And since even the world's greatest pitcher, Greg Maddux, can slip after a league-leading year, there is no reason to expect the Jays' aces to be much more than rich .500 pitchers this season. Manager Cito Gaston's crew should nonetheless rebound from 74–88, the third-worst record in the league, thanks largely to a trade in which Toronto stole hitters Orlando Merced and Carlos Garcia and lefty reliever Dan Plesac from Pittsburgh. But even with three aces the Jays have little hope for a wild card.

The **Red Sox** re-signed Tim Naehring. They signed starter Steve Avery, 14–23 the past two years, to swim in the Cooperstown shoes of the departed Clemens. A better move was landing Joe Kerrigan, ex-Expos pitching coach, who has his work cut out for him. Fenway is death to lefties and fly-ball pitchers. Avery is both. The rotation also includes Aaron Sele (7–11, 5.32 in 1996) and Tim Wakefield (14–13, 5.14). Wakefield, a knuckleballer, is the most maddening hurler alive. He'll reel off five straight wins, then give up 100 runs before you can blink. Jose Canseco was traded, as will be shortstop John Valentin, since Boston needs room for impending All-Star Nomar Garciaparra at short. Mo Vaughn is good for 40 bams, but these Sox might not win 80 games.

Detroit's defanged **Tigers** rallied to go 53–109, the worst performance by a big-league team since 1979. But they won a winter trade with the Astros, bringing fleet Brian Hunter to play center and uppercutting Orlando Miller to play short and hit 20 homers. The offense is promising, but Tiger pitching is extinct. Detroit's team ERA was an obscene 6.38, almost a run per game worse than mile-high Colorado's. At least Colorado pitchers have an excuse: They labor in a near vacuum where pop flies can travel a mile. Detroit's pitching is inexcusable.

"Shoot every third male on the fifth floor! Table that . . . bring me the Melrose merger."

AMERICAN LEAGUE CENTRAL

Shocked by the Orioles in last year's opening round of the playoffs, the **Indians** may yet become the Braves of the late Nineties. Their talent outpaces their title total. General manager John Hart spent most of a decade signing Albert Belle and other young stars to long-term deals, slowly turning Cleveland from laughingstock to juggernaut. The Tribe bottomed out with a horrid 57–105 record in 1991 but only four years later went 100–44, by far the best record in the big leagues. But Atlanta won the Series. Then last season the Indians again topped the majors in wins only to stumble in October. Is Cleveland's chance slipping away?

With Belle in Chicago, third baseman Matt Williams, late of the Giants, must bring 40-homer power to the cleanup spot. Williams can be Belleish but has none of Belle's consistency. Williams had 43 homers in 1994, but he's prone to injury. And with Belle now looming in the enemy dugout, Cleveland's offense won't compare to Chicago's should Williams miss much time, even with 1997 All-Stars Kenny Lofton, Manny Ramirez and Jim Thome on hand. Cleveland's rotation is sound but not spectacular. Why believe in the Tribe? Because the relievers can be as imposing as the Yankees bullpen was last season. Closer Jose Mesa must weather a rape charge in an Ohio court; if he beats the rap Mesa leads Mike Jackson, Eric Plunk and the rest of a pen that has become the league's best.

Another reason to root for Cleveland over the **White Sox:** Jerry Reinsdorf's sneak attack on other owners. Having preached against player salaries and orchestrated a war over them, the Sox owner grabbed Belle to complete Chicago's modern murderers' row. Frank Thomas, Belle and Robin Ventura—all you can do is walk them all and hope Harold Baines hits into a double play. Second baseman Ray Durham is due for a breakout year; ditto, starter James Baldwin and maybe rookie outfielder Mike Cameron. Roberto Hernandez will fumble a few saves but should reach 40 for the first time. Jaime Navarro arrives in what amounts to a trade of Chicago starters, ex-Cub Navarro for ex-Sock Kevin Tapani. That's a win for the South Side, though perhaps not so big a win as Sox fans hope. While Tapani is sure to be torched at Wrigley, Navarro was useless

his last two years in the AL, when he was a Brewer. All in all, the Sox deserve their spot as the Central's early-line favorite. Yet their joker of an owner deserves something less. A wild card?

Minnesota's **Twins**, trying to compete on the cheap, nearly vanished from the game's radar screen. Like Milwaukee's Selig before him, Twins owner Carl Pohlad agitated for a new stadium while ignoring the product on the field. Selig got his ballpark. Pohlad probably will, too, thanks partly to the loyalty of native sons. Minnesotans Terry Steinbach (35 homers, 100 RBIs for Oakland) and Paul Molitor (.341 with a league-high 225 hits in his 19th season) took lowball offers from Minnesota because they love the place. Now they team with second baseman Chuck Knoblauch, who hit a Molitoric .341 with 45 steals and a league-best 14 triples, plus outfielder Marty Cordova (.309, 111 RBIs) and rookie Todd Walker, who hit .339 with 28 homers in triple-A ball. Add an improving mound corps and the Twins are ready to contend.

In Kansas City last summer, pigs flew. The cows came home over my dead body and there was hockey in Hades. Yes, Bip Roberts was the **Royals** cleanup hitter. Now, Leon J. Roberts is listed in your program as 5′7″, but that's an exaggeration. Roberts, who weighs nine pounds, can actually hide in his teammates' pockets. Entering 1996 Roberts had clouted a total of 12 home runs in five years. Last year, in 339 at bats, he hit exactly as many big-league homers as you did. Thus we can expect improvement in the middle of the league's worst offense. In 1997 the KC cleanup man, Jeff King or maybe Chili Davis, will homer. In fact, King (30 homers and 111 RBIs in 1996), shortstop Jay Bell (13 homers, 71 RBIs) and new DH Davis (28 homers, 95 RBIs) fortify a club that isn't half bad. With quietly effective pitching behind number one starter Kevin Appier, the Royals might surpass .500 this year. Bip can lead off and hell can thaw out.

Bud Selig's Milwaukee **Brewers** are perfectly mediocre. Skulking just beneath .500, they trade anybody who excels. Last year Greg Vaughn was banished for hitting 31 homers. For pitchers, Milwaukee likes second-line talent such as starter Ben McDonald and closer Mike Fetters. The Brewers won't matter until Selig gives his general manager Sal Bando and his vice president, who is also his daughter, a better allowance to buy premium Brew.

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

It's perky in beantown. More stellar than Starbucks, more macho than a double-shot macchiato, the Seattle Mariners look ready to keep *Sports Center* fans up late for West Coast highlights. After a season on the mend—Ken Griffey Jr.'s

Our thanks to Otto and Jane Fore of Ohio; Roduner Daniel, Switzerland; Catherine Hook, Australia; Maike Mennen and Frank Lüllmann, Germany.

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hand, Edgar Martinez' ribs, Randy Johnson's spine—Seattle should be back in the playoffs.

Start with starters. The 6'10" Johnson had an aching back after carrying the team on it in 1995. The Big Unit made only eight starts last year, finishing 5–0 with a still-sizzling 85 strikeouts in only 61⅓ innings. Quadruple the innings and wins for a healthy Johnson this year. Add Expos escapee Jeff Fassero (15–11, 3.30 ERA) and ex-Padre Scott Sanders (9–5, 157 whiffs in 144 innings) to a blend that includes returnees Jamie Moyer and Salomon Torres. A bullpen featuring the iffy Norm Charlton may worry manager Lou Piniella, but a league-best offense scoring more than six runs per game can ease a manager's mind.

Last Opening Day, Mariners shortstop Alex Rodriguez had just 65 major-league games to his credit. Then he hurt his leg and sat out two weeks. But his hamstring injury was minor, a mere hamlet. On his return Rodriguez proved what a piece of work his swing is, and how rotten is the state of big-league pitching. He led the majors with a .358 batting average and had 36 homers and 123 RBIs. His .631 slugging percentage was the highest ever by a shortstop. Imagine what he will do when he turns 22. Rodriguez bats second ahead of Griffey, perhaps the game's greatest hitter, who batted .303 with 49 homers and 140 RBIs last season while playing with a broken hand. Never a great base stealer, Junior became one last season, swiping 16 while getting thrown out once. With Edgar Martinez also in the lineup along with Jay Buhner (44 homers), Paul Sorrento (23 homers, 93 RBIs) and catcher Dan Wilson, who chipped in 18 homers, the Ms should reap enough Ws to win the West by ten games.

The Anaheim mighty **Angels** were supposed to win last year. Instead they found scorpions in their shoes (a spring training crisis), and later got attacked by bees. Disney, the new owner determined to create a dynasty here, responded in a weird way of its own. After buying a strong ball club favored to win the division that finished last instead, Disney panicked. So Angels fans can forget J.T. Snow, the young first baseman with the golden glove. Now at first: phenom Darin Erstad, a converted outfielder; and, occasionally, 41-year-old Eddie Murray, whose bat is now so slow that he sits on change-ups. Another addition is third baseman Dave Hollins, a snarly "clubhouse leader" whose tough-guy act made GM Bill Bavasi forget that Hollins has averaged nine homers a year since 1993. Bavasi also signed Shigetoshi Hasegawa, whose distinction will be that he's the only bad Japanese pitcher in the big leagues. One day there will be a dynasty here. Disney's bottomless pockets will buy it. Fortunately for the rest of the West, Bavasi's blunders have delayed the inevitable.

The **Rangers**, defending champs, may not even contend for a wild card. Texas could have been a contender with another midorder hitter to help Juan Gonzalez, who tattooed AL pitching (.314, 47 homers, 144 RBIs). (He's not healthy so far this year. He hurt his thumb in winter ball and is expected to be out until mid-May.) The Rangers could also use a starter to back Ken Hill, who went 16–10 to anchor a leaky rotation. Instead, Texas will pay Yankees hero Wetteland more than $5 million. He is one of a handful of elite closers, but signing a big free-agent closer is the right move for a talented, nearly complete team. But the Rangers probably aren't that good. General manager Doug Melvin may have made matters worse by shopping third baseman Dean Palmer and his 38 homers after signing Wetteland. If Palmer goes, the new closer will have even fewer leads to protect. Texas fans are optimistic after last year's minipennant, but it says here the Rangers will be lucky to win 85.

Mark McGwire is the most Ruthian man of our day. Right-handed, redheaded and given to forearm bashes over beer bashes, maybe, but still Ruthian enough. After three aching years McGwire was healthy—by his standards—in 1996. He missed only 20 percent of the **Athletics'** games. He led the majors with 52 homers. McGwire's 1996 home run percentage, a homer every 8.13 at bats, was better than Babe Ruth's career home run percentage. It's too bad that McGwire's supporting cast is so unsupportive, even with Jose Canseco's return bringing echoes of bashes past. Outfielder Geronimo Berroa (36 homers, 106 RBIs) is a worthy teammate for a McGwirian talent, but Oakland's top starting pitcher is liable to be Ariel Prieto, career record 8–13.

"We can dispense with a special prosecutor, Ambrose. My friends and I are perfectly capable of conducting an impartial hearing."

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

This is the heavyweight division. Not because of top-to-bottom talent, not with the pheatherweight Phils on the undercard. But the East's marquee teams are the game's best one-two punch, topping even the AL Central's Indians and Sox.

Had the World Series gone Atlanta's way, the **Braves** might not be favored here. Had Wohlers thrown Leyritz a fastball instead of that fateful slider October 23, Atlanta would likely have gone on to win its second straight Series. But New York's better bullpen took over, and the Yankees won that game plus two more squeakers. Now the Braves have only one Series title to show for their six years of dominance. Expect them to come out breathing fire and to finish the job this time.

If baseball is 90 percent pitching, Atlanta wins every year. But like most

sports, baseball is actually split 50-50, offense and defense. Atlanta's starting pitchers—Greg Maddux, John Smoltz and Tom Glavine—may be the finest top three in modern history, but their glitter can blind fans to the team's few weaknesses—a certain clunkiness on offense, for instance. Last year Atlanta trailed the league in stolen bases. Third baseman Chipper Jones, wearing a T-shirt under his uni reading BAT CHILD FOUND IN CAVE, batted .309 with 30 homers, 110 RBIs and 14 steals in 15 tries. Just 25, he's still getting better. Yet while Jones and Marquis Grissom (.308, 23 homers, 28 steals) provided the only mobility, there were long strikeout binges from cleanup man Fred McGriff (28 homers but 116 strikeouts) and left fielder Ryan Klesko (34 homers, 129 whiffs). Atlanta's attack was subject to dry spells like the Series' final 23 innings, when the Braves scored twice. But 1997 promises better balance. McGriff, who spent the winter as trade bait, may soon be gone, opening a spot for Klesko at first, his natural position, which opens a spot in left for Jermaine Dye, 23, who starred as a part-timer in his rookie year. Finally, a trade of right fielder David Justice will make room for brand-nuw Andruw Jones, 19, the next Rookie of the Year.

As lesser clubs age, Atlanta gets younger and better. The Braves' forgotten fourth starter, Denny Neagle, 28, was lousy in six 1996 starts after coming south from Pittsburgh, but Neagle, an All-Star as a Pirate, may soon be one again. Don't be surprised if he joins Maddux, Smoltz and Glavine at the All-Star Game in Cleveland, then helps the Braves to their second World Series win of the Nineties.

An off-season lowlight: At the Bob Hope Chrysler Classic in January, the Braves' golf-mad hurlers Smoltz, Maddux and Glavine stepped to the tee as a celeb threesome. Smoltz, a two-handicapper, had honors as the latest Cy Young Award winner. He wound up and topped the ball a pitiful 20 yards.

The **Marlins** can hope Smoltz' drive was an omen. They have more punch than the Braves, plus two impressive kids of their own in double-play partners Edgar Renteria and Luis Castillo. Renteria has one clear advantage over last year's Opening Day shortstop: He isn't allergic to grass. Florida pitching is nothing to sneeze at, either. This is the only NL staff that might be better than Los Angeles, and about even with Atlanta's. Ace Kevin Brown led the majors with a Madduxy 1.89 ERA. Signee Alex Fernandez ($35 million) won 16 for the White Sox, and number three man Al Leiter, Florida's answer to Glavine, was 16–12 with a sterling 2.93. New manager Jim Leyland, one of the two or three best in the sport, also has closer Robb Nen, who saved 35 with a 1.95 ERA, and a superb corps of setup relievers. Plus Florida has the game's most improved offense. Outfielder Moises Alou (21 homers, 96 RBIs for Montreal) and error-prone third baseman Bobby Bonilla, a Leyland favorite from their Pittsburgh days, muscle up a lineup that already features scary Gary Sheffield (.314, 42 homers, 120 RBIs), 26-homer man Jeff Conine and versatile Devon White. If Bonilla plays decent defense and hits 25 to 30 homers while the starters reprise their Braves imitation, Florida can topple Atlanta for the division title. If not, there's life in the wild-card playoffs. That's good news for the East's "loser," which may be the second-best team in the game.

The once-cocky **Mets** are the second-best team in their own broadcasts. Each time WOR runs a clip from the glory days of Doc, Darryl, Mookie and Bill Buckner, the new edition suffers by comparison. Today Doc Gooden and Darryl Strawberry are role players for the world-champ Yankees. Alex Ochoa mans Strawberry's old position. Ochoa will be a star but isn't yet. Paul Wilson, Jason Isringhausen and Bill Pulsipher, all of whom have arm trouble, could have been a great trio. They went 11–26 last year, yet things are looking up in Flushing. Bobby Valentine's Mets might not suck. Last year's signees Bernard Gilkey and Lance Johnson paid off big. Left fielder Gilkey had a career year, batting .317 with 30 homers and 117 RBIs. Leadoff man Johnson merely led the league in hits and triples while batting .333 with 50 steals. Now comes a new first baseman, former AL batting champ John Olerud, to join record-setting Todd Hundley in the middle of the order. Hundley bopped 41 homers last season, the most ever at catcher. Then there's second baseman Carlos Baerga, who got so fat and temperamental in 1996 that the Indians couldn't wait to dump him. It didn't help when he was seen in the outfield and in the clubhouse talking on one of his cell phones. Mets fans wanted nothing to do with Baerga as he hit .193 after joining the team. They should note that he is 28 and just a year removed from a .314, 15-homer, 90-RBI season. Meanwhile, shortstop Rey Ordonez, mildly disappointing as a rookie, is probably still destined to replace Ozzie Smith as the archetypal shortstop. Closer John Franco is reliable. Are the Mets a contender?

Or are Felipe Alou's **Expos**? Montreal, stripped of talent by cost-cutting management, has stayed afloat with smart scouting and player development plus the genius of the avuncular Alou. As Grissom, Wetteland, Fassero, Larry Walker, Felipe's son Moises Alou and his nephew Mel Rojas were dispatched to save money, Felipe Alou groomed a new generation of youngsters: fastballer Pedro Martinez (222 strikeouts), infielders Mike Lansing (.285, 23 steals) and Mark Grudzielanek (.306, 33 steals) and outfielder Rondell White. White lost much of last year after smashing his kidney diving for a fly ball. Now healed, he's a good bet to bat .300 with 20 homers, as is the latest Montreal phenom, outfielder Vladimir Guerrero. Only 21, Guerrero is Andruw Jones' main rival for rookie honors.

Last winter the **Phillies** went on a free-agent shopping spree. They came home with used goods: starters Mark Leiter and Mark Portugal, a couple of

"No one on warpath. Teenage smoking is up."

millionaires who were 51–58 the past three years. Ace Curt Schilling, one of the league's top starters, will be traded by the time you read this. Catcher Darren Daulton and center fielder Lenny Dykstra will be contemplating retirement. Third baseman Scott Rolen and closer Ricky Bottalico are worthy big leaguers, but on the whole Philadelphia is little more than the answer to a challenging question: If Pennsylvania held a state championship, would anybody win?

NATIONAL LEAGUE CENTRAL

Tony La Russa didn't seem so smart as his Oakland A's went bad in recent years. Then baseball's most famous vegetarian took over a beefed-up St. Louis team and feasted again. The **Cardinals** made the playoffs for the first time since 1987. They crushed the Padres, then gave mighty Atlanta a scare in the NLCS, falling just short of the World Series. La Russa gets most of the credit. He talked coyly of the complexities of managing in the DH-free National League and the wizardry of NL managers, then made short work of both. He wisely brought a transition team with him from Oakland: pitching coach Dave Duncan, closer Dennis Eckersley, starter Todd Stottlemyre. Last spring La Russa defused what could have been an explosive issue, the end of Ozzie Smith's reign at shortstop. The manager finessed Oz into a supporting role behind Royce Clayton, who had one of the half a dozen career years posted by La Russa's men. There was an all-stellar outfield of Ron Gant (30 homers), Ray Lankford (21 homers, 35 steals) and Brian Jordan (.310 with 104 RBIs). Top starter Andy Benes started 1–7, then won 17 out of 20 decisions to finish second in the league in wins. Andy's little brother, Alan, won 13 in his rookie season. St. Louis calmly overtook Houston in midsummer and cruised to the Central title they expect to defend.

La Russa and GM Walt Jocketty were pleased. The Cards' only major move all winter was signing Delino DeShields, who hit only .224 for the Dodgers but has a career on-base percentage of .351. It was a smart move—second baseman DeShields can only improve what was an empty spot for St. Louis last season; should DeShields revert to All-Star form, the Cards will look like geniuses. This year's Cardinals show every sign of being at least as good as they were in 1996, when they won the Central by six games.

The **Astros** are now managed by Larry Dierker, who has never managed or coached a professional team. He was the club's TV announcer before owner Drayton McLane Jr. and GM Gerry Hunsicker brought him down to lead the Astros. Houston never wins despite being an annual contender thanks to their killer Bs, first baseman Jeff Bagwell (.315, 31 homers, 120 RBIs plus 21 steals), second baseman Craig Biggio (.288, 15 homers and 25 steals in an off year) and outfielder Derek Bell (17 homers, 113 RBIs, 29 steals). The upside for 1997 is that all three Bs can easily surpass their 1996 stats, while Luis Gonzalez returns with the lick of left-handed power the lineup needed. Rookie outfielder Bob Abreu might hit .300. A rotation with Shane Reynolds, Mike Hampton, Sid Fernandez and Darryl Kile should be adequate and could be superior, though Dierker's bullpen is untested. Plenty of room for uptick, at least until you remember the Astro curse. Since 1991, when they traded Kenny Lofton for journeyman catcher Eddie Taubensee, the Astros have done nothing right. For the 1993 season they paid megabucks to washout pitchers Doug Drabek and Greg Swindell. To get Bell they traded two All-Stars, Ken Caminiti and Steve Finley. This year the curse continues in a form that will take effect gradually, something less measurable than stats but still significant. It is the very real managerial difference between La Russa and rookie manager Dierker.

Cincinnati **Reds** owner Marge Schott's latest trouble has nothing to do with Nazi memorabilia. This time all she allegedly did was concoct false records at her car dealership. While stingy Schott made club executives pay their own way on scouting trips, she reportedly was secretly inventing car deeds for them. Those paper cars were the only gifts Reds execs got from Schott, and now that she is in limbo, GM Jim Bowden must try to restore this jalopy. Bowden has been clever, signing dozens of hobbled ex-stars to bargain contracts. Each spring he releases the chaff and keeps a rejuvenated nobody like Kevin Mitchell (.341 in 1993, .326 with 30 homers in 1994) or Eric Davis, who had 26 homers and 23 steals for Bowden in 1996. Can smart-shopper Bowden find a new blue-light special? Former MVP Terry Pendleton, a clubhouse leader who may win the third-base job from young Willie

"In all my years as a cuckold, I can't remember when I've witnessed a finer piece of group improvisational acting."

Greene, came cheap. So did slugger Ruben Sierra, who is only 31 despite the fact that his good Oakland years seem decades ago. Another cheap signee is starter Kent Mercker, who threw a no-hitter for Atlanta and was once mentioned in the same breath with Maddux and Smoltz. Deion Sanders brings cowboy mystique to the outfield. And outfielder Reggie Sanders and starter Pete Schourek might also come up big in 1997. With luck the Reds can push last season's 81–81 record into the black.

Chicago GM Ed Lynch was 2–9 as a **Cubs** pitcher ten years ago. Now entrusted with the reins, Lynch surveyed a 76–86 team and decided it needed a return to the early Nineties, when the Cubs would go 78–84. He brought back 34-year-old shortstop Shawon Dunston (five homers), who with 32-year-old Mark Grace (.331, nine homers) and 37-year-old Ryne Sandberg (.244, 25 homers) reconstitutes three quarters of an infield that defines big-league mediocrity. Brian McRae's leadoff skills and cleanup man Sammy Sosa's wild, windy power (40 homers, 134 whiffs) anchor an unsettled Cubs lineup that may also feature rookies Brooks Kieschnick and Kevin Orie. On the mound, closer Mel Rojas (36 saves as an Expo) backs up Chicago's flimsy rotation. Even if ace Steve Trachsel matches his 1996 with another superb 200-inning year, Cubs starters will seldom last six innings. Last season, GM Lynch consoled fans by saying the Cubs were better than their record. This year the Cubs will be worse.

The most famous **Pirates** player is outfielder Al Martin. After batting .300 with 18 homers and 38 stolen bases, Martin somehow escaped the general rule in Pittsburgh: Trade everyone for nothing. General manager Cam Bonifay, ordered to cut costs, has traded assets with almost no regard to returns. He traded Neagle to Atlanta for nothing much, then swapped Jeff King (30 homers, 111 RBIs) and Jay Bell (13 homers) to get Joe Randa, a 27-year-old infielder who hit six homers. Meanwhile, the top starters are Jon Lieber (career record 19–19) and Jason Schmidt (7–8 career). Pray for rain.

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

Available to the right buyer for about $200 million, the **Dodgers** still appear to be the class of their division. While Todd Zeile (25 homers, 99 RBIs with the Phils and Os) may be the only premiere addition, Los Angeles can afford to stand pat. Manager Bill Russell's Nomo-Martinez-Valdes-Astacio-Park rotation boasts four nationalities and five strong right arms. Hideo Nomo was third in the majors with 234 strikeouts, behind only Smoltz and Clemens. Mexican-born Ismael Valdes won 15. He turns 24 in August and may be ready for a breakout 20-win season. Dominicans Ramón Martinez and Pedro Astacio, tall scarecrows with darting, deceptive stuff, could win 15 to 20 games each. The question mark is Korea's 23-year-old Chan Ho Park. Often dazzling as he fans and/or walks two or three in an inning, Park could put an exclamation point on the Dodgers' season. If Park can win 12, then Russell's pitchers, ably supported by closer Todd Worrell (tied with Jeff Brantley for a league-best 44 saves), Antonio Osuna (unlimited potential) and Darren Dreifort (who should start fulfilling his potential this year), won't need much help from an attack that scored the third-fewest runs in all of baseball.

Not that Los Angeles' offense attack is so bad. Dodger Stadium is a hurler's paradise that annually numbs Dodger bats while improving pitchers' stats. The lineup includes catcher Mike Piazza (.336, 36 homers), his buddy first baseman Eric Karros (34 homers) and outfielders Raul Mondesi (24 homers) and Todd Hollandsworth (.291, 12 homers, 21 steals). All four, along with pitcher Nomo, are recent Rookies of the Year. This year's rookie candidates are Mexican whiz Karim Garcia and infielder Wilton Guerrero. Watch the Dodgers do what they should have done last year, when San Diego stole their division crown on the season's last day. Watch them win the West by ten games.

Colorado's **Rockies** were schizophrenic as usual in 1996. Playing at mile-high Coors Field, they led the world in hitting and trailed in pitching. Manager Don Baylor's men had more hits, homers, runs and steals than any other NL team. Baylor's pitchers surrendered more homers and allowed more runs than anybody else. Perhaps frustrated by pitching in Colorado, they also plunked 69 batters. That's a stat Baylor understands. As a looming, plateward-leaning hitter from 1970 to 1988 he set the all-time record for being hit by pitches. His no-name rotation with Kevin Ritz (17 wins), Mark Thompson (9–11) and gifted Jamey Wright won't record impressive stats. But it might win a combined 40 games while allowing five runs a game. That would be a Dodgers-like performance here, enough to let a seven-runs-per-game offense emerge on top. Outfielders Ellis Burks, Dante Bichette and Larry Walker are all potential 30-homer, 30-steals men. First baseman Andres Galarraga led the NL with 47 homers and 150 RBIs. Galarraga even stole 18 bases—not bad for a guy with Colossus of Rhodes speed. Third baseman Vinny Castilla hit 40 homers while second baseman Eric Young, another All-Star, batted .324 with a league-best 53 steals. If the Dodgers prove unbashable, Colorado should at least reclaim second place from the Padres.

A note to Rockies fans: Thanks to all who wrote me about my 1996 prediction

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Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 30, 32–33, 36, 108–109, 114–115, 151 and 175, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

TRAVEL
Page 26: "Road Stuff": **Relief band** by *Maven Laboratories*, 888-668-6648. **Book** from *Nolo Press*, 800-992-6656. **Pillow** from *Talatech International*, 800-TALATECH.

STYLE
Page 30: "Pucker Up": **Seersucker suits:** By *Hugo Boss*, 610-992-1400. By *Nautica*, at Lord & Taylor stores. **Shirts:** By *San Siro Sport*, at Bryan Lee, Santa Barbara, 805-963-0206. By *Lat Naylor*, at Intoto, Minneapolis, 612-822-2414. By *F8*, at Rollo, San Francisco, 415-989-7656. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Tommy Hilfiger stores. **Pants** by *Level 7*, at Aero, Chicago, 773-404-0650. **Shorts** by *Level 7*, at Garment District, Denver, 303-757-3371. "Hot Shopping: Austin, Texas": *Architects & Heroes*, 512-467-9393. *By George Men*, 512-472-5536. *Room Service*, 512-451-1057. *Fringe Wear*, 512-323-0039. "Groom Like a Jock": **Hair-care products:** By *Nexxus*, 800-444-NEXX. By *American Crew*, 800-598-CREW. **Skin moisturizers:** *Polo Sport* and *Purpose Dual-Treatment*, at department stores and drugstores. **Body gel** by *Bullfrog*, at mass merchandisers.

WIRED
Pages 32–33: "PC Board Report": **3D PC boards:** By *Creative Labs*, 800-998-5227. By *3DFX*, 888-367-3339. By *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-468-5846. By *Orchid*, 800-577-0977. **Computer** by *NEC Technology*, 800-632-4636. "Road Tunes": **Personal stereos:** By *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. "Phone First": **Phone systems:** By *Casio*, 310-320-9810. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Lucent Technologies*, 800-222-3111. "Wild Things": **Videophone** by *Vivitar*, 800-421-2381. **Home theater system** by *JBL*, 800-336-4525. **Radar detector** by *Rocky Mountain Radar*, 915-587-0307. "Multimedia Reviews and News": **Software:** By *Eidos Interactive*, at retail stores. By *Mission Studios*, from Interplay, 800-INTERPLAY. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *Electronic Arts*, 800-245-4525. By *Westwood Studios*, 888-VIACOM1. By *Mentorom Multimedia*, 800-214-3668 or 800-230-8837 (Canada). By Sega Soft, 888-SEGA-SOFT. By *Cyberflix*, 423-546-1157. By *Voyager*, 800-446-2001. By *Microsoft Games*, 800-426-9400. **Book** from *No Starch Press*, 800-420-7240.

HEALTH & FITNESS
Page 36: "Machine du Jour": **Exercise machine** by *Precor*, 800-477-3267, ext. 619.

SUITS AND TIDE
Pages 108–109: **Swimwear:** By *Hugo Boss*, available by special order at Hugo Boss stores. By *Moschino Mare*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000. By *Gottex*, 800-225-SWIM. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's, Chicago, 312-781-1000. By *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores. **Thongs** by *Sensi*, 800-537-5238. **Watch** by *Guess*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Dive accessories** at Paragon Sports, New York City, 212-255-8036.

DISHING ON DBS
Pages 114–115: **Digital broadcast satellite programming:** From *DirecTV*, 800-347-3288. From *U.S. Satellite Broadcasting*, 800-204-8772. From *Primestar*, 800-PRIMESTAR. From *Dish Network*, 800-333-3474. **Program guides:** By *Satellite Direct*, 800-285-5454. By *Satellite Choice*, 800-345-8876. By *TV Plus*, from Triple D Publishing, 800-234-0021. By *TV Guide*, 800-204-8772. **Antenna** by *Antennas America*, 800-508-6532. Page 151: "DSS: Getting in Gear": **DSS receivers:** By *Hitachi Electronics*, 800-241-6558. By *Hughes Network System*, 301-428-5500. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Proscan*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-776-7226. By *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. By *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669. By *Toshiba*, 888-867-4377. By *Uniden America Corp.*, 800-297-1023.

ON THE SCENE
Page 175: "The E-Mail Must Go Through": **Pager** by *Motorola*, 800-548-9954. **Cell phone communicator** by *Nokia*, 800-666-5553. **Notebook computer** by *Hitachi*, 800-555-6820. **Screen phone** by *Philips Home Services, Inc.*, 800-284-2428.

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"I'll eat yellow snow if Bichette and Castilla combine for more than 70 homers and 200 RBIs again." They combined for 71 homers and 254 ribbies. And that Mama Tish's lemon ice was delicious. I still say Bichette and Castilla aren't that good. If they combine for 70 and 200 this year, I will go to Denver and personally inscribe their stats in the snow.

You remember Fernando Valenzuela, the Dodgers' Rookie of the Year back when we were all kids. Five years ago sore-armed Valenzuela was toiling in the Mexican League. The **Padres** signed him in 1995 to boost the Mexican American gate. He mixed loopers and 80-mph screwballs to cobble together two inspiring seasons. Valenzuela was 8–3 in 1995, then 13–8 with a 3.62 ERA for the West-winning Padres last year, when he was one of the ten best NL starters. Like Maddux, who has far more bite on his pitches, Valenzuela proved that craft and intelligence can be 90 percent of baseball. League MVP Caminiti (.326, 40 homers, 130 RBIs) carried the club all year, though he could barely lift his aching shoulder. Caminiti, center fielder Finley (30 homers, 95 RBIs), ex-Brewer Greg Vaughn (41 homers, 117 RBIs) and six other Padres all had career years, suggesting a downturn to come. Gimpy Tony Gwynn may claim his eighth batting title, but San Diego's reign as Titletown West will be brief.

Dusty Baker's **Giants** signed Darryl Hamilton, the center fielder and leadoff man they needed. Slick-fielding first baseman J.T. Snow and homer hitter Jeff Kent won't hurt. Kent hit 20 for the Mets two years ago. Catcher Rick Wilkins may be healthy enough to hit 20, and he'll handle a pitching staff that has a chance to be average. What else is there to say about last-place San Francisco? Only this: Barry Bonds' career has now passed its midpoint. Bonds has won three MVP awards, and nobody pitches to him anymore. He leads NL hitters in walks year after year. Yet he wins a Gold Glove for his fielding each year while creaming the strikes he sees. In 1996 he batted .308, hit 42 homers, drove in 129 runs and swiped 40 bases.

Bonds is one of baseball's least popular players. To many fans he seems brash and selfish, the very model of the modern major-leaguer. In fact, he is one of the more thoughtful guys in baseball, though he may not be anybody's role model. A nasty divorce from his wife, Sun, featured charges of domestic abuse as well as a bizarre interlude when the judge asked for his autograph. Still, he is one of the few jocks who truly likes his job. Last year Bonds was sued, booed and often misconstrued, but baseball's greatest player refused to be distracted. "My happiness is on the field," he said.

WHEN *NO* DOESN'T MEAN *NO*

(continued from page 120)

PLAYBOY: What advice do you have for them?

GRAY: A lot of men have been having purely sexual relationships for so long that they can't commit. Men who can't commit are the ones so many women complain about. If you don't want to spend the rest of your life single, the first thing you have to realize is that you want to commit. For the man who pursues women, sleeps with them and then loses interest, my advice is: Don't go all the way for a while. I counseled a man who's 38 years old and wants to be in a committed relationship. He's been in one relationship after another. He loves women but can't commit; he has a fear of committing. I said, "If you want to commit and don't want to spend the rest of your life single, you have to say, 'I want to commit.' You have to feel like you want to do it. How? You meet the next woman and fall in love with her. But don't go all the way with her. Just say to yourself, I'm not going to go all the way until I'm ready to marry. If you try that and it doesn't work, say, I'm not going to have sex until I get married. Put that condition on yourself. Tell the woman, 'I have a tendency to sleep with someone and then lose interest. I'm not going to do that anymore. I want to get to know you first.'" I asked what he thought. He said, "It's probably good advice. Most of my relationships have been sexual and that's all. They stay superficial. I never really get to know the woman or become friends with her." He hit the nail right on the head. The energy stays down in the sex center; he never gives it a chance to come up into his heart and head. When it gets into his head, when he feels attracted to a woman mentally the way he's attracted physically, things will change. If he always uses that energy physically, it won't get forced up. If he doesn't have sex, it will. There are other reasons why it isn't forced up. He may have been rejected by his mother, so he's afraid to really love a woman. You can probe it psychologically or take the tested route: Just don't have sex. If you feel the need for release, take a cold shower.

PLAYBOY: Earlier you said that a woman should take care of all her husband's sexual needs. But almost every enlightened sex therapist says that masturbation is healthy—even for married people. Do you really disagree?

GRAY: Every time you masturbate alone, you're leaving out your partner. Why masturbate if you have a healthy marriage? Certainly there will be times when your wife is not in the mood for sex and you want it. You might feel frustrated, so masturbating may be all right. When I have to, I can masturbate, but I do it thinking about my wife.

PLAYBOY: And not, say, Teri Hatcher or Alicia Silverstone? Do you really think a man can't be in love with his wife and also have sexual fantasies about other women?

GRAY: It's probably fine to a point. But if you're married, you want sex to stay inside the marriage. If at all possible, you should share your sexual energy with your partner.

PLAYBOY: How about when you're not together?

GRAY: You call her on the phone and masturbate together. You have phone sex.

PLAYBOY: If you disapprove of masturbation, do you frown on pornography?

GRAY: Too much of anything becomes unhealthy. For certain personalities, too much exposure to pornography can become addictive. There are different degrees of addiction. If you're masturbating to pornography too much, then you lose your ability to get turned on by a real woman. You can get turned on only to a fantasy. Plus, with women in pornography, you're catching them at their best age, airbrushed, with perfect lighting. It's not real but it certainly emulates something real.

PLAYBOY: Can't it also be a harmless release?

GRAY: Sure, but some men develop unrealistic expectations. Pornography can set up in men an inability to have a serious, faithful, monogamous relationship—because real women can never live up to these expectations. For a married man, it can make it so you are no longer turned on by your wife. It looks as if these women in the movies and in magazines want to have sex, but then you go home and your wife or girlfriend doesn't necessarily want to. You get angry and become even more obsessed with sex. It all goes against a good relationship. I've learned to direct my sexual energy into my wife and keep our relationship vibrant instead of building up resentment and turning off to her. When my wife takes off her clothes, I'm ready for sex in a second; she turns me on that quickly. It goes back to my message for men: Women need to feel special and beautiful. How will my wife feel if I'm getting off on images of other women? Will she feel special? In moderation, pornography is fine. You look at a woman's body; it creates erotic feelings. Great. Now go home and make love with your wife.

PLAYBOY: How about single men? Do you discourage them from getting off on pornography?

GRAY: No, but they have to know that they don't need a beautiful model to generate those feelings. Pornography gives us a taste of what we want and motivates us to get it. A picture can generate those feelings. But if a man is masturbating to pornography too much, it can prevent him from going further in a relationship.

PLAYBOY: That certainly goes against the prevailing wisdom that pornography is

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GRAY: But if we didn't have an economy and people got whatever they wanted, most of us wouldn't work. Look at the sons of rich men; many are losers. Not all, but most. They never have to do anything. You have to do something or you don't rise to the occasion. The energy is there, and if you always release that energy sexually, why risk getting involved with a woman or getting married? It's a huge mess if it doesn't work out—the alimony, your life is ruined, you've got kids. So why should I risk that if I can satisfy myself alone? Because you miss out on the richness of life. There's no doubt that creative people channel their energy. A lot of them are lonely people. Loneliness creates the best writers. And they're not masturbating. They agonize and they write about their agonies, and they create these incredible masterpieces because they're sublimating their sexual energy.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that creative people shouldn't masturbate, either?

GRAY: Well, you don't have to be celibate to be a creative genius. But you have to be able to bring up that energy. You can have sex, but if that's your only outlet for creative energy, then you're going to get lazy and release it only through sex.

PLAYBOY: Besides to refrain from masturbating, what advice do you give to men who haven't had luck in relationships?

GRAY: There are a lot of sensitive guys—let's say considerate, since "sensitive" has a negative connotation—who give up when a woman isn't instantly interested. The guy who gets her is the one she wasn't interested in but who kept pursuing her.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that no doesn't mean no?

"Those of us in matrimonial practice find language like 'achieving reasonable equity' more useful than 'cutting his balls off.'"

GRAY: Yes, when it comes to pursuing women for relationships. My wife is my soul mate; I saw it in her, but she didn't see it in me at first. I pursued this woman. I wouldn't take no for an answer. I was obnoxious—I'm not normally an obnoxious guy, but with her I persisted. Women can't resist it after a while, because they need to feel special. Women, regardless of how liberated they might be, enormously appreciate men who initiate a relationship. At my singles seminars, women have said things like, "If a guy persists in getting to know me—even if I'm initially uninterested and say no several times—I begin to feel so special that I eventually say yes." If you're willing to put in that much energy and take that much rejection, even if she's not interested she will at least give you a chance.

PLAYBOY: We're suspicious of this advice. There are many stories of men relentlessly pursuing women who reject them. Some waste years.

GRAY: Of course there's a limit. If you pursue for years a woman who isn't interested, you've gone too far. But at the first stages of dating, no doesn't mean no. No doesn't mean no when it comes to asking her out. No means, "No, and let's continue talking about it." If a woman says, "I just want to be friends," take it as an invitation—there's potential for a sexual relationship. That means there's some mental intimacy going on. Now you have to be attentive to her for a while—woo her, romance her. You might open her heart, which will open her sexuality, and you'll find she'll be your soul mate.

PLAYBOY: In the current sexual climate, isn't it dangerous to tell men that no doesn't mean no?

GRAY: When it comes to sex, no *does* mean no. No doesn't mean no in terms of pursuing a woman for a potential relationship, but it definitely does in terms of sex. In fact, you've got to watch the signals long before that. It used to be that a woman felt safe making out with a guy; that's often all she wanted to do. Now, though it may still be all she wants to do, he starts wanting to push it. The woman says, "Whoa! Wait a second!" and he feels led on. He's wrong. It's normal for women to want to go slowly. It's normal for women to want to cuddle and kiss and wait to go all the way. So when she says no, listen. It's only when it comes to asking women out that no doesn't necessarily mean no. It's actually not a good signal when a woman wants to jump into bed right away.

PLAYBOY: A lot of men want women to jump into bed with them.

GRAY: But it's not a good way to start a relationship, partly because of the way a woman responds to it. She wakes up the next day and either has the morning-after syndrome—what am I doing here?—or, more commonly, feels emotionally

needy. It's because she had sex before she was ready to have sex. Some women think the way to get a man's love is to do what he wants. What man is going to say no? She may not be ready to have sex but does it because it causes him to want her. But if there's nothing in her heart for him, she will feel hungry. She then will push, and he'll retreat.

PLAYBOY: How do you counsel men who feel unattractive to women?

GRAY: If a guy feels unattractive because women don't respond to him, he's going after the wrong women. He has to figure out why they're the wrong women. Maybe he's trying to get a woman who looks a certain way because it's a status symbol, but she's not really the right woman for him. Eventually a man should stop longing for women who don't want him and learn to long for women who do. He will find such women by getting to know them, intellectually and emotionally, before trying to make it a sexual relationship. Women at first may not seem attracted, or they may not even think they're attracted, but if you open their minds and their hearts, they will next want you sexually. Women often don't know what they want.

PLAYBOY: No wonder many feminists attack you.

GRAY: In therapy sessions and workshops, I hear from women who consider themselves feminists, who have not had fulfilling relationships but want one. In many cases, they've bought the line that women are supposed to be like men. All I can tell you is that they're very open to what I'm saying. They say that when they pursue a man, he doesn't commit. Well, men like being pursued, but then we don't commit.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, a man may well enjoy being pursued and may end up committing to a woman who has pursued him.

GRAY: For a man to commit to a relationship, he has to find the part of him that really wants the woman. That he pursued her, and succeeded in winning her over. When he feels that success, that "I did it," then he has the confidence to make the commitment. I didn't invent this—it's in our genes and in our hormones.

PLAYBOY: You say that age is a factor in sexual response in women. How about for men?

GRAY: Hormone levels change. As a young man, you don't even think about having sex; your testosterone level is up, you get an erection and you know if you have sex you're going to climax. Once a man is over 40, he starts becoming more like a woman.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure we like that statement. More like a woman?

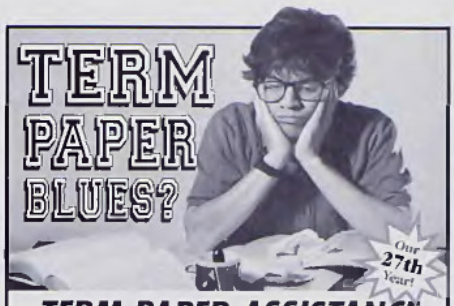
GRAY: It's a fact that he begins to have lower testosterone levels and he needs certain things that women need—foreplay, to go slower and more gradually. The important thing is that the man understands it. Since he never needed foreplay before, he assumes his penis isn't working. He's not about to lie naked in bed with a woman when it's not up. But he has to learn to. She may have to rub it awhile before something starts to happen. She might even need to give you a blow job while you're still soft, gently pulling on your penis, massaging your testicles, moving your thighs, touching your nipples and your chest. To a certain extent, you're more like a woman. You need the foreplay, and then—boom. The penis comes back.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on other forms of sex—on sadomasochism, for example?

GRAY: On one level, anything consenting adults want to do together is fine. But as a therapist who wants people to have healthy relationships, I think too much of this stuff can be harmful. I want to teach people what will make their marriages or relationships work. Certain kinds of sex are like dangerous drugs, and certain kinds of sex are innocent. The fringe of what couples experiment with may be beyond the innocent. Indulging in sadomasochism is a form of backward therapy. A man who wants to be dominated, for example, is acting out his neurosis and getting some release. It's not going to heal him. I would rather see him get well. It may take some type of therapy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have anything against group sex?

GRAY: In general, it's a male fantasy. Women didn't invent that fantasy, OK? I have counseled couples who are in swingers' groups and the woman invariably says she does it to please her husband. Well, here we go again: Women need to feel special. She wants a monogamous relationship with a man. Is she going to feel special if he needs more than one woman? The reason he wants to involve other women is that he has lost his ability to stay attracted to his wife. But the more he uses other women to turn him on, the less he has the ability to be turned on by his wife. And it increases the problem. It's another symptom of men and women with low self-esteem. It is not natural. Go back in history, when there were harems. That was different. They certainly didn't have romantic relationships; they were not trying to achieve what we're trying to achieve today, which is real intimacy. And to achieve real intimacy, it takes one on one. From that we can experience an altered state of life that is better than any other. It can happen if two people learn to grow together in love. But if you need another woman every time, forget it. We're back in the Dark Ages.



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DONALD TRUMP

(continued from page 92)

"He was able to persuade bondholders to let him off the hook," says Marvin Roffman, a casino analyst who was fired (under pressure from Trump) from Janney Montgomery Scott in 1990 for refusing to apologize for a report critical of Trump. "His turnabout is a classic. It ought to go, if it isn't there already, into a Harvard Business School textbook. It is the biggest comeback I've ever seen. Donald Trump, financially speaking, has come back from the dead."

Donald says, "It was a good experience for me. I wouldn't give it up for anything, but I wouldn't want to live through it again. The success I'm having now is more satisfying because I have more respect for success. Before, it was like everything just happened. I never missed. Now I realize it's not that easy."

Satisfaction oozes from Donald these days. This fortune is solid. You can measure it daily by checking the value of his stocks. He has proved he's no fluke. Having survived one turn of fortune's wheel, Donald has a more tempered view of his wealth. "Money makes life easier, but it doesn't make you happy," he says. "I wouldn't say I'm happy. I'd say I'm content."

Newly returned from the dead, the Donald is haunted by images of falling planes. The idea of a plunge into a carnivorous Everglades is especially harrowing to a man who spends so much time in the air. On a recent trip to Moscow, where gambling has become even more of a national pastime—"Moscow is going to be huge, take it from the Trumpster!"—he and Marla and entourage were reduced to flying on commercial airlines.

"We had to wait about an hour in London for a flight, right out there with all the other passengers," says Marla, making a face. "Well, you can imagine how that went over with Donald."

Convenience is the big reason Donald keeps his own jet fueled and ready, as is ego (there is that giant T painted on the tail). But he also does it out of an obsessive concern for safety. This is a man who hates to shake hands for fear of contracting a virus (though he can hardly avoid it and manfully endures dozens of handshakes every day, leaning forward with his fingers held together stiffly and pointing slightly downward, as if to spear the offending hand).

The night before at La Guardia Airport he had thrust his hand to guests aboard his 727 for the flight south. To board the jet is to step into the fantasy. Its spotless interior has plush carpets and two groupings of four big bucket chairs with beige leather upholstery around exotic-wood coffee tables buffed to a high gloss. The golden clasps of its seat belts shine like new money. Beyond the second table is a bedroom with a double bed, and past that is the red-velvet furniture arrangement, sofa and chairs, that is the Trumps' flying living room.

Marla and Tiffany follow Donald up the plane's back stairs. Marla is reed-thin, her frame that of a tall teenage boy, and wearing a short gray wool skirt over black tights. She's carrying a big Gap bag and another with carryout food for everyone. Little Tiffany's bright blonde locks fall halfway down the back of her plaid jumper. She runs and chatters happily, at home.

Donald announces he's too tired for an interview. "I hate them anyway," he says. So Donald opens a cabinet with dozens of selections, and after some deliberation picks *Pulp Fiction*. He presses a button that lowers a screen at midplane, then he loosens his tie and settles in for the two-hour flight. Marla is annoyed. She had forcefully urged a tape more suitable for Tiffany, something in the Muppets vein. At the sound of the first "motherfucker" in the opening scene, Marla moves to the front of the plane, where she sits with Tiffany on a couch and opens a big picture book.

Trump sits only for the first half hour—"Great writing. This is great writing, isn't it?" he asks—and then drifts up to sit with Marla and Tiffany, and to chat with pilot Mike Donovan and his crew in the cockpit. When dance music starts up in the film, he boogies down the aisle and briefly resumes his seat, admiring Uma Thurman, whose face fills the screen—"In real life she's got to be amazing, this chick. You can tell. Amazing."

As the plane begins its descent into Palm Beach, Trump holds forth on the art of the perfect landing:

"You get these guys, these fucking idiots, who drop the plane halfway down the runway and then run the engines in reverse to slow the plane. Tears the hell out of an airplane. I go to American Airlines and I ask, 'Who's your best pilot?' They tell me, 'You're not going to want to pay this guy. He makes a lot of money.' I ask, 'How much money?' They say, '$125,000.' Oh, wow. I offer him $160,000. I pay lawyers five times that much, and all they do is protect me from lawsuits. I'm trusting this guy with my fucking life. He puts the engine down on the front of the runway so you can glide on in, not this reversing-the-engines shit."

Never mind that air-traffic controllers have more say than pilots about where planes touch down on runways at busy airports, or that pilots don't reverse the engines to help slow the plane; they merely reverse the airflow, thereby reducing their reliance on the brakes, which can tear the hell out of a plane.

Much was made of Trump's iron whim, his sometimes ill-informed don't-bother-me-with-the-details management style, by Jack O'Donnell, a former president of the Trump Plaza who left Trump's employ in 1990 and then trashed him in a book (*Trumped! The Inside Story of the Real Donald Trump—His Cunning Rise & Spectacular Fall*). The book is a classic midlevel manager's lament over an employer who wants results, not excuses. He does catch Trump at his petulant worst, demanding that

"Better leave the power tie on, Mr. Jenkins. You may need it."

employees be fired for problems beyond their control, issuing contradictory commands, insisting on the impossible. O'Donnell neglects to explain, however, how Trump's seemingly hopeless leadership somehow manages to succeed. Bollenbach says he found Donald's famously short attention span and penchant for storytelling annoying at first. There were times he wanted to shake him by the shoulders, make him focus. But he discovered that beneath Donald's distracted exterior is a hard business mind—"I realized that when he didn't want to discuss something, it was because he'd already made up his mind." Donald is not one to talk something through, but that doesn't mean he isn't thinking. Even his worst critics admit that his casinos are consistent moneymakers, that his towers rent space well over the rate of comparable properties, that Mar-a-Lago's renovation is a triumph and . . . damn it, his pilot does guide the big black bird down through treacherous crosswinds and sets it on the runway with barely a bump.

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"Nobody has had worse things written about them than me," Trump says. "And here I am. The stuff O'Donnell wrote about me is probably true. The guy's a fucking loser. A fucking loser. I brought the guy in to work for me; it turns out he didn't know that much about what he was doing. I think I met the guy two or three times total. And this guy goes off and writes a book about me, like he knows me! I understand it. He needs the money, so he uses my name to sell some books. But it must have been a lousy book because it didn't sell any copies."

Donald has discovered what all celebrities eventually find. If you're doing well, there's nothing written about you that can hurt you. And if you're doing poorly, there's nothing written about you that can help.

He has often identified his special gift as deal making, but his real talent is something else. If you watch him in action, what you see is a man willing a fantasy into being. He wants to live on a mountaintop of perfection, where everything around him is miraculously neat, clean, new and in its place—he was voted "most tidy" by his military school classmates.

Trump polices the fantasy rigorously. Whether in his Manhattan office, in Atlantic City or, this weekend, in Palm Beach, he remains in constant motion, throwing his frenetic energy in ten, 15, 20 different directions, keeping an amazing number of balls in the air. He wants the shields in the towering foyer regilded, the rug on the north wing's back stairs replaced, the bright-red–leaved plants in the patio's lush gardens removed—"I don't like them"—and the new golden rug in the men's locker room at the spa replaced ("What kind of fucking idiot puts a living room rug in a locker room with showers and saunas going all the time?"). He notices that the brass panel on the kitchen door is smudged: "Polish this, Tony. Today." When the lord of the manor is home, Mar-a-Lago's staff scurry like they expect, at any moment, to be slapped on the back of the head.

The Donald had his tile man—a genius! the best!—come out just a few weeks ago to lay smooth, rust-colored slate on the platforms between the burgundy clay tennis courts. It looks a lot nicer than plain concrete. Handsome stone water coolers stand at one end of the platforms, and there's enough room under a yellow-striped umbrella for four chairs and a small table. Except, today, smack in the middle of each platform there's this . . . this thing . . . this little metal box about two feet high and a foot wide with wires and tubes sticking out of it, right where the table is supposed to go. Inspecting the courts with his tennis pro, Anthony Boulle, Donald probes the ugly box first with his foot.

"What's this?" he asks, like a man with a turd on his dinner plate.

Boulle explains that it's the chiller for the water cooler, that he tried to tell the plumber that Mr. Trump wasn't going to be happy, but the guy said. . . .

Donald kicks the thing. It doesn't budge so he bends over, pissed royally now, and gives the thing a hard shove. It flops over. Water from the ruptured main begins to spout two, three, four feet high, rapidly soaking and then puddling on the carefully combed courts. The Donald, muttering angrily, skips out of the spray and strides off, stepping around the widening pool.

When giving tours of Mar-a-Lago, which is what one mostly does with a mansion that has 118 rooms and dazzling curiosities in almost every one, it's not enough to say that this is one of the most opulent homes in North America. Donald must gild even gold leaf. He'll point to the whimsical cartoon castle spun into the rug in the sunny bedroom originally designed for Post's daughter Dina Merrill (now, on infrequent visits, it serves teenage Ivanka Trump) and tell guests that the rug was designed by Walt Disney when he was just 18 years old and that the castle eventually became the prototype for the Magic Kingdom itself. Never mind that Disney was 26 years old and already running a successful animation studio in Los Angeles when Mar-a-Lago was built. The tower bedroom is where "Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie decided to get married," except, according to the staff, the "lovebirds" stayed at opposite ends of the estate.

Even the spectacular is not good enough for Trump. He wants what he asked for from Maria the drape lady. He wants incredible. The downside of

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demanding perfection, of course, is living with constant disappointment. It explains Donald's restless soul.

One of the things he can't police, and that most frustrates him, is his image. He's tired of being seen as a lightweight, a man of vulgar tastes with a big wallet and a big mouth, a gold-plated con artist. He sees himself as a creative man with an unerring, innate sense of style, a trait he feels has been overlooked.

"You know what the thing is that really bugs me?" he says, retreating to the grand chamber of Mar-a-Lago's dining room. "I get all this credit for being a great promoter and not enough credit for being a great builder. Look at the Trump Tower, all the attention that's been given to that building." (Indeed, Trump posted the raves of architecture critics on the wall in the lobby, the way theaters do off-Broadway.) "Or look at 40 Wall Street, one of the most beautiful buildings in New York. I took the middle out of that place and rebuilt it and made it gorgeous. People are always saying that my success comes from being a great promoter, but I'm a lousy promoter. I don't like doing interviews like this. I hate them. The success of my buildings has nothing to do with promotion. They succeed because they are great buildings. The reason I get more per square foot in my buildings is because I build better buildings. You can't fool people. You can make them come and see, but you can't make them stay and buy. I'm dealing with intelligent people who can afford to pay $5 million, $6 million for a condo."

For all his love of beautiful things and his creative soul, money is Donald's bottom line.

"Hey, come over here," he says, pointing to an impressionist painting.

This is a Renoir, one of a series the French master did in the 1880s of young women reading. These are some of the most treasured of Renoir's works. This one shows two lovely young girls, one wearing a black dress and clutching a red corsage, the other with a long ponytail tied with a ribbon, her back to the viewer.

Donald doesn't call his guest over to point out the luminous brush strokes and surprising use of color. He points to the signature in the lower right corner.

"Check this out," he says, and notes the painting's market value, which is about $10 million.

The kind of painter he can appreciate, one who truly sees Trump the way he sees himself in the mirror, is West Palm Beach artist Ralph Wolfe Cowan, whose Sun God portrait of Donald hangs in the library at Mar-a-Lago. Cowan's portrait depicts a wide-shouldered, thin-hipped Donald, his youthful face eclipsing the sun itself, his skin glowing like the top floors of Trump Tower at sunset, the color of warm bullion.

"Luxury has always been about subtly advertising you have money," says Thomas Hine, the author of two books of design criticism, *Populuxe* and *The Total Package*. "With Trump there is no subtlety. It's just literal. It's about money. His buildings, with all the polished brass and gold reflective glass, actually look like money."

Or banks. Nothing better defines the Trump look than marble. He buys it by the quarry. In another century, the scarcity of marble and the fact that it could be used only in thick blocks made it a symbol of wealth and permanence. That's why marble was long the favored material for temples and banks. But in recent years stonecutting technology has enabled marble to be cut in sheets just inches thick. So a marble surface now costs a fraction of what it once did. It still delivers the same emotional message of solidity and permanence, but it's just a veneer. Because air pollution and acid rain eat away at it, marble is too vulnerable to cover large exteriors, which is why it now is used primarily indoors. Many consider it the perfect symbol for Donald Trump—a rich surface only inches thick and deceptively fragile.

This is what we thought we had discovered about Donald, anyway. The millions were just numbers. The genius was all con. The marriage with Ivana was for show. But this remade Trump has a sturdier weight and feel. This new fortune is solid. It took real business acumen to come back this far. And the new marriage? Well, despite its tabloid start, this union with Marla has some of the scratchy texture of truth.

"I like her with a little more meat on her bones than this," he says, slipping an arm around his young wife's slender hips. "She plumped up a little when she had Tiffany. That was nice."

"I felt sloppy," Marla says. "I couldn't wait to get rid of those pounds. I didn't feel like me."

"You looked better."

"You just like girls to look like the ones in PLAYBOY. Why don't you buy it?"

Donald looks at her quizzically.

"Well, you bought the Miss Universe pageant. PLAYBOY would be right up your alley."

There is a hint of reproach in her tone that Donald ignores. But when Marla starts talking about how terrified she was waiting to appear onstage the night she debuted in *The Will Rogers Follies*, he beams with pride. He says, "Being in that show, stepping out on that stage with every critic in New York watching, hoping and waiting for her to fail . . . I mean, that took balls."

Marla says she works at her relationship with Donald's three children by Ivana—Ivanka, Donald Jr. and Eric. Fourteen-year-old Ivanka has a busy modeling career, and Donny, 19, is in college. Eric, 13, sometimes visits Mar-a-Lago with his friends. He likes to race his four-wheeler around the estate. Marla copes creatively with the stresses of managing a combined family. When she wanted an oil portrait of Ivana and the children removed from the library, Donald balked. So she secretly hired Cowan to prepare an idealized portrait of the four smiling Trump children, with Ivanka holding baby Tiffany, and presented it to Donald on his 50th birthday. The old painting was replaced.

Trump is not a religious man, not in the traditional sense nor in Marla's New Age manner. Still, she pesters him to go with her to church on Sundays.

"I don't want to go to that hillbilly church you go to," he tells her. "If I'm going, I want to go to a church where somebody knows me."

What purpose if one is not seen to worship?

"Tony," he asks his butler, "what's that church?"

"St. Andrew's, sir."

"Who does Donald know at St. Andrew's?" Marla asks.

"God," says Tony.

And the Donald laughs all the way up the stairs.

•

"We have to work at our relationship just like anyone else," says Marla. At the age of 33 she says she feels the first nudges of midlife pressures. Enough, anyway, to identify with her husband's ambivalence about turning 50.

"Donald is doing well with it," she says. "This comeback was a really great thing for him. It feeds his ego, which is important. Otherwise you start feeling your best years are behind you. Now when I pick up the paper and I read about all these buildings he's buying, and listen to him talking about his plans for more and more, it's exciting."

Late Sunday afternoon, after hours of patroling his estate, asking questions, demanding changes, Donald wanders up to Marla on the patio by the pool. He puts his arm around her waist and she rests her head on his shoulder.

Trump has been up and down, and now he's up again. He has seen his strong father addled with Alzheimer's. He wonders out loud about the apparent senselessness of life. But he is content.

"Turning 50 does make you think about mortality, or immortality, or whatever," he says. "It does hit you. It's definitely the big turn in the race, more than the halfway point. It stinks. I hate being 50. But when you look at it another way, it's a great age to be. You're still healthy. You still have your energy and vitality, and you have all this experience. For business it's like the best age because of that. I'd rather have innate ability than experience any day, but at 50 you can have both."

Still, despite the changes in Donald,

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his basic nature is intact. The truth about a man is always reflected in his tennis game. Until a few years ago, Trump played the game the way you would expect: He tried to hit winners every time. Two or three points out of ten, he looked terrific, screaming forehand passing shots, blistering backhand crosscourts. But against a consistent opponent he didn't have a prayer.

"Last year I got him to change his game," says Boulle, his tennis pro. "We host some pro-am tournaments, and Donald wanted to play at a higher level, so he listened and wised up, and he started playing a whole lot better. He learned to back off his strokes and play for more consistency. He became a good tennis player." Then he gave it up.

"I don't have the patience for it," he says. "When I changed my game, I lost interest. I like trying to hit winners all the time. I liked it better that way."

•

He's back on his plane, on the way back to New York from Palm Beach, talking about a lot of things. He likes Bill Clinton, another precocious 50-year-old. Trump, a Republican, identifies with the way the president has coped with "personal issues." He says that he was never serious, "even for a minute," about running for president himself. He wonders if his celebrity today is as big as it was back when people talked about that.

"Do you think?" he asks.

He loves watching Michael Jordan play basketball—another example of true genius. He was really spooked by the movie *Ransom*. And, at the end of a long weekend, he is feeling a little sheepish about having kicked over the chiller and flooding his tennis courts.

"That's gonna look great in your article," he says. "But can you believe how stupid that is? The stupidity of some people. It's important for me to make a show. I could just stand there and say, 'You know, I don't like the way this looks. We ought to do this another way.' Maybe that's what I should do. But I'm not sure anything would get done that way. This way, everybody gets the message."

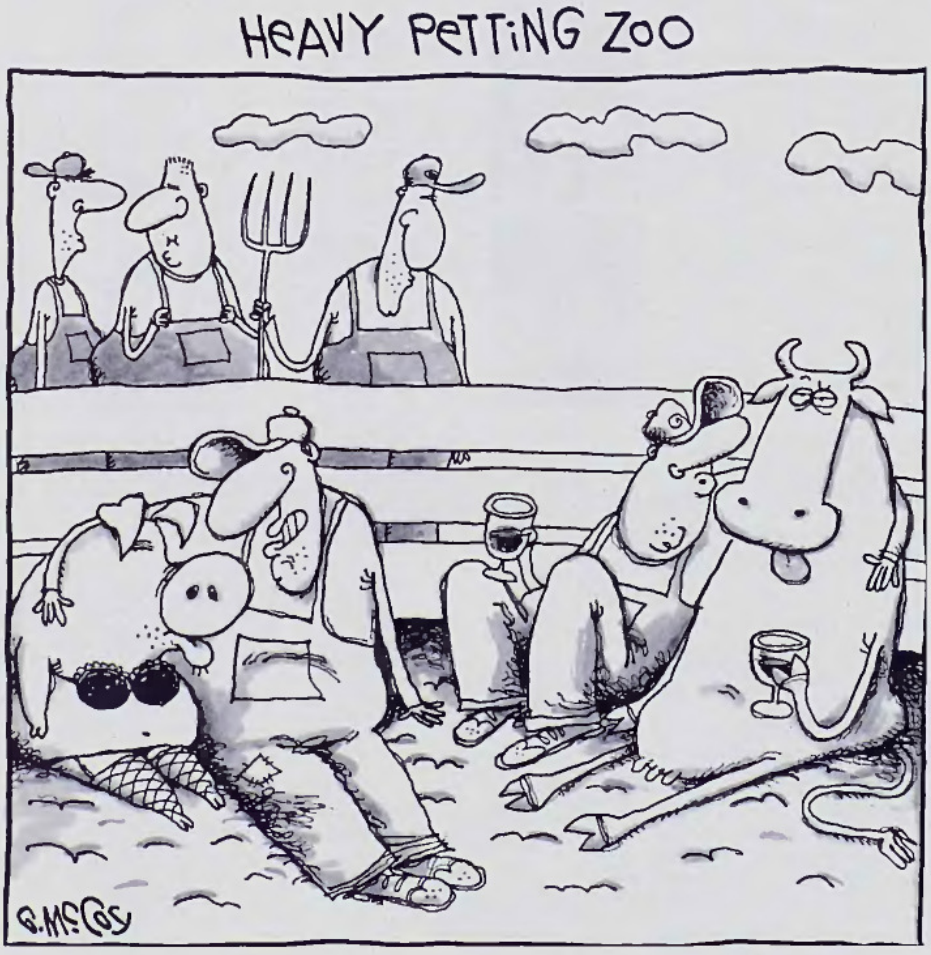
He plows through a foot-tall stack of paperwork he has put off over the weekend, signing his name big in a tall, thin vertical script with a black marker, then dumping the pages he's finished into a heap on the rug. He lets Tiffany climb up on his lap.

"How much do you love Daddy?" he asks. She opens her baby arms wide.

"Only that much?"

Tiffany strains to open her arms wider than they reach.

The Donald folds himself around her and laughs.



SAUL BELLOW

(continued from page 68)

changing your style of writing?

BELLOW: It would have been a disaster if it had. I protected my writing from the therapy, which I would call biological holistic therapy.

PLAYBOY: Reich wrote a book about orgasms and his orgone box. Did you ever use the box?

BELLOW: I would sit in it from time to time. I don't know what effect it had on me. It would heat me up quite a lot. It was agreeable to be in the box, because it shut off all kinds of outside influences and gave you a meditative hour, which never does any harm. But I never went beyond Reichian therapy—that was enough.

PLAYBOY: Why did you stop doing it?

BELLOW: Because it released violent feelings that I then couldn't govern. I'd lose my temper horrendously.

PLAYBOY: You had never lost your temper like that before?

BELLOW: Not to the point of getting into fights.

PLAYBOY: Physical fights? With strangers?

BELLOW: Yeah. I'd be insulted on the subway, I'd be ready to fight.

PLAYBOY: Ever get your nose broken or eye blackened?

BELLOW: No, luckily I'd be dragged away. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Were you a good fighter?

BELLOW: Not that good. I had exaggerated ideas about my powers. I think most men do.

PLAYBOY: Joyce Carol Oates said that she couldn't think of many of her male colleagues who've written compellingly or convincingly about women. She cited you, Faulkner and Melville as great writers who never created any female characters of great depth. What writers have best captured the way a woman thinks and feels?

BELLOW: It's a question you should address to a lady, since evidently I'm down here not as a misogynist but as somebody who's missed the boat on the other sex. Is this for your lady readers—a sort of sop to throw them another victim? Somebody else to hate? It's one thing to write about women in a time when women are happy to read about themselves. It's another thing in an ideological age when women read you in order to see whether you measure up ideologically to their standards.

PLAYBOY: John Gardner once called you a male chauvinist pig. Are you?

BELLOW: What should I say, that I'm not a pig? There's an old Irish gag from Chicago that goes: "Mike said you wasn't fit to live with pigs. But I stood up for you, I said you was." Why should I defend myself against charges by John Gardner or anybody else? They may well have been wrong. I never asked them to

stand up to my charges.

Why do interviewers ask people questions that they wouldn't ask their neighbor for fear of being punched in the nose? Like, "Why are your bowel movements such a strange color?" Or, "Why do you piss through your ears?" I'm not responsible for what so-and-so said about me. I don't mind obliging you, I just don't like being put through the shredder.

PLAYBOY: We have confidence in your ability to retort. What do you make of the AIDS epidemic?

BELLOW: If I believed in God I would say that this is God's way of restoring the seriousness to sexual connections. Because AIDS is a phenomenon that comes from promiscuity, which is wider among homosexuals than among heterosexuals.

PLAYBOY: Some people think it's God's way of thinning the population, as wars did in the past.

BELLOW: If he wanted to thin the population, why did he start with homosexuals? They're the ones who are least likely to reproduce.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe in God?

BELLOW: I don't really know what to think. I know what I thought about him when I was a child—I had an image of God that over the years turned out to be the image of my big brother. He parted his hair in the middle and he had a round, moony sort of face, and he wasn't really benevolent.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about an afterlife, immortality?

BELLOW: I think about those things all the time. There is nothing in death that science can tell you about with certainty. I find pretty good support in Plato because Socrates said it clearly in the *Dialogues*: Either there is a life after death or there is none. If there is none, then you go back to the state you were in before you were born, oblivion. So it's either oblivion or immortality.

PLAYBOY: What's your intuition: oblivion or immortality?

BELLOW: My intuition is immortality. No argument can be made for it, but it's just as likely as oblivion.

PLAYBOY: If you could come back as something else, what would that be?

BELLOW: I haven't the slightest idea. I think of life as a course of instruction and education and I think of the soul as a student coming back time after time. So life is just a graduate study program. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: In *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, Sammler categorizes people who threaten him into various animals. If you were to describe yourself as an animal, what would it be?

BELLOW: Some sort of monkey. I like the idea of being an arboreal animal, hanging by my tail, eating a banana. Reminds me of a limerick:

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree;
The results were most horrid,
All ass and no forehead,
Blue balls and a purple goatee.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your short poem about a Polish girl that Mark Harris mentioned in his book about you, *Drumlin Woodchuck*, but never quoted?

BELLOW: That's the one John Berryman fell in love with:

You can biff me, you can bang me,
But get it you'll never.
Think because I'm a Polish girl
I fuck?
Kiss my ass, that's what you are.

PLAYBOY: What has money meant to you?

BELLOW: I haven't got all that much money. I was married too many times to have much money.

PLAYBOY: Capote once observed that what makes the rich different is that they eat tiny fresh vegetables and meats that are nearly unborn.

BELLOW: Truman hated me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BELLOW: I don't know enough about homosexual psychology to be able to explain it. When I first knew Truman Capote he was a charming little boy whom I met in Richard Wright's Paris apartment. He didn't have any ax to grind then, though he monopolized the conversation by talking about his society friends and his closeness to the House of Windsor and so on. But later on, he looked like a shrunken Sydney Greenstreet, and he was vicious about me.

PLAYBOY: He didn't think you deserved the Nobel Prize.

BELLOW: Maybe I didn't deserve the Nobel Prize, but it's a cinch he didn't even deserve the Pulitzer. I can't see what Truman deserved at all, except a kick in the ass.

PLAYBOY: He felt he created something new, the nonfiction novel, with *In Cold Blood*.

BELLOW: I wasn't bowled over. And his early books are just Southern faded fabrics, that's all.

PLAYBOY: Some of the stories he published certainly created a stir.

BELLOW: There was one story in which he said Jews ought to be stuffed and put in museums. [*Laughs*] That's where it is: That's where the little fairies like that really belong, in Auschwitz on the general's staff, in the Auschwitz barracks with a swagger stick.

PLAYBOY: Capote thought that *Answered Prayers* would kill any chance he had of winning any great literary prize. Did the Nobel Prize mean a great deal to you?

BELLOW: I didn't give a hoot about it one way or the other. I don't exist for that sort of thing, and I was very careful to see that it didn't affect my life too much.

PLAYBOY: How can it not?

BELLOW: It's just a prize, like any other. Proust didn't get it, nor Tolstoy nor Joyce. So it isn't as though you were in

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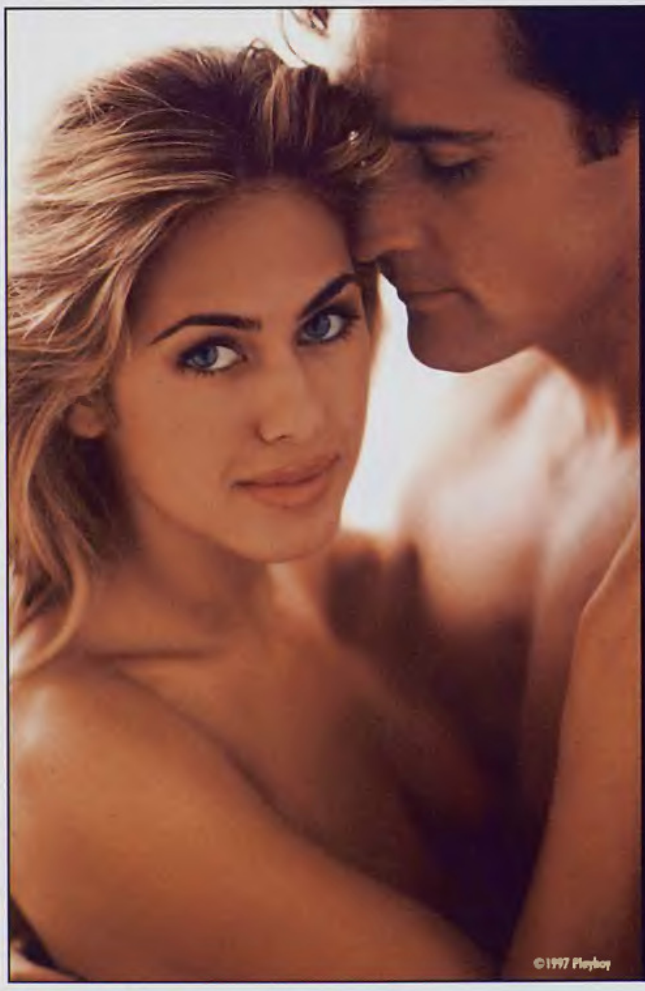

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the royal line and you went to Stockholm for the coronation.

PLAYBOY: Is there a downside to having won the prize?

BELLOW: Yes, people feel that you are a public functionary, that you have to produce a certain amount of cultural shrubbery on God's little acre. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: So it didn't affect the way you write?

BELLOW: Not at all.

PLAYBOY: Norman Mailer has been campaigning for the Nobel Prize for years. Do you think he should get it?

BELLOW: Well, I'd give it to him—if he had anything to trade. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You're already on record for saying that writers seldom wish other writers well. Did winning the Nobel Prize widen the gulf between you and your peers?

BELLOW: I suppose that was Truman's problem. Maybe even Gore Vidal's problem. Gore never mentions me without treating my head like an ashtray, flicking his cigarette on it.

PLAYBOY: Hold on. Vidal said in *Palimpsest* that, with the exception of you, his "celebrated contemporaries all seem to have stopped learning in their 20s."

BELLOW: Well, that's true. But I looked up some of the references in that book and they were not as kind as all that. He can't resist putting me down.

PLAYBOY: Is Vidal a better nonfiction or fiction writer?

BELLOW: His novels lack originality. His essays are much more interesting. Gore Vidal is a good writer, he's just not as good as he thinks he is. I often thought of Gore as a patrician who got trapped among plebeians, and somehow he was condemned by his sexual preferences to live a level or two beneath the station to which he's entitled. He's always resented it a great deal: He doesn't see why homosexuals should not also be aristocrats. Well, he's right about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you read any newer writers, such as David Foster Wallace, William Vollmann, T.C. Boyle?

BELLOW: I have read a little of Boyle. I rather like him. There's this terrific, meshuga young American writer named Denis Johnson, who wrote *Resuscitation of a Hanged Man*.

PLAYBOY: How about Don DeLillo, Cormac McCarthy, Joyce Carol Oates—are they Nobel-worthy?

BELLOW: I like Don DeLillo, he's often very amusing and penetrating. And I like Cormac McCarthy very much, grim as all get out—though I didn't like *All the Pretty Horses* so well because it was a little more conventional. Joyce Carol Oates offends people by being so prolific, which is the wrong reason to be offended. On the whole, I'm for her, she's a very good writer. I read James Dickey's *Deliverance* again recently and was knocked over by it. It's one of the finest

books of that generation of writers.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see the movie?

BELLOW: No, I avoid movies based on novels that I like a lot, because I don't like them to be damaged. I don't know how many times I've seen films of *Anna Karenina*, and they grow worse with every decade. The fact that *Anna Karenina* has survived all these movies and is still infinitely greater than any of them gives me hope.

PLAYBOY: Back to the future Nobel laureates: What about John Updike or Philip Roth?

BELLOW: I could see Roth; he's a little buggy now and then, but a very gifted writer.

PLAYBOY: And someone eight years your senior, James Michener?

BELLOW: I would rather see him get it than Toni Morrison, but I don't want to get into that. I'm not here to give prizes.

PLAYBOY: Geoffrey Wolff has written about how many writers drink and how many are drunks and alcoholics, listing Fitzgerald, London, Crane, Thomas Wolfe, Hammett, Capote, Berryman, Lardner, Parker, O'Hara, Kerouac, Poe, Thurber, etc. He also pointed out that five American Nobel Prize winners had the problem: O'Neill, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis. How did you escape it?

BELLOW: When we were in Canada my old man was a bootlegger. He had a still and we used to go out there. I was just a little kid. He'd get inside and pour some of the booze into a dish and set it afire. If it didn't all burn out and there was fluid left in the bottom that wasn't fit to sell, he'd make me taste it. I don't know, I just got my intoxication out of reading poetry. I found *Macbeth* intoxicating.

PLAYBOY: Whose ideas in this century have intoxicated you? You've said, "There are only a few big ideas. I can think of only a very small handful of people in the 20th century who were truly original." Who are they?

BELLOW: I think Kafka was truly original. Proust. Joyce. Probably Heidegger, though I don't care for him. Certain of our scientists, like Richard Feynman, who must have been a genuine original. Picasso was a real original. Matisse also. Hemingway. John Berryman. Eugene O'Neill.

PLAYBOY: And what about Tennessee Williams?

BELLOW: No, I don't think so. He was cut from a cloth that you see quite a lot of.

PLAYBOY: Arthur Miller?

BELLOW: No.

PLAYBOY: Sigmund Freud?

BELLOW: I'm quite puzzled by Freud. I don't really think all that much of him. First of all, his literary influence isn't clear to me; he is derivative, in a way. Second, Freud needed a theory of dreams, so he dreamed all the dreams himself. He went into business using himself as stock. He was a Jewish businessman. Whatever he needed, he made at home. He was a home industry. He was extremely ingenious, obviously a man of great gifts. But then he narrowed down everything to his own explanations, with the erotic as the root. It's not erotic in the great sense in which Plato and Socrates had an Eros. Freud's Eros is much narrower and it's biologically determined. It's instinctual with us to have the Oedipus complex. You have it whether you wish it or not; so, in a way, you're sentenced and Freud sentences you from the bench to manifest these deep, vital motives that are all sexual in character. You can't get away from that. I don't like to be boxed in like that. It's chutzpah on his part.

PLAYBOY: Do any 20th century musicians or composers move you?

BELLOW: Dmitry Shostakovich. Igor Stravinsky sometimes.

PLAYBOY: Not the Beatles, or Elvis or Barbra Streisand?

BELLOW: That's pop stuff. It's good, charming, but pop is pop.

PLAYBOY: Can a pop master such as Andy Warhol ever reach the status of a Matisse?

BELLOW: Well, Warhol is no longer here to sign tin cans. I don't know—I haven't seen all the tin cans assembled yet.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Marlon

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Brando's comment that the Jews run Hollywood and that they never allow the image of the "kike" to reach the screen?

BELLOW: Well, I never thought he was a great thinker or a first-class philosophical character. I was a little surprised he could be so foolish. Most people are much better at concealing their anti-Semitism than Marlon Brando is. Anti-Semitism is extremely common. If you're still being shocked at the age of 80 by the random expressions of anti-Semitic views, there's something wrong with you. In a century where we experienced the Holocaust and two world wars, shock is a little more difficult to find. I don't expect much from a person like Brando. Why would I be shocked? Because he appeared in *On the Waterfront*? He had a script.

PLAYBOY: Were you shocked about the Oklahoma City bombing and the incarceration of Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols?

BELLOW: They're macho types, imaginary pioneers, militants, fighters in the cause of freedom. But, really, their minds have been poisoned by all kinds of ideological marijuana. There have always been these know-nothing movements in this country. I'm reading about the life of Lincoln now and he obviously had to deal with it then.

PLAYBOY: You've written about all sorts of victims. Have you ever felt yourself to be one?

BELLOW: No, I don't feel myself to be a victim at all. I feel myself to be a winner, I always did. I was interested in victims as a subject.

PLAYBOY: Are you glad to have lived at this time, or would you have preferred another time in history?

BELLOW: You have to take what you can get, not make demands. That's what's so striking about Mailer. He sprang from his mother's womb with two fists filled with demands and requirements for what life was going to be.

PLAYBOY: What were the demands made of you back in 1970 when you were shouted off the stage at San Francisco State College?

BELLOW: There was one Mexican guy who had written a book, and he stood up and denounced me. He said, "What do you want to listen to this old man for? His balls are dried up, he can't come, he's absolutely of no interest." I didn't know what to say, except, "I didn't thrust myself upon you, I came here because I was invited to speak to you." They booed me.

PLAYBOY: Your silence was their loss.

BELLOW: There's one thing I do know: When I'm tempted to say something and I don't say it, I feel all the better for it. I feel I've gotten stronger.

PLAYBOY: J.D. Salinger must feel like Superman—he's kept quiet for three decades. Roth has called Salinger the writer of the age, because he didn't turn his back on the times. Do you have any insight into why he turned silent?

BELLOW: I don't know Salinger. I always liked his books; he's a very good writer. I don't know why he became so embittered as to turn into a hermit. I can understand it. I can even somewhat sympathize with it. It's better not to be doing what you and I are doing here. From my point of view.

PLAYBOY: But from our point of view, however——

BELLOW: Right. I'm a public commodity. I'm listed on the Amex.

PLAYBOY: Commodities are what sell. What did you think of Sotheby's auction of Jackie Onassis' estate?

BELLOW: That was a travesty.

PLAYBOY: You mean you wouldn't pay $770,000 for Kennedy's golf clubs?

BELLOW: I'm afraid not. I was not impressed by Kennedy. He was a charming man, very intelligent, but he was no president. Besides, his father bought the office for him. And I don't see why, in a country as sensitive about plutocrats as this one, they should have cheered when he became president.

PLAYBOY: Bill Clinton is a great admirer of JFK's.

BELLOW: I don't think Clinton is anything like a president of this country. He is a yuppie, a playboy. He's basically unserious. I don't even know why he wants to be there.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to literary politics. Is there a literary establishment today?

BELLOW: No. There are poor shreds of it at *The New York Review of Each Other's Books*.

PLAYBOY: What did you think about Iran's fatwa on Salman Rushdie?

BELLOW: I thought it was horrendous, of course. But I also thought that Rushdie had so Westernized himself that he seems to have convinced himself, as so many writers do and have done since the Twenties—since the time of *Ulysses*—that anything can be said in a novel and be accepted. If Joyce could treat the Catholic Church slightingly, Rushdie thought, then he could do the same with Islam. He felt that he was going to do with Islam what Joyce had done with Catholicism. He was wrong. Which means he had lost touch with Islam and had become so thoroughly Westernized he didn't recognize that this was apt or likely to happen. Maybe it was inevitable.

PLAYBOY: In 1995 Nigerian writer Ken Saro-Wiwa was executed. Rushdie observed in his PLAYBOY interview that "all over the world, writers are being thrown in jail. They mysteriously die in police custody. It is open season on writers and it must stop." Will it ever be dangerous to be a writer in the U.S.?

BELLOW: No. They may knock us to the ropes once in a while and give us a rabbit punch to the kidneys, but nobody takes us seriously enough to kill us.

"Did you remember the diaphragm?"

PLAYMATE NEWS

STUPID LEGAL TRICKS

Forty-three years of PLAYBOY, and some people still don't get it. In the past, we have cautioned prospective PLAYBOY models that their photos

may bring flak from their employers. Most bosses respond well, though, and the stories end in triumph, not tribulation (notable exceptions include the NYPD's Carol Shaya and newscaster Shelly Jamison). However, the case of Patricia McClain defies both logic and precedence. More than 20 years ago, Patti was Miss May 1976. When she applied for a job as an office manager last year, she told her would-be employer that she was a Playmate. She was hired, and there were no problems—that is, until the publication of *The Playmate Book*. She was told by her supervisor that everyone in the company knew about the book and that she would almost certainly be harassed. More to the point, the company said it didn't want to be hit with a sexual harassment suit. In a move straight out of Kafka or, perhaps more aptly, *The Simpsons*, her boss sacked her. (Nice work, Mr. Burns.) Of course, the company denies Patti's version of the story. As she heads to court to fight for her job, Patti says, "Why hire women at all? I offered to sign a waiver. They fired the potential victim instead of obeying the law."

How do these events reflect on PLAYBOY? "Hef is a caring man," Patti says. "I was treated very well. PLAYBOY is not the source of this grief." Check out Patti's Web site: http://home.earthlink.net/~tehaney.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — MAY

Marilyn Cole, Miss January 1972, May 7, 1949

Jennifer Allan, Miss September 1996, May 14, 1974

Joan Staley, Miss November 1958, May 19, 1940

Patti Reynolds, Miss September 1965, May 28, 1947

Susie Owens, Miss March 1988, May 28, 1956

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GLAMOURCON

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PLAYMATE POP QUIZ: VITAL STATISTICS

Who has had the biggest bust?
Rosemarie Hillcrest, October 1964, 41″

The largest waist?
Saskia Linssen, June 1991, 27″

The smallest waist?
Joni Mattis, November 1960, 18″
Mickey Winters, September 1962, 18″

Sue Williams

Karla Conway

Who has been the tallest Playmate?
Susan Miller, September 1972, 6′1″

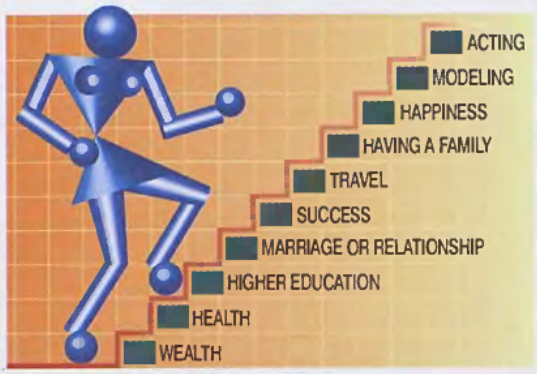
The shortest Playmates?
Sue Williams, April 1965, 4′11″
Karla Conway, April 1966, 4′11″

Ring-a-ding-ding: That's Hef toasting 1997 with Playmate Pamela Anderson and husband Tammy Lee at the Playboy Mansion. At right (from left), Playmates Jessica Lee, Julie Cialini and Angel Boris ring in the New Year at the Mansion. Also on hand were many of their sister Playmates plus friends of Hef's, including Berry Gordy, Robert Culp, Herbie Hancock, Bill Maher and Tony Curtis. Hef described the party as a "veritable Playmate reunion."

PLAYMATE NEWS

bonus, many of our Playmates past and present appear at the shows to autograph pictures and memorabilia and to sell collectibles. If you reside in the New York area, you should set aside August 9 and 10 for Glamourcon at the New Jersey Sheraton Meadowlands in East Rutherford. After that the show will be in Chicago on August 23 and 24 at the Clarion Hotel at O'Hare. In September (13 and 14), the show will be in Los Angeles at the Wyndham Hotel at LAX. To find out which Playmates will appear at the various shows, make sure you check out the Glamourcon Web site at http://www.cbcast.com/glamourcon.

PLAYMATE TRIVIA •TOP TEN AMBITIONS•



CAROL ZUMER MALLISON

CHRISTINA LEARDINI:
"A pretty face doesn't mean anything when your mortgage is due, but PLAYBOY gave me an opportunity to make something out of all that attention. You can use the PLAYBOY connection to market yourself, because it provides you with so many new contacts."

FAN MAIL

"Larry Flynt and Hugh Hefner are two men with opposing philosophies. Flynt considers women's body parts to be the most erotic things about them, while Hefner believes the whole woman is erotic. *Hustler*'s imagery is in-your-face. While it's true that a magazine is more than its creator, the creator sets the boundaries of its content. Flynt's goals have always been to shock and to stir up his own brand of controversy. That's why *Hustler* would never have made it to newsstands in 1959. PLAYBOY has weathered censorship and remained a classy publication because it has tried to appeal to all of men's interests."—Michael Cristel
alecto@petchem1.wust1.edu

"I thought Carmen Electra was charming when I saw her on Letterman, though I was disappointed with her outfit. She danced for Dave and then talked about how proud her family was of her May 1996 PLAYBOY spread. The first time I saw Carmen, she was in a music video on MTV. I taped it. Then she appeared in PLAYBOY and now it's on to *Singled Out*."
—Steve Sullivan
ssul@aol.com

"Here's a fun exercise. Which ten Playmates would you take with you to a desert island? Of course, they would be the age they were in their pictorials. Narrowing my list down to ten wasn't easy. But here it is:
Sandy Cagle (February 1980)
Terri Welles (December 1980)
Joan Bennett (January 1985)
Liv Lindeland (January 1971)
Majken Haugedal (October 1968)
Kym Malin (May 1982)
Cathy St. George (August 1982)
Debra Jo Fondren (September 1977)
Denise McConnell (March 1979)
Janet Quist (December 1978)"
—Raymond Benson
raymben@aol.com

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"PLAYBOY was very good to me. When I first came to Los Angeles, it was like home. I made a lot of money through my association with the magazine. I got roles in *48 Hrs.*, *Ten to Midnight*, *Night Shift*, *Beverly Hills Cop II* and, of course, the video for *Thriller*. Michael Jackson telephoned me after he saw my Playmate layout."

—OLA RAY, MISS JUNE 1980

"I traveled around the world for PLAYBOY and had the best time. I saw South America, Asia, Europe and all of the U.S. I did episodes of *Friends*, *Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and *Blossom*, plus a cable movie called *Bobby and Marilyn*. What would I be doing now had it not been for PLAYBOY? Probably working in a mall in Oregon, where I'm from."

—TAWNNI CABLE, MISS JUNE 1989

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

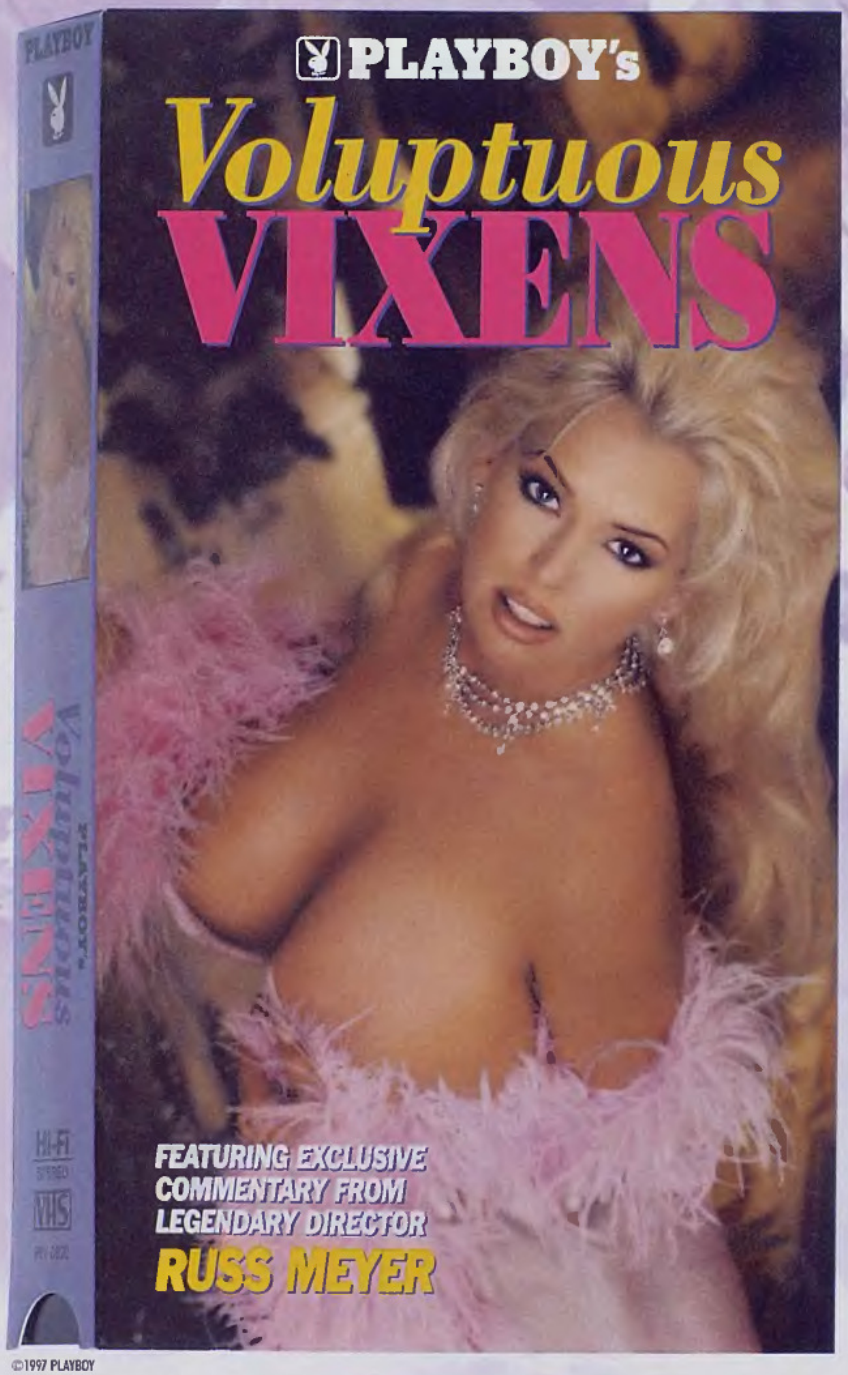
LEROY NEIMAN

Miss February 1975, **Laura Misch**, now uses her married name, Watt. Look for her first novel, *Carry Me Back* (St. Martin's), in which bluegrass music, a passion of Laura's, has a starring role. . . . **Alice Denham**, Miss July 1956 and the first Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, has had a memoir published in the fall/winter issue of *Confrontation*, the literary journal of Long Island University. . . . **Brittany York**, Miss October 1990, is now modeling in Europe under her own name, **Alison Armitage**. She also plays **Tom Cruise**'s former girlfriend in *Jerry Maguire*. . . . **Victoria Silvstedt**, Miss December 1996, starred in Playboy TV campaigns in the U.K. Miss November 1983, **Veronica Gamba**, and **Bonnie Marino**, Miss June 1990, are just two of the many Playmates who visit veterans' hospitals as part of

Operation Playmate. . . . Miss October 1963, **Christine Williams**, lives in the Southwest, where she creates stained-glass windows that feature Arabian horses. She is currently working on a piece, based on an ink sketch from the 1830s, that she will donate to the Scottsdale Arabian Horse Show. . . . **Stephanie Adams**, Miss November 1992, has signed on with Karin Models, an agency that represents athletes and celebrities. . . . **DeDe Lind**, Miss August 1967, is offering a line of autographed pictures and memorabilia. To order a catalog, write to her at Box 1712, Boca Raton, Florida 33429. . . . Miss October 1994, **Victoria Zdrok**, just completed a movie, *The Star of Jaipur*, for cable. She plays a computer technician and a fingerprint expert from Ukraine—a case of art imitating life.

PLAYBOY's

Voluptuous VIXENS Video



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$19.98

Video# NC1852V

Playboy's tribute to well-endowed women captures all the excitement of full-bosomed beauties. For those who know bigger is better, this will be a pleasure romp among some of the most famous bra-busters, including SaRenna Lee, Traci Topps and Busty Dusty. Features Playmate of the Year Stacy Sanches and other truly voluptuous Playmate charmers. 60 min.
Video# NC1852V $19.98

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PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE

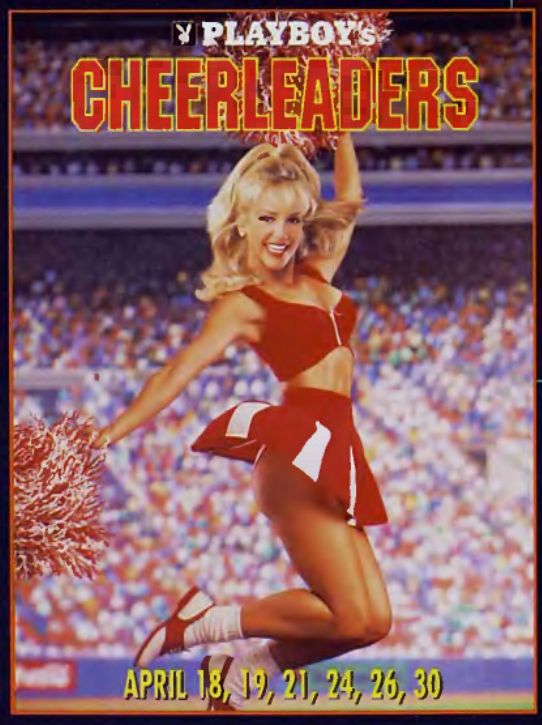
PLAYMATE HOSTS

Kelly Monaco
Miss April

Lynn Thomas
Miss May

SPECIAL PREVIEW

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM



ADULT MOVIES

more than you ever imagined...

Playboy TV is full of sexy surprises in April — no fooling! First, a lifeguard dupes a mobster and swims off with his wife in the made for Playboy original movie *Guarded Secrets*. Then, nymphos throw a square a curve by turning his home into a bordello in *Lustful Roommates*. You'll enjoy the last laugh and lots more when alluring aliens seek world sexual domination in *Michael Zen's Stardust: Love Bites*. And a deluded sex club regular mistakes her anonymous erotic encounters for real passion in *The Zone, Parts I & II*. On April 15th, the *Tax Day Special Preview* lets you peek through our loophole at sizzling Playboy programming! So the joke's on you if you fail to fall for Playboy TV's year-round, 24-hour beguiling, mesmerizing entertainment!

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV, PrimeStar or AlphaStar dealer.

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erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE E-MAIL MUST GO THROUGH

Last year, for the first time, more messages were delivered via e-mail than by the U.S. Postal Service. Obviously, efficiency has something to do with it. (In the time it takes to write, stamp and mail a single letter, you can fire off digital notes to half a dozen people.) Electronics manufacturers have contributed to e-mail's popularity by introducing innovative gadgets that let you stay on top of your messages—even on the go. Notebook and palmtop computers, for example, now come with modems and Internet software preinstalled. Smart telephones with miniature LCD screens allow you to correspond electronically. There are even e-mail–ready pagers, cellular phones and receivers for global-positioning satellites. The postmaster general is sweating.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top left: Motorola's Page Writer two-way pager includes alphanumeric, e-mail and fax messaging functions ($400). The Nokia 9000 Communicator combines a digital cellular phone and an electronic computer for transmitting wireless correspondence and accessing the Net ($1500). Hitachi's Pentium MMX–powered Mx-166T notebook computer features a 33.6-kbps modem, an eight-speed CD-ROM drive and more ($5200). Philips' P200 screen phone is an e-mail–equipped smart phone that also lets you bank online and browse the Web (about $500).

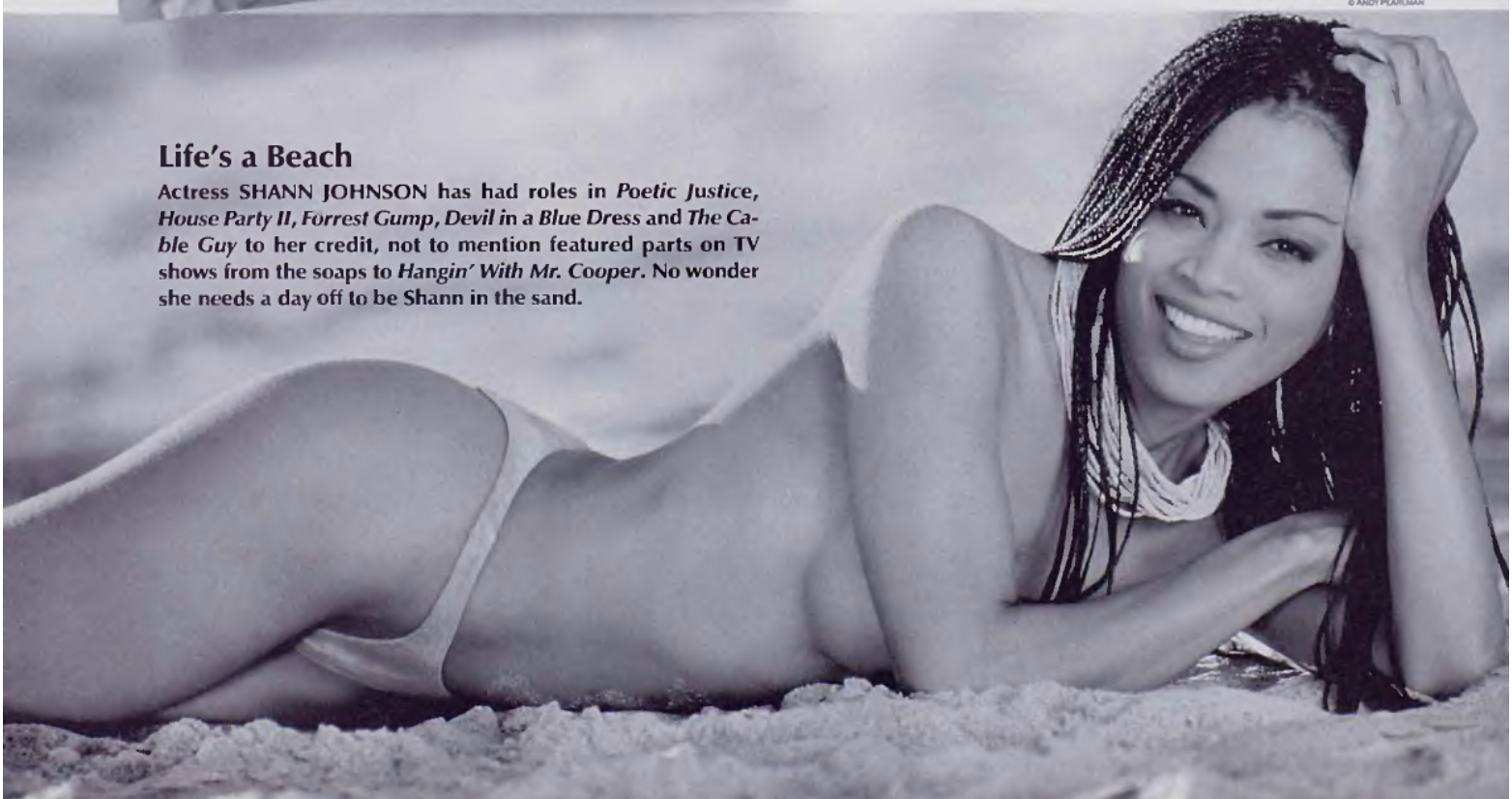
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 158.

Webb Sight

Supermodel VERONICA WEBB has written for magazines and is set to publish a book of her columns. She's the camera's best friend. "It's hard work. You have to keep your body together and control your moods." But not too much.

An Apple a Day

FIONA APPLE's discovery was serendipitous, and her CD, *Tidal*, will knock your socks off. Only 19, Apple says, "No one can negate an honest expression. Just tell the truth." Take a bite.



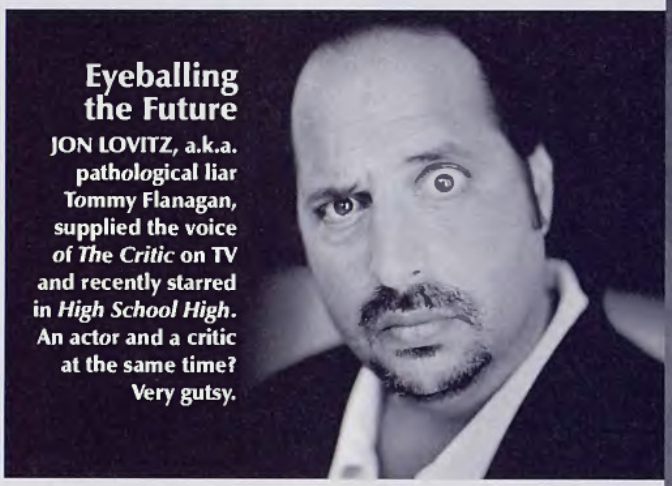
Life's a Beach

Actress SHANN JOHNSON has had roles in *Poetic Justice*, *House Party II*, *Forrest Gump*, *Devil in a Blue Dress* and *The Cable Guy* to her credit, not to mention featured parts on TV shows from the soaps to *Hangin' With Mr. Cooper*. No wonder she needs a day off to be Shann in the sand.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

A Toast to Deana

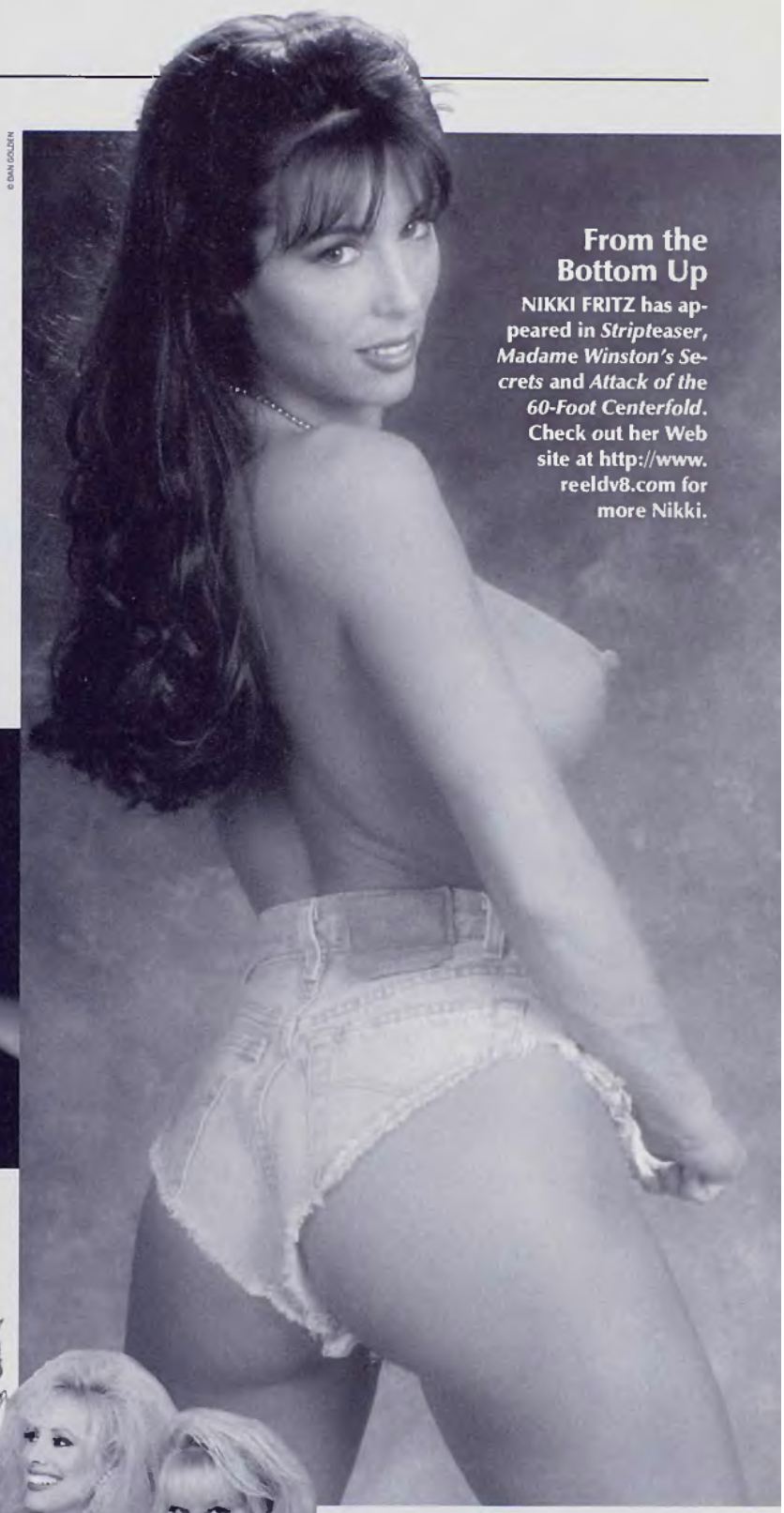
Strawberry Wine, the single from DEANA CARTER's debut CD, *Did I Shave My Legs for This?*, was a hit. Who doesn't relate to lust and nostalgia? Deana does country with a little razor burn.



© TIM HALE/METHA LTD.

Eyeballing the Future

JON LOVITZ, a.k.a. pathological liar Tommy Flanagan, supplied the voice of *The Critic* on TV and recently starred in *High School High*. An actor and a critic at the same time? Very gutsy.



© DAN GOLDEN

From the Bottom Up

NIKKI FRITZ has appeared in *Stripteaser*, *Madame Winston's Secrets* and *Attack of the 60-Foot Centerfold*. Check out her Web site at http://www.reeldv8.com for more Nikki.

DAVID MECEY/PLAYBOY PRODUCTIONS

Hooray for Hollywood!

Even if you haven't seen the billboard in Los Angeles, you can now order the *Sex Symbol Dynasty* pinup photo book by calling 800-642-8183. Buy it to see a lot more of (from left to right) LINNEA QUIGLEY, DIAN PARKINSON, JULIE STRAIN, RHONDA SHEAR and MONIQUE GABRIELLE. Glamorous girls united.

SURVIVAL INSTINCT

Until now, the sale of Survival Inc.'s line of "ultimate survival high-performance outdoor tools" was limited to the Secret Service, the Navy Seals and the CIA, as well as other low-profile branches of the government. Now anyone who wants to become the James Bond of campers can acquire Survival's Flash Signal mirror ($10), Blast Match fire starter ($20), Saber Cut portable chain saw ($30) and Wet Fire starting tinders ($6 for 12) by calling 888-BE-READY. Snap Track, a one-size-fits-all survival vest ($150), is also available, as is a free catalog.

STEVE PURK

BOWMORE TAKES A BOW

When the Bowmore distillery on the island of Islay laid down barrels of single malt back in 1955, it had no idea that more than 40 years later the contents would be marketed as the world's most expensive scotch. For $5000, you can be one of 294 lucky connoisseurs to own an engraved, handblown bottle of superb Bowmore 40-year-old. The scotch comes in a lockable oak case and includes a numbered certificate of authenticity and an invitation to stay overnight at the distillery. Call 800-628-5441 for the name and address of a local retailer.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Move over, Chap Stick—there's a new lip shtick in town. The Kissing Machine is a device for two that "provides a mesmerizing tingle that takes kissing to a whole new level," says its manufacturer, Swak Ventures. Here's how it works: Connect an alligator clip from the machine to a speaker wire from your stereo, hold one of the "love handles" while your partner holds the other and start smooching. As you kiss to the music, the handles vibrate and cause a tingling sensation that is regulated by adjustable "pleasure dials." When physical contact ends, the circuit is broken and the vibration stops. (Be sure to read the directions before using the gizmo.) Price: $50. Call 800-558-6779.

DAN TACCARINO

A REAL SCREAM

You can't blame Mark Wyatt for loving his job, despite the fact that it's going downhill. As the editor and publisher of *Inside Track*, "the only existing amusement and theme park newsletter in the country," Wyatt has made a career out of riding roller coasters, swooshing down water slides and playing miniature golf all over the world. His upbeat newsletter—a colorful mix of photos, articles, diagrams and graphs—covers all aspects of the amusement industry, including new parks, rides and trends as well as concession prices. A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $20. To order, call 302-737-3667.

DRESS UP IN SMOKE

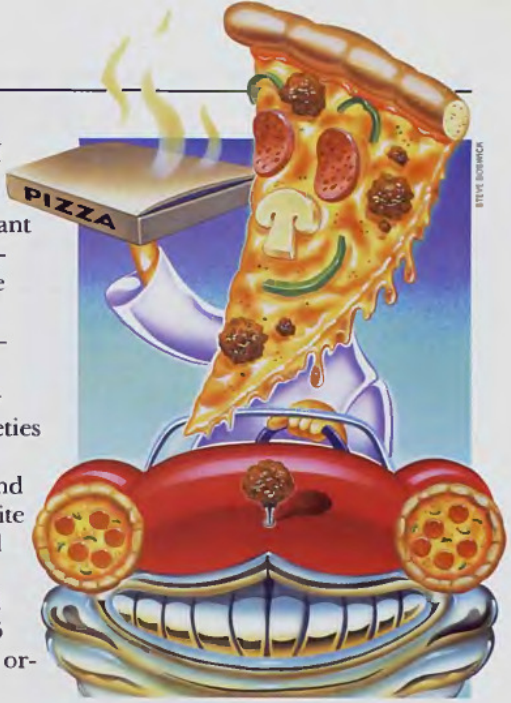
The Playboy Cigar by Don Diego, which has been smoking the competition since it was introduced last year, has inspired some stellar accessories. This silk tie "from the PLAYBOY art archives" is embossed with a cigar label and costs $40 at Knot Shop stores. The Playboy by Don Diego unisex cigar-band ring is made of 14-kt. gold and comes in sizes six through 11. Price: $180. To order the ring, call the Playboy Catalog at 800-423-9494 and ask for item number MV5595.

MICKEY PLAYS THE FIELD

Who says Mickey Mouse is just for kids? Certainly not J.T. Snow, first baseman for the San Francisco Giants (and winner of a Golden Glove award last season). He uses this signature Mickey Mouse mitt in every game. By Mickey & Co., the black premium leather glove costs $200. A Mickey Mouse baseball like the one pictured below costs $25. Call 800-824-2622.

DAN CLYNE

DOUGH-TO-DOUGH SERVICE



STEVE BOSNICA

If you're craving pizza but want something better than a lukewarm pepperoni pie, join the Gourmet Pizza Club. Each month three 12-inch pizzas—one deep-dish and two thin crusts—are delivered to your door, packed in dry ice. Varieties range from Chicken Pod Pie (chicken, carrots, pea pods and mozzarella topped with a white sauce) to the Palermo Special (Italian sausage, homemade meatballs, onion and sautéed sweet peppers). Price: $25.95 per month plus shipping. To order, call 800-MAMA-MIA.

ABBE LENNETT

NO MUTINY ON THIS BOUNTY

Ask Mark Pope why he created *The Bounty Hunter*, a catalog of rare wines, premium cigars, the "world's best" beef jerky and more, and his answer is simple: "People just want great stuff." Written J. Peterman–style, the catalog is filled with "affordable luxuries." For starters, we recommend a bottle of 1993 Tom Eddy Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon ($38) and a Laguiole Sommelier corkscrew knife ($150). To order the free catalog, call 800-943-WINE.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Adultery. Infidelity. Heartache. Divorce. Sound like the formula for a steamy soap opera? Maybe so, but when Nigel Cawthorne wrote the softcover book series *Sex Lives*, he examined the bedroom behavior of world leaders and found that the truth is often stranger than fiction. His tongue-in-cheek tomes, which include *Sex Lives of the U.S. Presidents*, *Sex Lives of the Popes*, *Sex Lives of the Great Dictators* and *Sex Lives of the Kings & Queens of England*, spare no one, from Henry VIII (a.k.a. Hal the Horny) and the Borgia popes to Saddam Hussein. Price: $11.95 each. To order, call Prion Publishing at 800-423-4525.

JOHN SCHREITER

NEXT MONTH

CAN YOU GUESS?

UP, UP AND AWAY

SHARPTON'S DREAM

ELECTRIFYING

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—POP THE CORK AND PROPOSE A TOAST TO THE WINNER! BUT DON'T STOP THERE. OUR SPECTACULAR SUMMER KICKOFF ISSUE IS BURSTING WITH GREATNESS, INCLUDING:

CARMEN ELECTRA—THE NEW DOUBLE-THREAT STAR OF MTV'S *SINGLED OUT* AND REPLACEMENT FOR PAM ANDERSON ON *BAYWATCH*. BY THE WAY, CAN WE PICK THEM, OR WHAT?

BRAIN DROPPINGS—HOLISTIC MASSAGE THERAPY IS REALLY A BLOW JOB. LIMITED-SERVICE LODGING IS A CHEAP HOTEL. A WICKED PRIMER ON EVERYDAY LIFE FROM THE NEW BOOK BY **GEORGE CARLIN**

PERILS OF THE AFFAIR—IF YOU'RE NOT HAVING ONE, YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS. TO WEIGH THE RISKS, WE DISPATCHED OUR FAVORITE NIGHT-CRAWLER TO BRING US FRONTLINE REPORTS FROM THE INFIDELITY WARS. ARTICLE BY **A.J. BENZA**

DENNIS RODMAN—LOUDMOUTH, SUPERSTAR, TATTOOED LADY—THE NBA'S FAVORITE BAD BOY IS OUT OF CONTROL IN VEGAS. THAT'S WHERE WE CAUGHT HIM FOR A BACKBOARD-BUSTING INTERVIEW WITH **KEVIN COOK**

KOWLOON—AS CHINA PREPARES TO TAKE CONTROL OF HONG KONG, A LOCAL FACTORY OWNER FACES A HOSTILE TAKEOVER FROM THE MAINLAND. FICTION BY **PAUL THEROUX**

AL SHARPTON HAS A DREAM—IF YOU'RE WHITE AND UPTIGHT HE'LL MAKE YOU NERVOUS. BUT SHARPTON HAS EMERGED AS ONE OF THIS COUNTRY'S MOST POTENT AFRICAN AMERICAN LEADERS. PROFILE BY **TOURÉ**

JULIANNA MARGULIES—THE TOUGH NURSE FROM *ER* IS A SOFTY AT HEART. IN 20 QUESTIONS WITH **ROBERT CRANE,** SHE COMES CLEAN ABOUT BEING CLUMSY, GROWING UP ABROAD AND WHAT SHE WEARS UNDER HER SCRUBS

THE TIGHT SQUEEZE—SUCK IT IN, GUYS, BECAUSE THIS SEASON'S STYLES ARE NOT ONLY COOL AND BRIGHT, THEY'RE ALSO ULTRATIGHT. FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

THE ERECTION BUSINESS—YOUR DYSFUNCTIONS HAVE BECOME BURGEONING PROFIT CENTERS. THE BREAKTHROUGHS THAT GUARANTEE YOU CAN GET IT UP—AND THE QUACKS WHO WILL RIP YOU OFF. BY **MICHAEL PARRISH**

PLUS: STELLAR GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS, A ROUNDUP OF DIGITAL CAMERAS AND AN ENCORE WITH THE MEMORABLE **LISA BAKER**

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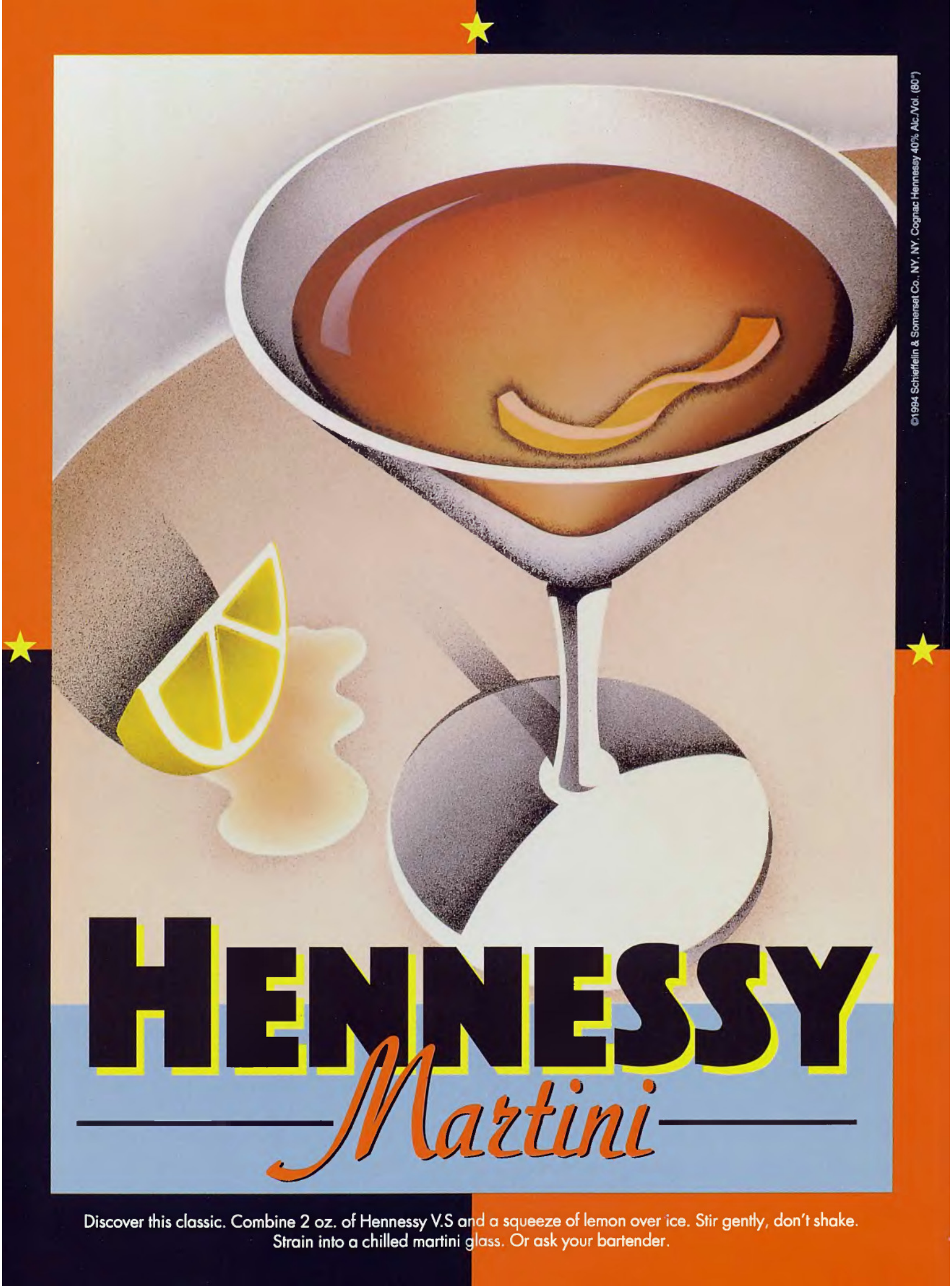
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HENNESSY
Martini
Discover this classic. Combine 2 oz. of Hennessy V.S and a squeeze of lemon over ice. Stir gently, don't shake.
Strain into a chilled martini glass. Or ask your bartender.